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THE RETURN OF LOUIS XVIII

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DOUGLAS.

THE RETURN OF LOUIS XVIII

FROM THE FRENCH OF
GILBERT STENGER

BY
MRS. RODOLPH STAWELL

ILLUSTRATED

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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PREFACE

In this volume the reader will find a study of the Bourbons, on their return to France after twenty-five years of exile; a study that is full of interest, for there was a great contrast between the habits and thoughts of these princes who settled down in the Tuileries, and those of the great soldier whom the allied Powers of Europe had defeated. And, moreover, the society of which the Emperor was the centre had vanished in 1814. It might have been sought in vain in the salons of the aristocracy. It had made way for the *grands seigneurs* who had returned from exile, and for those who had succeeded in being forgotten in their complete seclusion, during the days of the Empire.

The princes and their associates, in this their hour of triumph, gave the tone to society. These are the people whom I have endeavoured to paint, without concealing any of their characteristics or faults. In most works on the Restoration the picture of the Court is subordinate to, and indeed almost effaced by, the events and facts composing the history of the period. I have dealt with that Court, with its princes and dignitaries, faithfully but ruthlessly; without injustice, but at the same time without the flattery that is too common among royalist writers. It is not because they were Bourbons that I have exposed their faults of character, their egoism, meanness, and vanity, but because exile, misfortune, and poverty had no effect upon them, and made them no better than they had been when they left France. No sooner had they recovered their rank and wealth than they began to take advantage of their position, without making any attempt to win the approval or the love of a nation that had forgotten even their name. Instead of thinking of the native land to which they had at last returned, they thought of nothing but themselves, and of making the most of their happiness and dignity and royal

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ERRATA.

Page 141, *for* “Dufont” *read* “Dupont.”

Page 200, *for* “Dumont” *read* “Dupont.”

CHAPTER I

THE WANDERINGS OF THE BOURBONS

THE Battle of Leipsic was fought on the 19th October, 1813. Three weeks later Napoleon left Mayence for St. Cloud, where he arrived on the 9th November. All the special characteristics of his genius—his energy, his will, his intelligence—were unimpaired; and his object in returning was to prepare for the disasters which the European coalition against France would surely bring to pass. Bernadotte had joined Blücher; the troops of Saxony had changed sides in the thick of the fight, and turned their guns against the French; and the latter had been forthwith pursued in forced marches by the armies of their enemies, all eager to cross the Rhine and invade the venerable soil of Gaul. Nothing but Napoleon's presence in Paris could restrain the hostility with which the air was charged, and which was liable at any moment to break out against him. For during his struggle with England,¹ during the twelve years that he had been combating that insatiable and treacherous nation, and forcing Europe to help him, he had clashed with many important interests, had disturbed the peace and comfort of the nations living under his laws, and had made misery everywhere. The countries that had been sacrificed to his patriotism, if not to his ambition, were trying to break away from his control. It was imperative to evade these threatening dangers, imperative to make the nation understand that the hour of peril had struck, that their country would be lost unless she awoke from the torpor into which she had sunk in her self-satisfied confidence that victory must still be hers.

¹ The Duchesse d'Abrantès observes in her *Memoirs* (Vol. IX., p. 382) that England never gave up her designs upon France; that the English Government always wished to secure a share of France by re-taking Calais and Dunkirk, and so realising in 1813 the unfulfilled desires of the Tudor, Plantagenet, and Stuart kings—of all the kings, indeed, who ever reigned in England.

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As for him, he did not despair. There was no misfortune that could weary or dishearten him; and he felt that if he could only secure money, troops, arms, and officers as enthusiastic as himself he was quite capable of mastering the coalition of kings whom he had so often defeated individually. He summoned the established authorities, and said to them with uncompromising frankness: "Last year the whole of Europe was marching with us; to-day the whole of Europe is marching against us." But he was speaking to men who cared only for their pockets, and for the honours they had secured. In twenty years France had not enjoyed a single year of peace. The men he was addressing took no interest in the causes of these ceaseless wars. They had lived, secure from danger, through all the fortunate years of his reign; they had grown rich; they had added titles to their names—titles that made them the equals of the oldest families in France; and now they wished to enjoy in peace the gifts that had been bestowed upon them so liberally. They were simply dumfounded, then, when they heard Napoleon's words. And the case was exactly the same with the military officers of high rank: they had reached the summit of their ambitions. "The greater number of them," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "were infected by weariness and discouragement. My officers became slack, awkward, unskilful, and therefore unfortunate. The great generals had had enough. I had fed them too generously; they were surfeited with attentions and honours and riches. They had drunk of the cup of pleasure. Then I saw the critical hour drawing near. . . . My star was growing dim. . . . I felt that the reins were slipping from my hands, and I was powerless to prevent it. Nothing but a clap of thunder could save us."¹

There were, however, no more thunderclaps. Victory, though as necessary to him now as at Marengo or Austerlitz, was no longer to be his. France, it appeared, had suddenly grown old: she was breathless, rebellious, disturbed. The royalist nobles whom

¹ Duc de Vicence, *Mémoires*, Vol. I., p. 290. After the disaster of Leipsic a certain great lady said to Caulaincourt: "Your hero has fallen from his pedestal; he has been defeated, and that is a crime that the world does not forgive. . . . Those who have asked favours of him will be conspicuous for the bitterness of their abuse and the violence of their language. . . . There are the people, too, whom he has lately ennobled, the senators with grants of a hundred thousand francs, the duchesses, countesses, baronesses, and what not—silly women who imagined they were going to be high and puissant dames for ever! They cannot endure the idea of becoming the ordinary Jennies they used to be; the mere thought of this second transformation sends them into a syncope. . . ."

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Napoleon had robbed of their hereditary titles had never ceased to regret them, and were, moreover, still jealous of the great nobles of the Empire; the lesser nobility of the provinces, who since the Emigration had lived a life of poverty in the dilapidated country houses they had never been able to repair, hoped for the dawn of a happier day when the conqueror should have fallen: the middle classes, whose interests were commercial, were being ruined by the crushing effect on commerce of the Continental blockade, and were hoping for a new Government to put a stop to their losses. None but the people—the brave-hearted people—and the peasants who had been enriched by the wealth of the *seigneurs*, and therefore feared the return of the Monarchy, remained faithful to the Emperor, and willing to forward his designs and help him to defend the conquests of the Revolution. Great indeed were the difficulties in the way of raising a powerful force in a country as unfavourably disposed as this!

Such, at the end of this year 1813, was the state of public opinion in France. The invasion of the Allied Powers accentuated this feeling of opposition, this weariness and hostility on the part of one stratum of society, and roused the patriotic enthusiasm of that other stratum—the lowest of all—which suffered most from the exactions of the invaders. And if there were more military defaulters than before it was because the veterans were being called upon to serve; men who had thought their years of service were over, and had settled down, with larger families to support than those of the younger men. The young conscripts, on the other hand, eagerly responded to the summons of the authorities, and achieved marvels in the final battles of the Empire. These beardless boys, known as *les Marie-Louise*, were as heroic as the grenadiers of the Guard; and it was with them that Napoleon, during his splendid French campaign, fought the Battles of Brienne, La Rothière, Champaubert, and Montmirail.

In order to enroll these new troops of old and young soldiers it was necessary to secure the acquiescence of the Senate and the Legislative Body. On the 19th December the Emperor addressed the latter in a tone of sorrowful resignation that should have roused the enthusiasm of all who heard him; but he met with no response but bitter words from those who were deputed to speak for the assembly. Among other things he said:

“I conceived and carried out wide schemes for the prosperity and happiness of the world! . . . As a monarch and a father I

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realise how greatly the safety of the throne, as well as that of private individuals, is increased by peace. Negotiations are being carried on with the Allied Powers. I agreed to the preliminary terms suggested by them, and hoped that the Congress of Mannheim¹ would have been convened before the beginning of this session. But fresh delays, for which France cannot be held responsible, have postponed the hour that we all so eagerly desire. I have given orders that you shall have access to all the original documents, which are in the portfolio of my Department of Foreign Affairs. You will deal with them through the intermediary of a commission. The official representatives of my Council will inform you of my will in that matter."

The Senatorial Commission recorded the demands of the Emperor without comment; but the Commission of the Legislative Body opposed the imperial policy. The men chosen to sit on this Commission had long been known for their animosity towards the Empire. They were Raynouard the dramatist; Gallois, who had been a member of the *Tribunat*; Flaugergues, a friend of Chateaubriand; Maine de Biran, the metaphysician; and finally Lainé, a lawyer from Bordeaux who had lately come on the scene, a friend of the Comte Lynch, the mayor of that great commercial city. Lainé, who had been ruined by the blockade, was an ambitious man, and had been won over to the cause of the Bourbons. To him was entrusted the drawing up of the report. It opened with an analysis of the despatches exchanged between the Allied Powers and the imperial Chancellor's office. So far, so good; but the inferences deduced were aggressively hostile to the Emperor's designs and to the prerogatives he claimed. Napoleon declared himself to be the sole representative of the nation. This report asserted that the Legislative Body was the nation's *natural organ*; and then proceeded to enlarge upon the necessity for peace, and to demand guarantees that the peace should be established on a lasting basis. The French nation, added Lainé, wish to be assured that "their blood will no longer be shed except in defence of their country and the laws that are their only safeguard. But these comforting words *peace* and *country* will be uttered in vain unless we have some guarantee for the safety of those institutions that secure us the benefits of both." Then Lainé, repeating himself, became still more definite. "If,

¹ It was in this little town that the plenipotentiaries of the Congress were to hold their meetings.

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in circumstances of profound importance, his Majesty's first thought was to gather the nation's representatives round his throne, is it not their first duty to respond worthily to the summons by laying the truth before their sovereign, and telling him of the people's desire for peace?"

Six copies of this report were printed for the elected commissioners. When the Emperor read it he fell into a violent rage, for he foresaw the harm the publication of this document would do to the country by encouraging the enemy. It was in vain that he gave orders for the printers' formes to be broken up and the type dispersed; the contents of the report were known everywhere none the less. Its carping spirit, and the impertinence—considering the circumstances—of certain passages in it, were advertised in the salons of Paris by the friends of the Bordeaux lawyer, and even the staff-officers of the allied armies heard the news. In this way they were made aware that France desired, and indeed demanded, peace, and that if they should be forced to fight the still redoubtable Emperor the nation at large would not be hostile to them. And the fact that the man who had been brave enough to formulate this demand was speaking in an official capacity, in the name of the nation's representatives, was a surprising revelation which could not fail to make the enemy doubly daring and doubly effective.

Was it not sufficiently significant that after the retreat from Moscow, in the February of this year, the King of Hartwell, prompted by the English, should have addressed to the people of France a Declaration in which the words *usurpation* and *legitimacy* were flung at the Emperor? Lord Liverpool had rapturously seized this opportunity of attacking his personal enemy. He could not forget those biting articles, attributed to the imperial pen, which had appeared against him in the *Moniteur*.

Some little English ships were laded with royalist papers, and distributed them along the whole coast of Normandy. They were conveyed into the towns in parcels of music or books, and were intended to remind the royalists that there was no need for them to despair.¹

¹ This Declaration was as follows:—"Louis XVIII., etc. . . . The moment has apparently come when Divine Providence is ready to crush the instrument of His wrath. The usurper of the throne of St. Louis, the devastator of Europe, is in his turn suffering reverses. Are they to have no effect but to aggravate the ills under which the country is groaning? Will not France dare to overthrow a hateful power that is no longer protected by the prestige of victory? What

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On the 1st January, 1814, when receiving the Legislative Body at the Tuileries, the Emperor did not fail to show his annoyance to the deputies who came to pay him their respects. The majority of them, he said, were well-intentioned men and personally devoted to himself, but there were among them certain factious persons whose conduct aimed at *backing up the foreigners*. M. Lainé, he added, was a mischievous man to whose craftiness he was quite alive, and whose report would do more harm to the country than the loss of two battles in Champagne. "What! Do you suggest that adversity must have brought me to a wiser

obstacles, what dangers are there now, that can prevent her from throwing herself into the arms of her King, and recognising that the establishment of his legitimate authority is her only assurance of the unity, peace, and happiness that he has so often promised to his oppressed subjects? Since it is their love alone, and his own rights, that can make his throne secure, it is from them alone that he either can or will accept it. Who is there, then, whose prayers will not echo his own? What doubt can there be of his paternal intentions? The King has already said in previous Declarations (those of March 10th, 1799, and Dec. 2nd, 1804), and now repeats his promise, that the administrative and judicial bodies shall be maintained in all their authority; that he will remove no man from any office he already holds, provided he will take the oath of fidelity; that the tribunals, the depositories of the laws, will prohibit all legal proceedings connected with the unhappy past, which must sink into oblivion for ever on the King's return; and finally, that the Code which is sullied by the name of Napoleon, but is to a great extent composed of the ancient laws and customs of the kingdom, shall remain in force, with the exception of the clauses contrary to that religious dogma which, together with the people's liberty, has so long been subject to the caprices of the tyrant. Can the Senate, which is composed of men justly distinguished for their talents, men whose many services must make them illustrious in the eyes of France and of posterity—can this body, whose full usefulness and importance can only be known after the Restoration, fail to see how glorious is the destiny that makes it the first factor in that grand and beneficent event which will be the strongest and best guarantee of its own continued existence, and of its prerogatives with regard to property? The King, who has already announced his intention of employing the best means of reconciling the interests of all, is of the opinion that the many transactions which have taken place between the old and the new proprietors have made his intervention almost superfluous; and he now engages to put a stop to any legal proceedings tending to override such transactions, to encourage amicable settlements, and with his family to lead the way in making every sacrifice that can contribute to the peace of France and the true union of the whole French nation. The King has guaranteed to the army the continuance of all the ranks, official posts, pay, and appointments that it at present enjoys. He also promises that all generals, officers, and privates, who shall distinguish themselves in his cause—which is inseparable from the interests of the nation—shall receive more solid rewards and more honourable distinctions than any they could have won from a *usurper* who has always been inclined to misinterpret, and even to disavow, their services. The King again undertakes to abolish that fatal system of conscription, which destroys domestic happiness and undermines the future of the country. Such have always been, and such still are, the King's intentions. To the French nation his restoration to the throne of his ancestors will be but a happy transition from the disasters of a war designed to perpetuate tyranny, to the benefits of a lasting peace; and in the eyes of other powers this peace can have no true guarantee save the word of the legitimate sovereign.—Hartwell, Feb. 1st, 1813."

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way of thinking?" he answered eloquently. "How can you reproach me with my misfortunes? I have borne them with dignity because nature has endowed me with a character full of strength and pride; and if I had not had that pride within me I should never have raised myself to the first throne in the world. Do you think reproaches such as these are likely to enhance the glory of the throne? What, after all, is the throne? Four bits of wood, covered with a piece of velvet. All depends upon the man who sits on it. The throne rests on the nation. Are you not aware that it is I, I above all, who represent the nation? It is impossible to attack me without attacking it also. Four times it has called me; four times I have had the votes of five millions of citizens. I base my claims upon a right: you have none. You are merely the deputies of the departments of the Empire. . . Is this the moment to remonstrate with me, when two hundred thousand Cossacks are crossing our frontiers?"

This lecture made those who heard it somewhat uneasy. If they could detect no signs of discouragement in the Emperor's mind they were at least conscious that he was sorrowing for the sorrows of his country, and that his pride as head of the State was wounded. None of the kings to whom France owed her greatness—not François I, not Louis XIV—could have expressed himself more nobly or with greater pride. The voice of the angry monarch was pleading the claims of the country for which he was responsible, and pleading them with power. Lainé's friends, fearing he would be arrested, besought him to fly. But whatever Théodore Anne may say in his *Mémoires* (p. 304), Lainé was undismayed: his imprisonment, following on the Emperor's outburst, would have made too much commotion. The lawyer had returned to his own province to join the malcontents who were preparing the next startling move, the defection of the great town of Bordeaux. The conspirators in that city were corresponding with the exiled princes.

Two hundred thousand Cossacks were invading France, the Emperor had said. Their advance must be checked. But he must first appeal, in a solemn audience, to the courage and devotion of the officers in command of the National Guard, which had just been re-organised. He received them in the Tuileries on the 24th January, the day before his departure for the front, and, expressing his confidence in their loyalty, placed

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his wife and son in their care.¹ "I leave you the Empress and the King of Rome—my wife and my son," he said, in a voice full of feeling. "I shall go away with a mind free from care, because they will be under your protection. I am placing in your hands all that is dearest to me in the world, after France." Then, bidding them hope for his speedy return, he left them.

Was there ever a prince with a heavier burden of care than Napoleon's when he started out to meet the enemy, leaving his capital in the hands of the Empress Marie Louise, the frivolous woman whom he loved in spite of her indifference and indolence; of King Joseph, his incapable representative; of ministers like Cambacérès, wrapped up in themselves; of proved traitors like Talleyrand, who would not shrink from making terms with the foreigners, nor with those royalist factions which had suddenly sprung up, as enterprising as ever? There was nothing hidden from him of all this semi-anarchy, this disorganisation of his authority, the authority that had been so strong, so awe-inspiring, when he exercised it in person. What could he do? He was suffering from the consequences of what he had always called his "policy," that is to say, his insistence on being the sole inspiration and sole master of his Empire's destiny. Possibly he dismissed the subject from his mind. These consequences could only last for a time, if he were again victorious. And why should he not be so?² Meanwhile those whose business it was to serve him foresaw the fall of the dynasty, and concerned themselves with nothing but their own future and the means of making it safe. Those who were well posted in the facts of the case, and knew of the stampede of the troops after Leipsic, of the crowding of the hospitals, of the infectious diseases which the wounded were spreading wherever they went, thought only of how they could

¹ De Staël. *Considérations*, Vol. II., p. 406. "A man who is altogether trustworthy told me that he had a talk alone with Bonaparte on the eve of his departure for the front in January, 1814, when the allies were actually on French soil, and that the Emperor confessed in the course of this private interview that he had no means of resistance. . . . and then, marvellous to relate, fell asleep while discussing this important subject. . . . He had grown heavy," adds Mme. de Staël further on, "in mind as well as body."

² The royalists quite understood what would be the result of decisive victories won by the Emperor. After Montmirail and Montereau they said: ". . . Let the allies beware! If they retreat from France and make peace with Napoleon they will consolidate his power permanently, and bring about the restitution of the 360,000 French prisoners and the horrible vengeance of the soldier-emperor upon Vienna, Berlin, Munich, and the whole of Europe."—(*Comtesse Fausse-Landry*, by Lamothe-Langon, Vol. II., p. 345.)

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most quickly leave Paris; those who had country houses thought only of how they could fly to them and protect them from pillage; those who had relations in the provinces thought only of how they could join them. They hid their valuable jewellery, and their gold and silver, in the depths of their cellars, and hurried away. Sebastiani, who had come from the front, spread the most alarming rumours in Paris. La Valette pointed out to him that this intemperate speech might have the dangerous effect of paralysing any attempt at resistance, and the alarmist, with a quick change of attitude, began to preach the organisation of a carefully planned defence.¹ But instantly, from the salons of the royalists, who anticipated the end of the Empire, and knew that the princes had left Hartwell to join the invading armies, there arose a general outcry against these futile resolutions. A defence? And how, they asked, could they defend themselves? Where were their armies? The National Guard was a force that would avail them little against the hordes of barbarians that were descending upon Paris.

II

For the last four years the prince who had lately changed his name from the Comte de Lille to Louis XVIII had been living at Hartwell, in England, surrounded by a little Court of exiles, the devoted friends of his family. Here, at Hartwell, the sorrows of France were a source of the greatest delight. Fauche-Borel, in his *Mémoires*, quotes the Duc d'Havré's letter.² To these men their country was nothing, and they themselves were everything. Why should they mourn the sorrows of the land whence they had been driven by fear and even hatred, when perhaps,

¹ It was no doubt owing to him that the following unsigned address was placarded one morning on the walls of Paris. (Lubis: *Histoire de la Restauration*, Vol. I., p. 144):—"Shall we let ourselves be robbed? Shall we let ourselves be burnt? While the Emperor is attacking the enemy in the rear twenty-five or thirty thousand men, led by an audacious raider, are actually threatening our gates? Shall they overawe a hundred thousand citizens who could quite well exterminate them? . . . We must set up barricades; we must use our carriages and everything else that will obstruct the roads; we must crenelate our walls, and dig trenches, and carry up paving-stones to every storey of our houses. . . ."

² "We are overjoyed," wrote d'Havré to Fauche, "at the good news of the recapture of Moscow, the advantages previously won, and the retreat; in the course of which, it seems, there is no doubt that the Cossacks are harassing Bonaparte's army."

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as a result of those sorrows, they might shortly be able to return thither and retrieve the privileges and honours they had enjoyed of yore? After the retreat from Moscow the Comte de Blacas d'Aulps, the King's favourite, was ordered by his master to despatch certain papers to the secret agents employed by the Bourbons in France and other parts of Europe. In these documents this King *in partibus* recalled the fact of his existence to the people, who must surely, he thought, be discontented with the imperial rule; promised to forget their past errors, to reward their past services, and to make their fortunes secure; enumerated, in short, with many fine phrases, all the delights that would follow if France were willing to restore the Monarchy of which he was the head. The places for the recipients' names were left blank, to be filled in by the agent of the little Court. Then the master of Hartwell wrote a letter to the Czar, which was published in the English papers. In this he made a great show of sympathy with the prisoners of war, imploring the Emperor of Russia to treat them generously. This claimant of the throne did not waste a single opportunity of bringing himself to the notice of the French nation whenever he could appear in a favourable light. This benevolence and sympathy with humanity can hardly be considered to represent the inmost feelings of this conceited prince, whose actions never gave evidence of any quality but cunning and hypocrisy, and whose one deep conviction was that he was superior to other men because he was born a prince,¹ and superior to other princes because he was born a Bourbon.

When Napoleon married an archduchess of Austria the King and his courtiers had resigned themselves to their fate. The dominion of France had grown so wide, so strong, so transcendent in glory and wealth, that a change of public opinion in their favour seemed impossible.² But after Leipsic, when the whole of armed

¹ The Abbé de Montgaillard, in his *Histoire de France* (Vol. I., Introduction), says: "I have heard him say that Masséna, Kleber, Jourdan, Hoche, Ney, Mortier (who had rendered great services to the Comtesse de Provence when she was on the right bank of the Rhine), Bernadotte, Soult, and all such persons, *ejusdem farinae*, were raised from the gutter." And further on in the same introduction he says: "When, on the occasion of the conference at Blankenburg on the 21st January, 1797, I spoke to Louis XVIII of the brilliant victories won by the armies of the Republic, he answered: 'And yet these men whose arms have been so successful are brigands, rebellious subjects, scoundrels! It is enough to make any Frenchman blush for their idea of honour and courage.'"

² Capefigue tells the following story in his *Histoire de la Restauration*, Vol. I. :—"It was Louis XVIII's habit to read all the French newspapers, especially the *Moniteur*. On the 12th April, 1810, the news reached him of Napoleon's marriage with Marie Louise. Louis XVIII was walking in the garden when he received

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Europe poured across our frontiers, and horsemen from the wilds of the Russian steppes came to water their little horses at our village-fountains, these exiles, who had grown old in their seclusion and their constant longing for all that they had lost, made ready to second the efforts of the allied armies, our enemies, and to return to their country with her conquerors. They saw nothing to be ashamed of in this.

These princes and courtiers were very numerous. Let us count them. Louis XVIII, King of France and of Navarre, as he styled himself, by the grace of God and his own will, was born at Versailles in 1755. Being the elder of Louis XVI's brothers he had been known at Court as the Comte de Provence. Round him, the head of this royal race, were grouped the other princes, who acknowledged his authority and had a great respect for his position as King, their lord and master, but had little love for him. These princes included his brother the Comte d'Artois, two years younger than himself, and like himself born at Versailles; the Prince de Condé, who was a descendant in the fourth degree of the great Condé, and was an old man, having been born in 1736: his son the Duc de Bourbon, born in 1756: the two sons of the Comte d'Artois, the Duc d'Angoulême and the Duc de Berry, who had been quite young—still in the care of their tutor, the Duc de Sérent—at the time of the Emigration, but in the course of twenty years of exile had become grown men: and finally Philippe Égalité's son, Louis Philippe d'Orléans, who had been reconciled with the Bourbons at Mittau, and was the first prince of the blood. He was born in 1773, and his marriage with a princess of Naples kept him in Italy.

Of the women, the most important was the Duchesse d'Angoulême, "Madame Royale," the daughter of Louis XVI, who had endured three years' imprisonment in the Temple, and after an involuntary visit to the Court of Vienna had married her cousin the Duc d'Angoulême in 1799. Like her cousins she was

the packet of papers that contained the account of the marriage ceremony. He summoned his little Court, . . . and read aloud to them the programme of the state ceremonial; and it is said that at every sentence he paused, and although prepared for all the blows of fortune could not restrain a fresh feeling of surprise at each new proof of the entire oblivion into which his cause had fallen. The account of Napoleon's marriage testified to the complete submission of all who had been regarded as essentially belonging to the Monarchy. . . . For the next few days the King received no one: but at last he summoned his little Court and offered passports to all who might wish to return to France. So impossible did it seem now that the cause of the Bourbons could ever be triumphant!"

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no longer young in 1814, for she was born in 1778. Then there was the Duchesse d'Orléans, the Dowager, widow of Philippe Égalité and daughter of the Duc de Penthièvre. The duke had lived and died without losing his popularity, in the beautiful house at Sceaux that he had inherited from his father, one of Louis XIV's legitimatised sons. The duchess had for a long time lived in great poverty in Spain, separated from her sons, who were proscribed by the Convention and were wanderers on the face of the earth. There was also her daughter-in-law, whom we have already mentioned, the young Duchesse d'Orléans, who was married to Louis Philippe in 1809; and her daughter, well known as Louis Philippe's sister Madame Adelaïde, who was also of mature age, having been born in 1777. There was another member of the Orléans family, too, Philippe Égalité's sister Louise Marie Thérèse Bathilde (1767—1822), the Duc de Bourbon's wife, and the mother of the Duc d'Enghien who was shot in the moat of the Château de Vincennes. Finally there was Louise de Condé, Mademoiselle, the Duc de Bourbon's sister, who was born in 1757 and was Abbess of the Chapter of Remiremont. In 1814 the King granted her the house of Val-de-Grâce, whither she retired with her companions.

We must make the acquaintance of these princes and princesses. The Comte de Provence, who became Louis XVIII, was thoughtful and shrewd, and extremely proud of his aptitude for study and his good memory.¹ His teachers praised his fluent speech, his clear style, and his memory of the classical authors, whose works formed his favourite study. Being very corpulent even in his youth, no form of activity, neither hunting nor ordinary riding, gave him pleasure. He sought his distraction rather in the intimate conversation of his favourites, in the companionship of the ladies of the Court and the writing of madrigals for them, in the composition of little verses for the *Almanach des Muses* and of scenarios of operas, which, by his orders, were signed by his comptroller Morel. He was the *bel esprit* of the Court of Versailles. He was told so, and he did not deny it. He thought himself, then, very superior to his brothers; to the King, at whom he laughed behind the scenes, and to the Comte d'Artois, whose grace, ease, and skill he none the less envied. He spent all his time reading, and thinking, and writing, so great was his desire for

¹ "A prince who keeps his own counsel, as the Queen says, and is very ready to listen to the reforming party."—Marquise de Laâge. *Souvenirs*.



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literary fame. But the studies that delighted him were not such as could make him really superior to other men: it was neither the historians, nor the philosophers, nor the economists, nor the great French poets who attracted him: and among the authors he read it was not the works of Virgil, nor of Lucretius, nor of Ovid¹ that he remembered, but the verses and maxims of the epicurean Horace. He quoted him on all occasions. He was himself, indeed, an epicurean. He loved his ease, the luxuries of life,² the satisfaction of his desires; he enjoyed dissolute talk with his favourites, this being his only offering at the shrine of Venus. For he was chaste—though chaste somewhat after the manner of Origen, says Arnoult, who had been employed in his house. None the less he liked the society of women—liked it extremely; but he confined his attentions to harmless caresses, and constant gracious acts of kindness.

His lofty views of his personal importance led him to live apart from his brothers, surrounded by courtiers who hoped to turn his pride to account. He was convinced that he was more fitted than Louis XVI to govern the State, and he never opposed the idea—rather popular at the Court—that the King, who was ruled by his too frivolous and giddy wife, should be placed under the care of a guardian, or made to abdicate the throne. The Comte de Provence would then be lieutenant-general of the kingdom. This was his dream; and the Marquis de Favras' plot to seize the King and confine him at Péronne was devised by the King's brother quite as much as by the unfortunate man who, in his desire to screen the chief conspirator, held back the truth at

¹ The following lines, which were inscribed on a fan that he gave to Queen Marie Antoinette, have often been quoted:—

*"Au milieu des chaleurs extrêmes
Heureux d'amuser vos loisirs,
Je saurai près de vous amener les zéphyr;
Les amours y viendront d'eux-mêmes."*

² In his comments on Louis XVIII, Martin Doisy observes that, for an exile, the King thought a great deal too much of his personal comfort. A servant-girl's failure to recognise him, the beer that was set before him, the bad coal-fire by which he had to sit in the company of Tom, Dick, or Harry, the badly-lighted staircase that led to his bedroom—all these things surprised and annoyed him! And he was especially indignant that an Englishman should have dared to call his brother a fool—a word so much more offensive than the French *fou*. Doisy also observes that when the King was with Condé's army he contrived, with the imperturbable assurance peculiar to royalty, to arrange his daily life to suit himself in spite of the difficulties to be overcome. He was delighted when he was told that the vegetables and other dishes on his table came from *his* country. He was supplied with flowers picked in France.

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his trial, and paid for his silence with his life. The letters that are still in existence, inciting Favras to action, and the prince's audacious effrontery in declaring publicly at the Hôtel-de-Ville, before the assembled members of the Commune, that he had not seen the marquis for fifteen years, when everyone knew it was untrue, form very compromising evidence of his connivance.¹

¹ The Abbé de Montgaillard's words on this subject are very suggestive: "Favras was one of those men that make their living out of intrigue, mix themselves up in every sort of business, and find their way on to every road that can possibly lead to fortune. . . . We cannot say how far Monsieur (afterwards Louis XVIII) concurred in Favras' counter-revolutionary schemes. But it was firmly believed at the time, and even after the restoration of the House of Bourbon, that the accomplishment of a counter-revolution and the removal of the King were among Monsieur's political schemes. It is certain that the prince had wished for a long time to be at least appointed regent of the kingdom. He had bought land in several different provinces, and was credited, before the Revolution, with the design of reviving feudalism. Favras was employed to negotiate a loan on the prince's account. . . . Under the date of Feb. 19th, 1791, Montgaillard wrote: "The Marquis de Favras was executed in the Place de Grève by torchlight, on a very high gallows, and with an extraordinary amount of solemnity, to satisfy the people. Favras left a memorial in which he said: 'I do not doubt that an invisible hand is reinforcing my accusers in their pursuit of me. But what matter! I have my eye always on the man whose name has been mentioned to me. He is my accuser, and I expect no remorse from him. An avenging God will act in my defence, or at least I hope so; for never, no never, do crimes like those of this man remain unpunished.' In his will he speaks of a great personage whose name he, the condemned, is forbidden to mention. It was noticed, while Favras was in the Hôtel de Ville before his execution, that several horsemen went to the Palace of the Luxembourg from the Place de Grève, and as soon as the execution was over two men rode to the Luxembourg at full speed. It has always been said that Favras' will was not published in the form in which it was written. The most important sheets were kept back and placed in the registrar's office. After 1814 Louis XVIII granted Favras' widow a pension out of his private income."

In Louis XVIII's correspondence, published in 1815, we read on p. 13: "To attain his ends Monsieur required a war. But neither Prussia nor Austria wished to fight. So he undertook to corrupt the men who surrounded the King, in order that war might be declared against Prussia and Austria. As for the necessary money the princes secured it in Holland by means of a loan of two millions. They then waited for the King's death. Monsieur prompted the influential members of the Convention to work to that end; and in one night Pelletier de Saint-Fargeau won two hundred votes for the King's death. . . . Monsieur was not unacquainted with Robespierre himself. It is now known that the great republican kept up a brisk correspondence with the prince, and that his plans were all founded, apparently, on the wishes of Monsieur, who superintended their execution. Robespierre was surrounded by Monsieur's agents, and it was these agents who pointed out the people whose remorse might be dangerous, and those who had found out the prince's plans, and those who were known to be unfavourable to him. . . . The fact that the Marshal de Mouchy had revealed the emigration scheme to the King was more than enough to cause his death. Madame Elizabeth was guillotined for the simple reason that she had promised her brother to reveal all these horrors to his son when the boy should be old enough to understand them. It was the same in the case of an endless number of others, whose deaths Monsieur caused through his connection with Robespierre."

But what faith can one put in these revelations?

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He was ambitious, but lacking in courage. He urged forward the men who served him, without being prepared to support them, and always had some reason to give for his inaction. When the English took Toulon he informed the Royalists that he had decided to land there, in order to forward the rebellion and make the south of France his own. He was only waiting for the approval of Spain, who would lend him a ship for the voyage. Did he really mean this? Did Spain know anything about it? We may feel some doubt on the subject when we hear from Montgaillard that the King received from the Court of Spain the funds necessary for a descent on La Vendée, and frittered away the money on his agencies and plots in Verona, which were very expensive to maintain. Intrigue was more to his taste than fighting. At Coblenz, where he was surrounded by the officers of the Prince de Condé's army, he at first made some resistance to the Austrian Government's decision that he must leave the place. But the moment he was threatened with forcible ejection he hastened to depart. He wished to appear brave and haughty and full of daring; he had a solemn Mass sung, with a *Te Deum* and *Domine salvum fac regem*; but when confronted by Marshal von Wurmser he instantly capitulated. In the month of Fructidor he had sent Dandré, one of his agents, to Paris, with two million francs for the royalists. His partisans should have been there in a body, to overthrow the authority of the Republicans; and he anxiously awaited the news of the victory. But the Government anticipated the attack of the conspirators, and arrested all who were concerned in the plot, whose failure was due to the inactivity of Pichegru and Willot. The royalists were deported, with a large number of priests; and the young princes of the Orléans branch, who were at that time imprisoned in France, were exiled. Louis XVIII hastened to decline all responsibility for this check, and to cast the blame of his party's defeat upon others. Pichegru had some grounds for his lack of faith in the King's honour and courage, for when he himself had been ready to cross the Rhine and march upon Paris to reinstate the fallen Monarchy he had in vain implored Louis to join his army. The letter Pichegru wrote was not very flattering to a man who was for ever invoking the memories of François I and Henri IV, for he told him it was far better to be a King at the head of an army for twenty-four hours, and even to die thus, than to be a perpetual claimant pensioned by other sovereigns, begging for hospitality from

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kingdom to kingdom. The letter and its appeal had no effect.¹

The King had not changed his habits since then. He had written to Pichegru before the affair began, renewing all his former promises. To the traitor general he granted in advance an accumulation of good things, supposing he were to succeed. Louis had also written to d'Harcourt in London, justifying his absence from La Vendée, and blaming the English because they had not come to fetch him. And moreover—he added in excuse—even if he were a descendant of Henri IV, he had not borne arms, like his ancestor, ever since he was sixteen; neither had he won the Battle of Coutras. He had written to Charette, too, at the time of the Quiberon disaster, which he merely called “an unfortunate affair,” though all the *noblesse* had been sacrificed; and he added, as if it were to his credit, “that he was labouring to prolong the war beyond the frontiers, which he regarded as a necessary evil, since it prevented the rebels from opposing too large a mass of troops to the army of La Vendée.” For the only thing he was capable of doing was this kind of clerk’s work, this everlasting writing: writing to his spies and writing to his agents—those nobles of the Emigration whom he kept within reach of the Chancellors’ Offices of the capitals of Europe, and called ambassadors. In this way he fed the hatred of other nations for France, recoiling from no kind of intrigue that he thought likely to restore what he called his patrimony, the throne on which his ancestors had sat. And yet not

¹ A brochure called *Les Secrets de la Cour de Louis XVIII*, which was published during the Hundred Days, in 1815, contains a crushing indictment of this prince based on ascertained facts. Here, among other things, we read: “He left France on the 21st June, 1792, to join the *émigrés* at Coblenz, and on the 19th of the following September we find him threatening his unhappy brother, who is already in prison, and forbidding him to accept the Constitution laid before him. ‘If motives that we cannot see,’ he wrote, ‘were to force you to sign an acceptance which is expressly contrary to your duty as King, we must warn you that we should protest against such an ineffectual action.’ On hearing of the death of Louis XVI and the weakly condition of the Dauphin—the child whom he had called illegitimate and nevertheless professed to have succeeded—he was seen to smile while writing to the Comte d’Artois: ‘You will not forget how greatly this death will tend to the good of the State; let that thought console you!’ And when the Dauphin died on the 8th June, 1795, he deplored, in a document meant for publication, the fate of a king who only reigned in prison, but whose childhood seemed to promise that he would be a worthy successor to the best of Kings.”

Again, we read in Martin Doisy’s *Mémoires inédits de Louis XVIII*, p. 33: “. . . Louis XVIII did actually correspond with Robespierre, and during the Champagne expedition of 1792 also corresponded with Dumouriez!” And in a note: “The conventionist Courtois, to whom it fell to draw up a report on Robespierre’s papers, found several letters from Louis XVIII among them. . . .”

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one of the *émigrés* who had remained in exile for the sake of this cowardly prince escaped poverty and loneliness ; not one, when the Restoration came, found all his kinsfolk alive or all his possessions intact. What did he care—this vainglorious king who thought of nothing but the privileges of his sovereignty, and imagined that a cross sent from Verona or Mittau was quite enough to console these men who were homeless for his sake ?¹

The truth is that he was an egoist—an inveterate, instinctive, remorseless egoist—who imagined that the persons, the possessions, the peace, and the happiness of others should be offered up as a sacrifice to his claim of sovereignty. France mattered little to him, but he never ceased to regret his crown : the royal crown that his forehead lacked, while other princes who perhaps, as in Prussia, had been kings for less than a century, were not so bereft. In his eyes his country did not consist in this group of provinces in arms against Europe, defending the moral conquests of the Revolution. Oh no ! it was not this land, the product of centuries of struggle, that his eyes were fixed upon when he incited his followers to civil war ; it was rather all that he had lost by emigrating—his wealth, his palaces, his bodyguard. His humiliating position was death to him, and he would have willingly raised himself on the very ruins of the nation. His egoism was always present, always prominent, limiting his point of view and stifling his humanity. As long as Europe was not utterly crushed by Napoleon's iron hand he never ceased inciting the nation to form coalitions against France, whereby that already exhausted country was forced into one war after another, each more cruel and terrible than the last. The funds he obtained from Russia and England only served for his criminal schemes. He was allied with all the enemies of his country ; with General Moreau, who came from America to fight under the Russian flag, and was killed at Dresden ; with the English ministers who had sworn to destroy the conqueror Napoleon,

¹ From the *Mémoires secrets* of Montgaillard. "The pretender, as well as the Comte d'Artois, had borrowed a great deal of money during his stay at Coblenz. Madame de Vergennes had pledged all her diamonds, the last remnant of her fortune, to supply the princes with the means of leaving Coblenz, and even, I believe, to prevent them from being arrested by their creditors. Yet after this the pretender hardly deigned to answer Madame de Vergennes, although she had his royal promise in writing that the sum would be returned in a short time. He allowed the pledged diamonds to be sold at Frankfort for much less than their value, and was very little concerned that she and her two sons were lacking the necessities of life at Hamburg. Madame de Vergennes showed the greatest nobility of character throughout, and in all their wanderings her two sons were consistently moderate in speech and admirable in conduct, and always patriotic."

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so detrimental to the commerce of their city. France might go to wrack and ruin if only his throne were restored to him! He promised to restore France to his courtiers, moreover, exactly in her former state, unchanged by the evolution that had taken place in thought. If in the old days he had supported the pretensions of the *Tiers Etat* in the States General, it was entirely for his own ends, with a view of making himself more popular than the King; for no sooner was he out of the country than he protested, with his brother d'Artois, against Louis XVI's concessions to the National Assembly. The France of feudalism would have suited him much better than modern France.

He left nothing behind him but some little verses in imitation of Dorat or Gentil-Bernard,¹ and some letters addressed to his friend d'Avaray, who was parted from him by illness. In these letters he writes of nothing but himself, his pleasures and his pains. The princess his wife having died in England, he complains that she who relieved the tedium of his purposeless hours is no longer with him; but not a line of these letters records the virtues or affection of the woman he professes to regret; not a line recalls her simply for her own sake. If in his bereavement he admires the flowers in his park and laments being alone, it is because she shared with him the pleasure of seeing them, and in sharing it made his pleasure greater. He does not regret that she can no longer enjoy the flowers; he merely regrets she can no longer enjoy them with him. This appears very plainly in his letters to d'Avaray. The funeral was magnificent;² but we who know him must suspect that the

¹ Ernest Daudet, who owns Louis XVIII's papers, and has based on them three interesting volumes on the Emigration, publishes the following notes in the second volume: "It is quite true," wrote Louis XVIII, "that I have always loved literature, but it is not true that I have written some historical notes, and still less that I am a historian. In 1772, however, I took a fancy to write some memoirs. . . . I have also done some verses that were not bad. . . . The only work of any size that my pen has produced is an unpublished translation of a book by Mr. Horace Walpole, entitled: *Historical Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard III.*" "In this list," adds Ernest Daudet, "the King forgot to include the story of his flight from Paris, which he wrote at Coblenz in 1791, but had not yet published; and the diary of his journey from Verona to Riegel, which we have found among his papers. During his secluded winter in the Château of Mittau he began to write once more. At this time (1798-99) he wrote his *Réflexions historiques sur Marie-Antoinette* (which appears in the King's collected writings), some thoughts suggested by books he was reading, a dissertation on Horace that shows his knowledge of Latin, and—not to speak of a story called *Galante Aventure*—an interesting study on the duties of a king. . . ."

² Extract from the *Times* of November 28, 1810. Princess Josephine of Savoy, daughter of Victor Amédée III, King of Sardinia, had been married on the 14th May, 1771, at Versailles. She died on the 13th November, 1810, at the age of

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honours were paid in the main to the King of France, as he called himself, rather than to the unfortunate woman who had been removed by dropsy.¹

fifty-seven. Her funeral took place in London, the service being read in the Catholic Chapel in King Street.

"At nine o'clock on Monday morning the service for the dead began at the Roman Catholic Chapel, King Street, Portman Square. The French Princes arrived at ten, the Foreign Ambassadors between eleven and twelve. The coffin was placed in the middle of the chapel, covered with crimson velvet, and highly ornamented: on an escutcheon were the arms of France and Savoy, and the Crown of France was placed at the head; it was surrounded by forty lighted tapers. At the head of the coffin stood the Duke d'Avray, as having the charge of the Crown; and near him Père Elisée, as Surgeon to her Majesty; at the foot next to the Altar stood the Comte de la Chartre, as Commissary of the King of France, and near him the Comte de Nantouillet, as Master of the Ceremonies. On the right, on a row of raised seats, were the French Princes, Monsieur the Duke d'Angoulême, the Duke de Berry, the Prince de Condé, and the Duke de Bourbon; and below them their respective officers. M. de Broval, as representative of the Duke of Orleans, sat on the left of the Princess. On the left of the coffin, and opposite the French Princes, was another row of seats for the Foreign Ambassadors. Below them were the great dignitaries of the ancient French military and chivalric orders. The service was performed by Mgr. Dalbignac, Bishop of Angoulême; there were also present the Archbishop of Reims, the Bishops of Sisteron, Digne, Nantes, Tarbes, Rhodéz, Aix, Uséz, Blois, and Montpellier.

"The cards of admission to the Abbey were simply for 'The Funeral of the Comtesse de Lille.' From the Chapel to the hearse the coffin was borne by twelve Knights of St. Louis, and the pall supported by four *Dames d'honneur*.

"The procession then began in the following order:—

"Thirteen men on horseback; a mute, with feathers, on horseback; a coach and six with four *Dames d'honneur*. Mesdames la Duchesse de Piennes, la Duchesse de Coigny, la Comtesse de Narbonne, and la Comtesse de Mesnard.

"Another coach and six, with persons of the household.

"*Gardes de Corps* on foot, headed by one of their officers.

"A mourner on a fully caparisoned horse, carrying on a cushion the Crown of France, covered with black crape. The hearse drawn by six horses, and adorned with a profusion of plumes.

"In the Chapel the same ceremonial was observed as at St. Denis, and the cards of admission were for 'The Funeral of the Queen of France.'

"Then followed the French Princes in mourning coaches and six, followed by the principal French Nobility. After the mourning coaches came that of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, drawn by six horses, and conducted by his Highness's state coachman, with three footmen and two pages; the coaches of all the Royal Dukes followed, according to their seniority; as also two coaches and six of the Marquess of Buckingham, those of the Marquess of Wellesley, of Mr. Perceval, and all the Ministers; those of the Foreign Ambassadors, and of several English Noblemen and Gentlemen.

"The Dean of Westminster at the head of the Chapter received the body at the entrance of the Church; the avenues and the aisles being guarded and lined by the battalion of volunteers of St. John and St. Margaret, commanded by Major Jones. A requiem was sung by the full choir, accompanied by the organ; and after the ceremony the remains of the Princess were deposited in the same vault with those of the Duke of Montpensier, on the south-west side of King Henry VII's Chapel."

(The above is copied *verbatim* from the article in the *Times*, and differs in one or two unessential matters from the French version given by the author. The name de *Piennes*, however, should evidently be *de Rohan*. Translator's Note.)

¹ *Mémoires de la Comtesse de Boigne*, Vol. I, p. 36:—"The Comtesse de Pro-

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At last the time came for him to ascend the throne of France. The Constitution framed by the Senate was submitted to him, and he accepted it without the least intention of keeping his promise. No sooner had he reached Saint-Ouen than he corrected the text of the Constitution, and wiped out all Napoleon's glorious years from the history of France. He dated his reign from the year 1795; and when he opened the new Parlement it was neither a Constitution nor a Charta of Concessions that he presented to it, but an *ordinance of reformation*. For with his egoism he combined hypocrisy. It was only on the surface that he was good-natured. He called the French his children, and prided himself on being their father; but all the benefits he bestowed upon them were derived from the national treasury. If, after Waterloo, he sent half a million francs to the victims of the war, it was because he had carefully arranged for the Minister of Finance to follow him to Ghent and bring him the money he dispensed in this way, leaving nothing in France but bills of exchange. Always and everywhere he was lavish of fine academic periods: of these he was positively prodigal. But his generosity of mind and heart ended on his lips. His hand was full of gifts, but only opened for the men and women whom he made his favourites—that is to say for his own pleasure—that is to say for himself.

Montgaillard has given us a portrait of this prince at the time of the Emigration, which we cannot pass over in silence. "The Comte de Lille, who always had a tendency to employ none but dilatory methods, and to adopt no measures that could expose his person to danger, was very careful to avoid such circumstances as might frustrate this policy. For this reason he had just refused to cross the Rhine at the head of Condé's army, or to follow Pichegru's advice, which was to the effect that it was better to be a king for twenty-four hours than to be a hundred years in exile. But I had already appraised the Comte de Lille's character, and it was quite plain to me that this prince was entirely lacking in courage, energy, and good faith; that he himself would always be the greatest obstacle in anything that might be undertaken in his cause; and that the happiness of the French and other nations counted for nothing in his ambitions. He has read much, his mind is cultivated, his manners are gracious, but he is essentially false and treacherous.

venge consoled herself (for her husband's infidelities) with the friendship of her women-of-the-bedchamber, and, if one may dare to say so, with drink—carried to such a pitch that it was apparent to the world at large."

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He has the pedantry of a rhetor, and his ambition is to be considered intellectual. I do not believe him capable of a generous sentiment, nor of a firm resolve. He has never forgotten anything; he never forgives an insult, nor a wrong, nor a reproach.¹ He fears the truth; and he fears death. Surrounded as he is by flatterers, he has preserved nothing of his former state except the pride and the vices that robbed him of it. Misfortune cannot altogether crush him, because he dares not meet it face to face. However hardly he may be treated by adversity, none but the cowardly and mean will champion him. We shall see him die in his bed in exile, after having wearied and worn out the pity and generosity of all the sovereigns of Europe. This prince trembles at the sight of a bundle of pikes or darts. He has the name of Henri IV constantly on his lips, and shudders at the sight of a weapon. He is an intriguer in times of peace, unskilful in war, ambitious to excess of literary fame, greedy of riches, yet no less devoted to display, the enemy of his true friends and the slave of his courtiers, easily offended yet defiant, superstitious and vindictive, always double-faced in his policy, and treacherous even where his heart is concerned. Such is the Comte de Lille, the prince whom fortune placed so near to the first throne in the world, without endowing him with any of the qualities that win the love of the people. There is not a doubt that, even in the happiest times, he would have allowed the reins of empire to slip from his hands. His reign would have been a reign of favourites; and France would have been subjected at the same time to all the meannesses of King James and all the prodigality of Henri III."

We must, however, grant him one good quality that is not possessed by every prince: he respected himself, and exacted respect from his own circle and from all who came near him. And this self-respect gave him an inherent personal stateliness; it lent

¹ The hatred of the Bourbons for the authors of the Revolution led them to draw up a list of representatives of the nation on whom they intended to vent their rage. The list was printed in London. Those whose guilt was the most heinous were to be quartered, broken on the wheel, hanged, or sent to the galleys. Thirty-five were to be quartered, among whom were Treillard, Sieyès, Merlin de Douai, La Reveillère-Lepeaux, and Buzot Alquier. A hundred and three were to be condemned to the wheel, among whom were Bailly, Barnave, de Custine, Fréteau, Garat, La Fayette, the two Lameths, La Rochefoucauld, Montesquieu, Noailles, Pilâtre, Roederer, Talleyrand, Target, Vadier, and Volney. Those who were to be hanged numbered a hundred and ninety-two, among whom were Thibaudeau, Praslin, Montmorency, Collot, de Château-Regnault, and de Tracy. Nearly two hundred were to be sent to the galleys.

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dignity to his expression, and graciousness, mingled with cold civility, to his manner of receiving visitors. On any man who was accustomed to society, and not merely a casual observer, or one of the vulgar herd to whom the appearance of wealth is all that matters, Louis XVIII, even in poverty and exile, left an impression of truly regal majesty. He was conscious of being derived from the most ancient and illustrious race of kings in Europe, and wherever he went he instantly felt himself to be the first in rank. This feeling of supremacy gave him his very noticeable dignity. In the most critical circumstances he was every inch a king; he assumed the attitude and uttered the word that raised him above his companions; he was dignified, always dignified.¹

At Verona he held a Court, to the indignation of Bonaparte's victorious armies, by whom Venice was at that time threatened. The Venetian Republic, of which Verona was a vassal, intimated to him that he must go. Louis XVIII answered that he would seek an asylum elsewhere, but he demanded—he whose forefathers had left so many marks in Italy of their generosity and valour—that the book of the Doges should be brought to him, that he might erase the names of his ancestors, the benefactors of Venice. Some time after this his niece Madame Royale, having been released from the Temple, was retained at the Court of Vienna, where it was desired to marry her to the Emperor's brother, the Archduke Charles. Louis XVIII demanded that the young princess should be sent to him at Mittau, where he was then living. But the Court of Vienna had schemes of its own. This marriage with an Austrian prince, which it so much desired, would bring Alsace and Lorraine to the German Empire, as the dowry of Louis XVI's heiress. If Louis XVIII would consent to the marriage and renounce his right to these provinces, Austria would recognise him as king of France and Navarre—which she had never done, nor ever did—and would by every means in her power assist him to recover his kingdom. When this proposition was laid before him the King of France summoned all his dignity. He haughtily rejected the insulting suggestion; not from considera-

¹ Chateaubriand wrote: "Louis XVIII never forgot the pre-eminent position of his cradle. He was a King everywhere, as God is everywhere, in a manger or a temple, on an altar of gold or of clay. . . . He had the air of saying: You can kill me—but you cannot kill the centuries. This fixed idea of his, of the dignity and the majesty of race, gave to Louis XVIII a real power over other men, who were conscious of being dominated. Even Bonaparte's generals confessed it. They were more intimidated by this infirm old man than by the terrible master who had led them to a hundred victories. . . ."

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tion for the unfortunate girl whose hand was being treated as an article of commerce, but because he felt himself answerable to all his kingly ancestors, who had transmitted to him a heritage that was incorporated with their House, and therefore inalienable. "I cannot cede those provinces," he answered; "the surrender would be null and void. The example of François I is evidence in point. And as for the marriage, King Louis XVI, before he died, made his daughter swear that she would never marry any man but her cousin the Duc d'Angoulême." After the execution of the Duc d'Enghien he felt his princely dignity assailed by the fact that he wore a certain illustrious order, which had been reduced to a degrading vulgarity by being given to Bonaparte. He desired to have nothing in common, he wrote, with "that great criminal," who had received the insignia of the Golden Fleece from Charles IV, King of Spain; and he returned his own to his cousin of Madrid. He seized the opportunity of giving a lesson to this king, his junior. "In the present century," he added, "it is more glorious to deserve a sceptre than to carry one"; and he would never, whatever the risk, whatever his misfortunes, show himself unworthy of occupying the throne of his ancestors. At Warsaw, when Bonaparte's emissaries from Berlin proposed that he should exchange his rights to the French crown for a kingdom on Italian soil, he once more stood on his dignity. He refused to listen for another moment to those strange ambassadors, and his answer to them is one of the noblest he ever made. "I am not afraid of poverty. If it were necessary I would eat black bread with my family and my faithful servants. But do not deceive yourselves; I shall never be reduced to that. I have another resource, though I do not believe I shall ever have to employ it as long as I have powerful friends; it is to let my condition be known in France, and to hold out my hand, not to the Government of the usurper—never that—but to my faithful subjects. And, believe me, I should soon be richer than I am." (Lubis: *Histoire de la Restauration*.)

He was in the habit of expressing himself, in his sonorous, resonant voice, with an eloquence that was both imposing and attractive, an eloquence born of this belief of his in his own claims. Men who were the products of the Revolution, and Sovereigns—such as the Czar—whose thrones were less ancient than his, and who were less closely bound up with their people, could not understand it. It was this conviction, in a man who had so long been a stranger to France, that constituted the power of Louis XVIII,

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and was so enchanting to the Royalists, who accepted everything he said with the cheerful readiness of a Sunday-school class. If he had not been sustained and uplifted by this ineradicable conviction, is it possible that he could have persistently hoped for twenty-five years to see the resurrection of his rights and his race? "I am waiting for the moment that will inevitably come," he said to his courtiers. This was the secret of his philosophical, uncomplaining endurance of his misfortunes. He was driven from every town in which he took shelter. He left Verona in a little carriage, with one only of his intimate attendants; he travelled, in the greatest discomfort, across unknown countries, but he never flinched; he was unshaken in his truly royal dignity. At Blankenburg he lived in a little suite of rooms under the roof of one of the local grocers; yet, in spite of the modesty of his establishment, he superintended all his affairs himself, maintaining personal relations with his ambassadors in various parts of Europe, and with the ministers who were living close at hand.¹ At Mittau, at last, he enjoyed the semblance of a Court, with a palace and guards. The Emperor Paul of Russia had yielded to the prayers of Saint-Priest. Then suddenly Bonaparte lifted his finger, and the Court vanished. Louis was forced to leave the country, without knowing where he should find shelter. He started off in the direction of Prussia;² and the story of his journey, with all its cruel vicissi-

¹ With regard to Blankenburg, Montgaillard writes (vol. I., *Discours préliminaires*, p. 17): "I saw Louis XVIII coming to join Condé's army with a waggon-load of ordinances and decrees of the Council that were waiting for registration by the Parlement. While he was at Blankenburg he was holding councils day and night, appointing ambassadors and ministers, and making numbers of promotions in his naval and military forces, though he had not a single soldier, nor yet a single ship. . . . Some day I will describe what he meant by promising the French a liberal constitution. . . . Here I will confine myself to quoting some words used by Louis XVIII in his Council, or else said to me personally in his private room. 'You can seal these letters of pardon, *M. le Garde des Sceaux!* (The men to be pardoned were nineteen conventionists who had voted the King's death.) As you say, I am exceeding my royal rights; but when I am on my throne my Parlement of Paris will find it quite easy to prove to me that I exceeded those rights, and the men I am pardoning will be broken on the wheel in the Place de Grève with my letters patent round their necks.' 'As for the press and the philosophers, and irreligion, and active revolt, I shall stand no nonsense from them when I am restored to my kingdom, and these worthy writers may depend on a Chamber of Syndics with a good strict right of censure. No nation should be allowed to talk, and the French nation least of all.'"

² M. de Beauchamp has given us a very detailed account of the journey from Mittau. ". . . At Frauenburg the King and his suite slept in the posting-house. It was a tavern—and what a tavern! At least sixty peasants were collected in the public room which constituted nearly the whole house. Without knowing the country and its customs it is impossible to form an idea of this crowd, of the intolerable stuffiness, as well as the nauseating smell of tobacco, beer, and brandy

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tudes, fills one with admiration for the exile in his discomfiture. When at last the continent failed him, he crossed the sea and took refuge in England. He resigned himself to being merely a private gentleman, the Comte de Lille, without any of the attributes of royalty, since those were the terms on which he was received as a guest. But he abandoned none of his claims. His courtiers gathered round him and formed a Court for him, and were lavish in their marks of respect. He maintained in his house at Hartwell the dignity of a sovereign prince; and, in spite of the insignificance of his domain and the slenderness of his resources, he never showed any signs of weakness before his household.¹

with which they were reeking. The little shed in which I passed the night was next door to a kind of wash-house where our adorable princess (the Duchesse d'Angoulême) slept. She said: 'This is a robbers' cave!' . . . The inn was so small (at Ilmagen) that d'Avaray and the Abbé Edgeworth slept in the King's rooms, and in the Duchess's were Madame Hue, the Duchesse de Sérent and the woman-of-the-bedchamber. I must not forget to say that, on account of the intense cold and the dampness of the room, a stove had been hastily put into it, and heated to such a degree—no doubt with the best intentions—that the princess's health was in greater danger all through that dreadful night than in the wash-house she had occupied the night before, damp and icy as it was. At last we arrived at the house of the Baron de Sass, in Courland. Before crossing the frontier the Duc de Fleury was sent on in advance, for fear of difficulties, to feel the way and sound the Russian troops. The King said: 'If all goes well, approach the carriage on my side; but if anything is wrong, ride up to the side where my niece is sitting.'—'Oh mon Dieu!' cried Madame, 'is my side always to be the unfortunate one?'—'You are right, my child,' answered the King; 'if there is misfortune, it must be for me alone. Duc de Fleury, if things go badly, you must come to my side of the carriage.' Everything went well, however. We arrived at last at Memel. . . . On reaching Prussian territory the King took off all his orders and assumed the strictest incognito, under the name of the Comte de Lille; while the Duchesse d'Angoulême called herself the Marquise de la Meilleraye. They were well received at Memel. The Danish Consul was most obliging. The Duchess, who had never seen a ship, wished to go on board the *Fortune*, whose captain's name was Witt; and she accepted some cakes and a cup of coffee there, by way of breakfast. Five of the King's bodyguard arrived from Mittau. The King said to them: 'It is a great comfort to me to see you, but my pleasure is mingled with very bitter sorrow. . . . You see me thus (he showed them his left side bereft of all his orders); I cannot even wear a single order. I have nothing but advice to offer, and the best I can give you is to go to Königsberg, lest there should be too many of us here, and we should give umbrage. I have just been arranging for your journey to Hamburg, where all of you will easily be able to make further plans.' The money being all spent, the Duchesse d'Angoulême bethought her of selling her diamonds. They were entrusted to the Danish Consul, who advanced two thousand ducats on them. . . . At Memel, as we were on the point of leaving, the Abbé Marie was found dead in his bed. He had plunged a dagger into his heart. The reason was never known. . . . At Warsaw Keller, the Governor, was waiting for the King in the *Maison Wassiliewicht*, in the suburb of Cracow. . . ."

During this journey from Mittau to Memel the Duchesse d'Angoulême was holding on her knees the dog that had become dear to every feeling heart, the prison-companion of the unfortunate little prince, Louis XVII.

¹ Certain events that took place at Mittau and were described in the Comte de Beauchamp's *Memoirs* should not be passed over. "Early in 1799, Souvarow

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When he became King he invented a costume for himself, which aimed at combining a military appearance with the requirements of his bodily infirmities. As soon as he rose he was dressed by his valet in a coat of blue cloth, whose cut was something between that of a modern frock-coat and court-dress. Two little epaulets of gold cord were sewn to the cloth. Under the coat was a white waistcoat, which was almost entirely hidden by the ribbons and wide sashes of his orders. His satin breeches ended in a pair of high boots or gaiters of red velvet, which came above the knee and were more supple than leather; for the thickness of leather, on legs that were often painful from gout, would have created too much friction. He made a great point of these boots. Perhaps he thought that they were the proper things for a gentleman to wear, or that they made him look like a general, ready at any moment to spring upon a horse—though this was a physical impossibility to him, since he was much too fat and too infirm. At his side there hung a sword that he never laid down, not even when he seated himself in his armchair to receive visitors. Every morning the barber curled his hair with the tongs and turned it back in rolls above his ears, gathering it together at the back in a little queue which hung down over his coat-collar. He used powder, as formerly, with a view to hiding the white locks of age; and this gave his complexion an appearance of youth. In his well-developed but receding forehead—sign of a deceitful nature and of an imagination ever ready to harbour chimæras—in his large, wide-open, pale blue eyes; in his aquiline nose, disdainful mouth, and thick, heavy double-chin, it was easy to detect intelligence, pride of race, and the desire to rule that never forsook him, even in his darkest days. On the whole the impression he gave was that of a person of distinction, with an attractive face, and a very strong likeness, it is said, to his grandfather Louis XV.

went through Mittau to rejoin his troops, and was granted an audience by the King. Louis XVIII left his study, and walked a few steps to meet him. The Marshal knelt on one knee, and kissed the skirt of the King's coat. . . . The Marshal's visit lasted for an hour. As he left the guard-room, he said: 'For the King's faithful servants, honours and protection: for the Jacobins, no quarter!' Having returned to his hotel, he undressed himself and went into a little room, stark naked, where he was repeatedly sprinkled with cold water. Then, having donned a pelisse, he entered the public room. Here, on a fairly large round table without a cloth, he was served with a big dish of millet and several other dishes, of which one was of herrings. Of this he and his four aides-de-camp partook standing. They were then served with punch." . . . "Dumouriez came to Mittau too. He was short and fat, and wrapped up in an enormous pelisse which made him twice his natural size. . . . During the first meal Madame Royale nearly fainted." . . .

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From the day that he arrived at Verona, after leaving the roof of his mother's brother Wenceslaus, Elector of Treves and Prince of Saxony, to fly across Europe before the victorious armies of the republic, his way of living never varied. Wherever he was living his habits were always the same; whether at Blankenburg, Mittau, Warsaw, or in England. He began the day at 8 o'clock, and devoted the morning to his political affairs, working with his chancellor or ministers, reading, or writing despatches to his ambassadors, whom he always answered with his own hand. He allowed no one to fulfil this duty for him, believing it to be of considerable importance. At 11 o'clock he attended Mass. After this he dined, eating very largely, though his table, owing to his limited resources,¹ was supplied with none but the homeliest dishes. After the meal he took a walk, leaning on the arm of one of his gentlemen—generally the favourite—for as long as his strength and health would permit. When the walk was over he received any visitors he was expecting; and after another meal, not as heavy as the last, he began the evening, before nightfall, at a whist-table with his courtiers. He did not play himself; he merely looked on. At midnight the party broke up.

Of the French journals that Louis XVIII read every day the *Moniteur* was the one to which he gave most attention. He tried to glean from it the secrets of Bonaparte, the schemes of the enemy whose mere name made his blood boil. Then letters would be despatched from the King's study to the Duc d'Harcourt, who was interviewing the English ministers in London in the King's interests; or to the Comte de Saint-Priest, who represented him at St. Petersburg; or to the Duc d'Havré, who was at Madrid, engaged in appealing to the feelings of the Bourbons, the King's relations. Letters were sent, too, to all the agents employed in his intrigues; to de Précý, de Puisaye, Imbert-Colomès, Dunant, La Vilheurnois, Dandré, d'Antraygues, Fauche-Borel; even to Georges Cadoudal, whom he had made a general and a knight of St. Louis. He was prodigal, indeed, of his decorations, and also of promises—realisable at the Restoration. Talleyrand complained in 1815 that he was obliged to grant the requests of absolutely

¹ While he was at Verona, the Spanish Bourbons paid him a subsidy of 20,000 frs. a month, and gave his wife, the Princess of Savoy, who was living apart from him at that time, a pension of 10,000 frs. The Czar, who was either richer or more generous, gave him 600,000 frs. and a free lodging in his palace at Mittau, in Courland. England followed this example when he took refuge there, first at Gosfield and afterwards at Hartwell.

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insignificant people, because they produced written promises, given to them by the princes during their exile. This was often their way of ridding themselves of importunate petitioners, or too-exacting creditors.

D'Harcourt, de Saint-Priest, and d'Havr -Croy were his most devoted ambassadors. D'Harcourt, who came of an ancient Norman family, was an old man at the time of the Emigration, for he was born in 1726. He had been tutor to the Duc de Normandie, Louis XVI's elder brother. His pupil died young, and when the Revolution broke out the duke emigrated to Germany. He afterwards settled in England, to be near the younger branch of his family, the English Harcourts. Louis XVIII often wrote to him,¹ and the letters—or at least such of them as may still be read—are far from being creditable to the writer. The old duke died in 1802. His nephew the Comte d'Harcourt, who was barely five-and-twenty, had emigrated like himself and settled in London on the disbandment of Cond 's army, in which he had served. He was as much in favour as his uncle with the princes, and was on very intimate terms with the Duc de Berry, who made him one of his gentlemen-of-the-bedchamber, on finding him to be as light-hearted and as wayward as he was himself.

The Comte de Saint-Priest, like the Duc d'Harcourt, was an old man at the end of the century, for he was born at Grenoble in 1735. His life had been full of incident. He had distinguished himself in the Seven Years' War, and had been sent as ambassador to Portugal; then to Sweden, where he married Mlle. de Ludolph; next to Constantinople, where he replaced M. de Vergennes; and

¹ Extract from the papers seized in the house of Durand-Maillane, late member of the Constituent Assembly, by order of the Directory. *Letter from the prince to d'Harcourt in London*: "What is left to me then? La Vend e. Who can take me thither? The King of England. Go on insisting, then. Tell the ministers I am asking them for my throne or my grave. Point out all these things to the cabinet at St. James's. And add—but this is less important since it concerns me personally—that it will give me the greatest pleasure to owe my glorious position and the well-being of my kingdom to so virtuous a sovereign as the king of England and to such enlightened ministers as his." The author of the brochure in which this letter is quoted makes this comment: "It was thus he addressed the English, who for so long had been wasting, rather than invading, French territory, who had decimated the population of France by every sort of crime, crushed her commerce by every sort of piracy, burnt her ships in their own harbours, incited her people to rebellion, and supplied the means for her civil wars; it was thus he addressed George III's ministers—William Pitt, whom the many triumphs of France reduced to a state of delirious fury, and Lord Grenville, who had voted for a war that aimed at exterminating the French!"

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finally to Holland. Afterwards he became one of Louis XVI's ministers, and being in consequence an object of popular hatred he emigrated to England, and thence joined his brother-in-law, who represented the Court of Naples in Sweden. Louis XVIII summoned him to Verona, and made him his Minister for Foreign Affairs. But Saint-Priest would not follow the King to Blankenburg. He asked Louis to send him to St. Petersburg, to beg the Czar, in the name of the Royal Family, for an asylum in the palace of Mittau in Courlande, and for funds to hold a Court there. Moreover he would try, he said, to persuade the Emperor Paul to intercede with the Court of Vienna for the young princess—Louis XVI's daughter—the "Orphan of the Temple," who was being kept a prisoner, it was thought, among her Austrian relations. This idea that the Czar should intervene was suggested by d'Avaray. Saint-Priest was uncongenial to the Russian Court, whom he repelled by his appearance, by his large face with its resemblance to the Roman Emperors, by his domineering, meddling character,¹ and moreover by the fact that he represented a prince whose desire for Court ceremonial created much merriment at St. Petersburg; yet he succeeded in carrying out Louis XVIII's wishes. The King at last was able to establish himself in the palace of Mittau, and to receive, first his wife, who came to join him there, and then his niece, who was delivered from the bondage of Austria. A week had not passed before he married the young princess to his nephew the Duc d'Angoulême.² The

¹ D'Allonville, in his *Mémoires*, vol. V., p. 88) deals rather unmercifully with Saint-Priest. "When he was minister at Constantinople," he says, "he had brought about the cession of the Crimea to Russia by Turkey, which cost him the Order of St. Andrew and cost his wife a great many diamonds. . . . During his first democratic enthusiasm he had tried to show a good example by hastening to drop his title and call himself Guignard, the original name of his family. But the foreign courts foolishly imagined that those who had begun by approving of the Revolution were more competent to judge of it than were those whose superior foresight had always made them disapprove of it; and M. Guignard was welcomed everywhere. As for Mme. de Saint-Priest at St. Petersburg, she had contrived to make friends with the young princess Lapoukine, who was at that time paramount in the affections of the Emperor Paul. . . . She told the Princess's fortune by cards. But she did so many silly extravagant things, and meddled with so many intrigues, that the Emperor finally interfered and sent her away from St. Petersburg."

² De Barante: Preface to *Les Lettres de Louis XVIII. au Comte de Saint-Priest*: "The hospitality granted by the Emperor Paul I contained no element of sympathy. The royal title was never recognised, no visit of any French prince to St. Petersburg was ever authorised, neither the Emperor nor his sons ever came to Mittau to condole with this royal family of exiles, who were constantly obliged to claim privileges and consideration. The Court of St. Petersburg made fun of the ceremonial at the little Court of Mittau; the official receptions, the King's Mass, the bodyguard, the two tables at dinner; . . ." Beauchamp in his

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letters written to Saint-Priest by this ever wandering, never satisfied monarch show a very singular state of mind which neither poverty, nor wretched and unexpected journeys from one German town to another, nor the results of Bonaparte's great victories, nor the sorrows of the fallen dynasties had altered in the least degree. This prince persistently lived in a state of illusion, picturing the France of that day with all the customs and ideas of the century before, and dreaming that Europe intended to support, by force of arms, what he called his *rights* and his *legitimate claims*. Bonaparte's victories seemed to him a kind of monstrous prodigy, the vengeance of Heaven, fallen upon an infidel people who had forsaken the paths of righteousness; and he always imagined that if Bonaparte were out of the way everything would be as before. Saint-Priest, feeling the hopelessness of these obsolete ideas, determined to stay in Vienna, where he settled down on leaving Russia. It was only at the Restoration that he returned to France, and accepted a seat in the Chamber of Peers.

Of the King's servants the Duc d'Havr  (d'Havr -Croy) though wanting in acuteness was one of the most honest. He came of an illustrious stock, for the Kings of Hungary were his ancestors; for more than five hundred years his name had been distinguished in the annals of France; and his age—for he was born in 1744—had combined with his serious disposition to give him wisdom. The exiled princes had the greatest confidence in him, as had also the Bourbons of Madrid, to whom he was repeatedly sent. But being quite under the influence of the King's mind, he followed wherever his master led, and was imbued with all the same prejudices and illusions. His fidelity never faltered for an hour. To the end he shared the exile and misfortune of the royal family, and never returned to France till he left Hartwell in one of the royal carriages, and landed at Calais with his King.

As soon as Louis XVIII arrived at Verona, or at Blankenburg, or at Mittau, or wherever he was establishing himself for the time being, he organised a mock-government, with a Minister of the Interior, a Minister of Foreign Affairs, a Minister of War, and a Chief of Police. There were changes on several occasions among these various ministers, but Europe was unaware of it. It was only in the world of * migr s*, and especially in the King's little

Memoirs also alludes to Mittau: "The King and the Duc d'Angoul me found their own rooms furnished at Mittau, but the rest of the place denuded of everything. There was no linen; nothing that was wanted for the King's table. . . ."

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Court, absorbed as it was in the intrigues and petty gossip of idle people, that the matter was considered of the least importance.

For several years the Duc de La Vauguyon was one of the principal members of this miniature government; and the various plots that were devised for the restoration of the French Monarchy emanated from his bureau. The family of Quélen, to which he belonged, sprang from the princes of Bourbon-Carency, and his father had been tutor to the Children of France. He himself was born in 1746, and his punctilious, prudent character won the esteem of Louis XVI, who gave him a post in his household, and afterwards sent him as ambassador to Spain. Louis XVIII summoned him to Verona, interested him in his political schemes, and made him a minister. But certain indiscreet revelations, which could only have come from someone connected with the duke, caused the failure of La Vilheurnois' royalist plot, and the King was obliged to part from his minister. The perpetrator of these indiscretions was discovered. The correspondence with the royalist committee in Paris had been sold at Basle by the Prince de Carency, the duke's son, an unscrupulous and dissolute intriguer. The price of this treacherous action was the erasure of the vicious prince's name from the list of *émigrés*, a good round sum, no doubt, and the kind offices of the republican police. As for the father of the wretched man, seeing that his career was over and his name disgraced, he fled with his sorrow to Spain, and was there forgotten.¹

The Baron de Flachslanden also counted for something among ministers of the exiled prince. When the Revolution broke out he was in command of a regiment in Alsace. He emigrated, joined Condé's army and took part in the campaigns of 1792, and when the *émigrés* were disbanded was placed by Louis XVIII at the head of his military affairs—not a very onerous post. He was also made Minister of the Police and of the Interior, in place of the Duc de Vauguyon. He did not enjoy all these favours for long, for he died at Blankenburg, in 1797. The old Marshal de Castries, who had been the Duke of Brunswick's opponent, was

¹ In his private *Mémoires* Montgaillard wrote: "This minister said to me in his hovel at Blankenburg: 'I confess to you, monsieur, that I am by no means hostile to the Revolution, nor to the principle of equality.' (He was very particular, however, about wearing his *cordon*; though not quite so punctilious as M. de Barentin, who had had a *cordon bleu* made of oil-cloth, and wore it even in his bath, because he had taken an oath, he said, when he received the order, to wear it always on his breast.) 'And if you wish to know my principles,' added Vauguyon, 'I am a cosmopolitan.'"

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Flachslanden's successor. He died in 1801, and was replaced by the Comte de la Chapelle.

The Marquis de Jaucourt, too, was one of the King's followers—a minister without a portfolio. He has often been confused with his cousin the Comte de Jaucourt, whom Bonaparte made a member of the *Tribunat* on the advice of Talleyrand. The Marquis did not care to hear his cousin's name mentioned. The Comte, however, who was a friend of Joseph Bonaparte, became later on one of the most influential agents in the restoration of the Bourbons. De Vitrolles in his *Mémoires* speaks of him as the honoured leader of the French Protestant churches, and adds: "He had the honeyed gentleness that is characteristic of them, and so often hides harshness; but he had none of their rigidity."

These ministers, who were concerned in the political affairs of the *émigrés*, were necessarily subject to the influence, and even embroiled in the quarrels of those who composed the King's Household: the officials, and the favourites of both sexes. Moreover, most of these gentlemen of the household were old, and had all the morose, grumbling, discontented ways common to old men; and, indeed, this Court was once described as a "bear-garden." There were the Duc de Guiches, the Captain of the Guard, and the Duc de Villequier, originally Duc d'Aumont, the King's First Gentleman. The latter was ten years older than the King, and being an old man of no ambition, refused when he returned to France in 1814 to sit in the Chamber of Peers. There was the Vicomte d'Agoult, a native of Provence, who had been in the bodyguard, and followed Louis XVIII everywhere, from Verona to Hartwell, and finally to Paris, which he entered in 1814 as one of the royal escort. There were also the Chevalier de Montaignac, the Chevalier de Botherel, M. de Guilhermy, M. de Courvoisier, and the Comte de la Châtre, who came of an old family in Berry and was born in 1745. During the wars of the Emigration he commanded the regiment called the *Royal Emigrants*, and afterwards went to Portugal in the pay of the English Government. In 1807 he was accredited by Louis XVIII to the Court of George III as "confidential agent," and, at the Restoration, he was created a duke and sent to London as French Ambassador.

Another member of the household was the Duc de Fleury, the great nephew of the Cardinal and the divorced husband of the beautiful Aimée de Coigny, a man whose name appears on every page of the story of the King's wanderings across Europe. The

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Duc de Sérent was over sixty, and came of a family who boasted that their patent of nobility dated from the Battle of the Thirty in Brittany. He was tutor to the Comte d'Artois' children, and joined the King at Hartwell, where he remained till Louis returned to Paris. The Duc de Lorges was of the house of Durfort; and the Comte de Damas, of the same family, was ten years older than the King, and was attached to the Duc d'Angoulême, whom he accompanied to Mittau, Warsaw, and England in turn, and finally to France in 1814.

Superior to all these conflicting wills was the man from whom the greatest nobles of the Court took their orders: the favourite, the Comte d'Avaray, who had been with the King longer than any of them. Louis XVIII, who was bound to his arm-chair by his infirmities, who was afflicted with legs that were too heavy and a body that was too unwieldy, who could neither take part in the gatherings of the *émigrés* nor visit his supporters and friends, felt the need of having an *alter ego*, a confidential friend with whom he might share his most intimate thoughts. By this means, he thought, the echo of all the rumours of the outer world would reach his ear; he would be fully aware of the traps laid for him by intriguers or adventurers, and would know better how to act in his political enterprises. The Comte d'Avaray was born in 1759, and was therefore about his own age. He came of the Béarnais family of Bésiade, who had followed Henri IV, and, when that prince came to the throne, had settled on the manor of Avaray, in the province of Orléanais. Having been Monsieur's Grand Master of the Wardrobe, he had been led by his office into intimacy with the prince. This was the beginning of their friendship. It had been greatly strengthened by the fact that the Comte de Provence, when he wished to emigrate, had owed to this friend the success of his escape from the Palace of the Luxembourg. This made a bond between them that the years only served to strengthen. They remained together, sharing the ordeals of their precarious fate; and the more heavily misfortune weighed upon the King the more prominent was the place his friend occupied in his life, since he was so much the more necessary to him. Indeed, all their correspondence was read by both of them; and so great was their mutual confidence that the letters were only opened when both were present, in order that neither should hide anything from the other. D'Avaray, who had all the subtlety of the South, showed nothing but gentleness and submission in dealing with the royal caprices,

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but none the less, his bland remarks were all-powerful in determining the King's line of conduct. If the latter showed generosity or daring, timidity or evasiveness, it was d'Avaray's thought that he was expressing. He clothed it in elegant phrases that were all his own; but there were two people at the back of the idea. It is recorded that Louis carried his mimicry of this intimate friend to such a pitch of affectation as actually to copy his costume. Montgaillard saw the King, he says, in trousers and boots and a cloth coat of mixed colouring such as d'Avaray wore, and with his hair arranged in the same way, smoothed down on the top of his head. This can only have been a passing fancy.

It was not without difficulty that the gentlemen of the household endured this exaggerated condescension on the King's part towards his favourite. They had to pay court to this personage, who was as important as his master. They all knew that nothing was to be secured without the consent of the Grand Vizier. He was the dispenser of favours, the inspiration of political ventures. The King had lost his personality. Infirm though he was, if he had been left to himself, guided only by his own feelings, he would not have shown himself so devoid of courage, so temporising, so quibbling, so fond of empty words. Sooner or later the day would have dawned, the hour would have struck, when he would have appeared as a prince and a soldier. But his friend was always beside him, begging him to be careful, and to discuss the chances and dangers of the venture, whatever it might be; and meanwhile the time was flying and the psychological moment gone beyond recall. Moreover, everything that was harmful to d'Avaray was also indirectly harmful to the King. D'Avaray suffered from a chest complaint that affected his courage; it was impossible for him to be a man of energy and resolution when he was weakened by fever, and his mind depressed by the thought of his brief and hopeless future. Being ill, too, he often delayed the King's flight across the icy plains of the North of Europe. On leaving Mittau, on arriving at Memel, and again at Warsaw his attacks of hæmorrhage were very alarming to the master with whom he travelled. At Warsaw the unfortunate man took to his bed, and the King, being thus deprived of his companionship, showed the sincerity of his feeling by sitting every day beside his dying friend, and reading aloud to him in the hope of dispelling his melancholy thoughts.

At last the victories of Bonaparte chased the royal family from

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the continent. They were forced to cross the sea and take refuge in England. The climate of that country, being too severe for a consumptive patient, exiled the favourite on whom the King depended so much to latitudes further south. D'Avaray went to Madeira. Louis XVIII heaped honours upon him, gave him the title of Duke, granted him the right of quartering the arms of France with his own, and of using the motto *Vicit iter durum pietas*; and during the ten months of separation that passed before death finally parted them there was a constant flow of letters from the King to his friend. These letters are full of feeling; as anxious, as eager, as affectionate as though written to a sister. The invalid set out on his voyage in June 1810, and died in the August of the following year.¹

D'Allonville has not dealt too kindly with the memory of this favourite. "D'Avaray" he writes, "was foolish, proud, and credulous. In his arrogant ignorance of men, he was irritated by every fact that conflicted with his own views, and was fired with implacable hatred for any one who tried to enlighten him. This made him guilty of a number of mistakes—mistakes that were often stupid and sometimes criminal. Witness the case of de Puisaye, whom he persecuted, and whose death he would gladly have compassed." As for Louis XVIII, his regret lasted exactly as long as it took him to make another favourite, the Comte de

¹ Louis XVIII thought it his duty to defend the name of *favourite*, flung at his friend by those who envied him. "One of the most painful things about being a king," he said, "is that as soon as we make a friend he is attacked and decried by calumny, either in the hope of injuring him with us, or of injuring ourselves. I know only too well that my friend is subjected to this unjust treatment. I am quite aware that he is given the title of *favourite*, a cheap insult that has no significance in itself but is insulting through the arbitrary meaning attached to the word. If I were only concerned to defend my own choice, my defence would be short and unanswerable. I should say: *I exist*; and there would be nothing more to be said. But that is not enough; it is my friend whom I wish to defend, and I can do that in no better way than by giving him weapons with which to repel the calumnies that will certainly reach his ears sooner or later, if they have not already done so."

The King then proceeded to justify his friend's pretensions to a distinguished career, by reference to his birth and his personal qualities; recalling once more that it was to d'Avaray that he owed his own safety. Then he goes on: "I ask his enemies themselves whether he was anything but modest, and whether I ever had a more respectful subject in public. In private he is the most sympathetic friend, and (which I value still more) the most severe. . . . Of all my affairs there have only been two in which he has openly concerned himself and taken an active part. One was connected with my reputation, the other was very near my heart. It was with him that I braved the perfidy and overcame the obstacles that separated me from my cousin the Prince de Condé; it was through him that I achieved the marriage of my children. . . . This is the whole of his public life. He has my entire confidence, and far from hiding the fact I declare it openly: I have just proved that his public actions show how worthy he is of it."

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Blacas d'Aulps, whom his friend had recommended to him before going away.

Louis was not content with having a favourite of his own sex, and a fair friend had been found for him by the Marquis de Jaucourt. In the old days at Versailles the domestic circle of the Comte de Provence had been very austere. The countess his wife was of a haughty, cold disposition, and her frigidity restrained the amusements of her household, and had a chilling effect on conversation. In the salon of the favourite there was a sudden and delightful sense of freedom, and even a slight suggestion of that graceful immorality that was so much affected at the time in good society. Was not this exactly what was wanted by a man to whom locomotion was so difficult? Women, like the butterflies they are, darting here, there, and everywhere, have means that are denied to men for finding out their neighbours' secrets. In their inquisitive, insinuating, charming way they win confidences that are not entrusted to men. They are more observant, too; their ears are open to all comers; they insist, they implore, they sulk, to attain their end. So the Comte de Provence, in spite of his physical unwieldiness, was kept informed of the intrigues at the Court of Versailles.

Among the ladies-in-waiting of the Comtesse de Provence was a Mlle. Caumont-Laforce, who had lately married a rich Genoese, the Comte de Balbi, Colonel—on half pay—of the Bourbon Regiment. The prince first observed the young woman some time after she came to the Court in 1780; and the relations that began then lasted for a long time, for she was fairly accommodating. She was born in 1758, and was therefore young, like the prince himself. Her beauty was by no means dazzling; her face bore the indelible marks of smallpox, and her teeth were very bad; but her eyes shone with irresistible brilliancy, and her whole countenance was so full of mischief and gaiety that it made a lasting impression. People did not admire her, yet they could not leave her side. Her conversation sparkled with lively sallies, with caustic remarks provocative of laughter, and her quiet wit often became bitter. Woe to him who was its victim. For the rest, she was daring to the point of irreverence, giddy, capricious, the life and soul of a party, even if her temper were none of the best. She had, then, a powerful attraction for the prince, who liked nothing so much as witty and amusing—and even ribald—conversation, to which the favourite had not the least objection.

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At the Comte de Provence's charming country house at Brunoy she shared the duties of the hostess at the princess's receptions; and in the palace of the Luxembourg she had her own suite of rooms. Those that the prince first offered her did not please her, though they were luxuriously furnished. She insisted on their being entirely changed throughout; and in order to justify the alterations the place was set on fire intentionally during the night. The countess then ordered new furniture to suit her own taste, upholstered in green and white damask, with a trimming of gold fringe. The expense of the first furnishing had been two hundred thousand francs. This was thrown away—but what matter? Her adorer obeyed her blindly and dared not resist any of her caprices. The princess at last became jealous of all these attentions, and one night when the prince had stayed at the Luxembourg she arrived in a great hurry from Versailles, thinking to surprise the two lovers. But they had doubtless been warned, and were not to be found.

When the Revolution broke out and the Comte de Provence determined to leave the country, he told the favourite of his intention, and she, taking time by the forelock, preceded him to Belgium. When he and his inseparable companion d'Avaray arrived at Mons, at the inn that had been agreed upon, they found Mme. de Balbi. The giddy, thoughtless woman had ordered neither supper nor rooms, and the inn was full; but she repaired her mistake by giving up her own room to the prince, while d'Avaray accepted that of the chambermaid. The prince was going to stay with his uncle the Elector of Treves in his château at Schoenverlust, where the princess, his wife, was to join him. Mme. de Balbi followed him thither, and had her own suite of rooms on the ground floor of the château,¹ where she showed her

¹ The Comte de Neully in his *Souvenirs* tells the following story:—"Mme. de Balbi became a son, a spoilt child, who, after squandering all he had, took to bad ways, became a pirate, and died miserably in some wreck or fight. Balbi used to take us to his mother's rooms, where there was an excellent supper; and Monsieur (Louis XVIII) was never absent. We always enjoyed ourselves there. I ended by spending nearly all my evenings there. Every evening, when the Comtesse de Balbi had performed her duties in Madame's room, she returned to her own, where her guests assembled. But first she changed her gown. Her hair was dressed at a little table that was brought in from an adjoining room: her gown and even her chemise were put on in our presence. It was an accepted thing, and seemed so natural to us that we did not even give it a thought. I ought to say that—though my eyes are fairly observant—she might as well have had tencscreens round her. There we were, Péré, Balbi, and I, little boys of no importance, though we wore the uniform and were grown men; but Monsieur was there too, and he paid as little attention as we. Usually he sat with his

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usual independence, indulging freely in the malicious satire that gave so much annoyance to the old *émigrés*, the noble residue left by the wars of the monarchy. It was at Coblenz, the headquarters of the royal army, that she next displayed her attractions and her luxury to the crowd of nobles who lived there—and lived, for the most part, in utter destitution, while she drove about in a carriage with four horses. These luxurious ways almost amounted to an insult in the presence of so much poverty, and caused a good deal of scandal; but the prince dared not treat his favourite with any severity, nor thwart her expensive whims. He meekly accepted any kind of rebuff from her. One day, however, he wrote to her in moving terms, with many cajoling phrases, that there were vexatious rumours abroad on the subject of her reputation; that he thought it right to warn her, though he believed nothing against her, but the wife of Cæsar should be above suspicion. She promptly answered him—effectually crushing any wish he might have to reopen the subject—that in the first place he was not Cæsar, and in the second he knew very well that she had never been his mistress. It was a proverb among the women that the attentions of the Comte de Provence had no consequences. They made jokes among themselves on the subject. Allusions of this kind reached his ears and gave him much annoyance, but he could do nothing to put a stop to them.

This lady's despotic rule continued at Blankenburg. But when the prince, having assumed the title of King, settled at Mittau,¹ it

back turned towards her, in an armchair before the fireplace, with his hand resting on the knob of his walking-stick. The prince's shadow, when it was seen as a silhouette, was exactly like the profile of Louis XVI. He had a trick of poking the point of his stick into his shoe. During Mme. de Balbi's toilet, which hardly took ten minutes, the conversation went on as usual. She kept up the same gay, intimate tone after the arrival of M. d'Avary, the Comte de Verac, and the very few others who were habitually admitted to her *soirées*. The conversation was of plays, music, the news from Paris, songs, nonsense, and scandal. Monsieur told anecdotes most delightfully, and was very skilful in skating over thin ice. Intellectual games were sometimes played, such as *bouts-rimés*, and Monsieur liked us to play with the others. There was also reading aloud. It was sometimes my turn, and I read well. Monsieur would pass me the book: *Achille, read me this*. Sometimes we had to make verses, and Monsieur deigned to give us lessons in prosody. The subjects were drawn by lot."

¹ Ernest Daudet's *L'Émigration*, Vol. II., p. 226. "The palace of Mittau, where Paul I. generously offered him a retreat, was formerly the residence of the Grand Dukes of Courland. In 1798 it was, as it is now, a huge and magnificent building, erected by one of them on the site of the old ducal castle on the banks of the Aa. It was surrounded with groves and ponds. Its gigantic size, its huge rooms, its architectural style—not unlike that of Versailles—made it a dwelling worthy of a king. The view from its high windows comprised an immense expanse of gloomy dunes, broken here and there

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came to a sudden end; partly because the Comtesse did not care for such harmless attentions, and partly because Louis did not wish to injure his political schemes by keeping up his compromising relations with her. So she disappeared with Archambaud de Périgord, who took her to Holland. At Rotterdam she became the mother of twins. As for her husband she had rid herself of him long ago, by having him shut up as a lunatic. In spite of her flagrant infidelity the King was grieved at parting from her, and never altogether deserted her. He sent some money to her in England, whither she retired on leaving Holland. She went to Paris under the Consulate, and tried to gain an entrance into the society of which the First Consul was the centre; but he refused to admit her to his circle, and dismissed her to the provinces. Later on, after the Restoration, she sought admission to the Tuileries, which was denied her. Such was her passion for gambling that she would spend the whole night at play, only returning home in the morning. In 1841 she died in such obscurity that not a single journal reported the death of this woman who had roused so much jealousy and reprobation among the *émigrés*. To many of them she had always seemed "an impertinent schemer."¹

III.

The Comte d'Artois, the younger brother of the Comte de Provence, was born two years after him, in 1757. Never were two brothers more unlike in character. The elder was studious and grave; the younger thoughtless, volatile, impatient of study and of the society of serious people, impetuous and indeed unrestrained in the indulgence of his desires and passions, and disposed to think himself, as a prince, superior to other men; good-natured, with a view to gaining approbation; recklessly wasteful of his means; and

by fertile tracts and forests, and beyond them, in the distance, the Baltic Sea. Nearer at hand was the town. . . . Of all the residences occupied by the King since leaving Paris there was none so congenial to his tastes as this."

¹ De Veron, *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, Vol. II., p. 389. "For several weeks before his death Louis XVIII was unable to hold his head up. It was constantly falling upon his chest, and it could not be raised except with the careful help of his servants. Even in this desperate condition the King went regularly to Mass every day, and on Sunday remained in his study on his return, for the reception of ceremony. . . . Louis XVIII's politeness and gallantry never left him till he breathed his last. It was his custom to receive ladies in the evening of the first Monday in each month. At his last reception the King was unable to raise his head, or look at the faces of the ladies present. The first gentleman-in-waiting announced the name of Mme. de ——. 'I should have known her by her pretty foot,' said the King. . . ."

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greatly given to paying court to women of all sorts and conditions, though not very generous towards them. The popularity he had won at Court by his pleasing appearance, high spirits, and skill in every kind of physical exercise, increased his natural indiscretion in the pursuit of pleasure. He counted on his personal charm to counteract the effect of his pranks, which were sometimes rather too outrageous; for wherever he appeared he was invariably well received as the most accomplished gentleman in the kingdom.

When he left the care of his governess he was entrusted to the Bishop of Limoges, Mgr. de Coetlosquet, a worthy divine of the best intentions and much learning, but so benevolent that he could not make his authority felt by a conceited little prince who loved flattery and greatly disliked being reprimanded. Was he not a Prince of the Blood? What more was required of him? It was all very well for obscure middle-class people to grow pale over books, and stain their coarse fingers with ink; but as for him, he could live among his courtiers without knowing more than how to sign his name. These were the days of Queen Marie Antoinette's reign at Versailles, when none of the young nobles thought of anything but gaiety and show, and hunting in the forest, and running after women, and making love. While the young prince was still a mere boy he was attracting notice by his attentions to Mlle. Michelot the ballet-dancer, and spending his time in gossip with "la Contat" of the Théâtre Français. The distant thunders of the approaching storm, though audible to every intelligent person, failed to disturb the serenity¹ of this brainless youth. He paid no attention to them. The notorious fall of successive ministers, the misery of the people, even the famine by which the whole country was overrun, had no effect upon him. As long as he could play with the Queen at Trianon, and contrive to keep up with the fashions, and cut a dash, and flirt, and wear his ribbons and flowers, and ride a horse with such admirable grace, why should he trouble about the rest? If he had been asked to give his views on Monarchical Government, he would at first have been extremely surprised; then he would have answered, in accordance with the practice of his ancestors, that a monarchy was a government in which the King's good pleasure was paramount;² a government under which the

¹ See Lord Broughton's letters on the Hundred Days.

² Abbé de Montgaillard: *Histoire. Discours préliminaire*, p. 24. "The Comte d'Artois said when he was in London: 'I would rather be a cab-driver than King

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sovereign's will should be all-powerful, so that he could impose the taxes necessary for the replenishment of the treasury. Ah yes! if there were nobles then at Versailles who supported the doctrines recently taught by the economists and philosophers, there were as many others who, like the Comte d'Artois, thought that none but the *noblesse* should count for anything in the State; that they alone were capable of leading armies and fleets; they alone were always ready to die in defence of the royal prerogatives.

The prince's marriage did not make any great transformation in him. The wife they gave him was a princess of Savoy, the sister of the Comtesse de Provence. The two brothers married two sisters. But the Comte d'Artois was still so young, and his wife such a fragile, immature girl, that the two children gained little in common-sense. Marie Thérèse of Savoy was charming; small and well-proportioned, graceful and pleasing, altogether unlike her elder sister, who was serious from morning till night. The prince, if he did not make her unhappy, did not love her long. He was always preoccupied by some other woman; constantly making quarrels by his unseemly behaviour towards ladies of the Court. On one occasion he took the part of Mme. de Canillac, a person of somewhat doubtful reputation, against the Duchesse de Bourbon, and was obliged to atone for his foolish and ill-advised conduct by giving satisfaction to his cousin the Duke in a duel in which his honour rather suffered.¹

The women, however, adored him none the less. At the opening of the States General he was more noticed, and discussed, and admired, than any one else. The Marquise de Lage, writing to one of her friends, gloats over the beauty of his French chevalier's costume, and his personal grace and charm, and laughs at the old Duc de Villequier, sitting like a Wise Man of the East on a footstool at the King's feet. D'Artois never ceased to be

of England. I would not even care for the crown of France at the price of a Charter or any kind of Constitution. Out upon it!"

¹ Le Doyen: *Vie privée de Charles X.* "The Comte d'Artois was blamed for having taken the part of a woman of very doubtful reputation whom the Duchesse de Bourbon had very rightly dismissed. People were indignant at his insulting a Princess of the Blood in such a way, and at the same time felt for his humiliation in having to make public reparation to her for this serious offence. His duel with the Duc de Bourbon, which seemed the best means of rehabilitating him in a country that is inclined to forgive anything to a brave man, only had the effect of doing him further harm, because it was asserted that the fight had been the merest mockery, the two combatants being so far from one another that their weapons could hardly cross. This assertion, whether true or false, threw doubt upon the prince's personal courage, and entirely ruined him in the opinion of the public."

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the adored, admired, fascinating knight, whom no woman could resist; and his head was turned by all the compliments, and seductive glances, and attentions of which he was the object.

We cannot be surprised that the taking of the Bastille, the riots in Paris, and the disturbances in the Faubourgs should have frightened him, and prompted him to fly from France with his friends. He and the Condés fled together, being the first of the nobles to emigrate. He took his family and household to Turin, to a palace set aside for his use by his father-in-law the King, who also gave him a pension of twenty-five thousand francs a month, which was raised to thirty thousand when his horses and carriages arrived. He was deeply in debt; he owed twenty-two millions, eight hundred thousand francs, and, to pay them off, was obliged to sacrifice all the revenue derived from his patrimony, that is to say three and a-half millions. These events did not modify his ideas in the least. He did not yet feel himself defeated; he persisted in hoping, and declined to enter into any negotiation with men who wished to apply constitutional principles to the State, or desired a monarch bound by laws to which the nation's representatives had given their sanction. He could easily, he thought, rouse the *noblesse* to demand the restoration of the old monarchical privileges. He would summon them—the nobles—to his aid, he would make them leave their country and try to disorganise, by their absence, the machinery of the government, the navy, and the army, and so bring about a state of anarchy. He hoped that the penitent nation would then recall the royal family and the nobility, and would let themselves be led as heretofore.

When his brother the Comte de Provence in his turn took fright, and deserted the palace of the Luxembourg, the Comte d'Artois hastened to join him at Coblenz; and there they gathered round them the *grands seigneurs* of Versailles, and the petty provincial nobility who were already being terrorised by the peasantry. The intention was to form a royal army of these nobles, and, with the help of foreign allies, to restore the shattered foundations of the ancient structure over which the Bourbons had ruled. The two princes, surrounded by courtiers, steeped themselves in illusions; they fortified themselves with hopes that were only chimæras. There was not a monarch in Europe who seriously intended to help them or furnish them with troops wherewith to enter France as conquerors. The Germans openly showed that they would turn any such conquest to their own advantage. They

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had their eye on Alsace and Lorraine, and never allowed Condé and the army of the *émigrés* to enter those provinces in advance of the allied troops. The French princes, indeed, were obliged to leave Coblenz at the instance of the Germans. The Comte de Provence was soon wandering across Europe, wearing a crown that no other king would recognise; while the Comte d'Artois, at Vienna, was vainly seeking to extort a definite promise from the Emperor. Defeated, but not discouraged, he made his way to St. Petersburg,¹ where, in the Czarina Catherine, he found a woman on whom he could exercise the full influence of his charming manners, his distinguished bearing, and all the princely qualities that had conquered Versailles. She made him no more promises, it is true, than the other sovereigns, but she gave him a magnificent sword, of which the hilt was studded with enormous diamonds, by way of exhorting the young prince to be resolute, and not to let his energies die down into indolence, or into schemes of no practical value. She believed in the vows he made, and gave him the most virile counsel. At last, however, her eyes were opened, and she understood the worthlessness of the man to whom she had given an asylum in her palace. She saw him, on the occasion of the funeral service celebrated in one of the churches of her capital after Louis XVI's execution, so much absorbed by his own pleasure and worldly affairs, and by such futilities as questions of precedence, that she would have no more to do with him. She let him go, and thenceforward was indifferent

¹ Extract from the correspondence of the Comte de Vaudreuil with the Comte d'Artois. "The Comte d'Artois, . . . arrived at St. Petersburg on the 23rd March, 1793. . . . He wrote to M. de Vaudreuil: 'I feel as if I were in a fairy's palace. Everything is beautiful, everything is large, everything is new; but there is nothing so charming as the fairy. I know she is pleased with me. I rouse her *amour-propre* and excite her pride; in fact I employ every means I can devise, and really and truly I think I am succeeding. In other respects you have no idea what this country is like. The people and the soldiers are perfect, because they are *slaves*. But the greatest nobles are vile, low, and greedy. They lick the feet of the favourite (at that time Platon Zoubow). But that favourite is charming, for he behaves perfectly to us.'" And in a note: "While the Comte d'Artois was at St. Petersburg the news arrived that Dumouriez had gone over to the Austrians and was marching upon Paris at the head of twenty thousand men, to restore the King (the youthful Louis XVII). Kropowitzky (*Saint Petersburg*, 1875, p. 425), the Empress Catherine's confidential secretary, says in his journal that the Comte d'Artois was greatly disturbed by this news, and expressed a fear lest the regency should be placed in the hands of the Queen." At the same time Rostopchine wrote from St. Petersburg on the 25th April, 1793, to Count Woronzoff in London: "The *émigrés* here were not pleased at Dumouriez's treason. . . . The prospect of having as their sovereign the son of the man they forsook so basely did not give them any great hopes." . . . (*Archives Woronzoff*, Vol. VIII., p. 67.)

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to his fate. And what did he do then? He returned to those who were awaiting his arrival to begin a fresh series of fêtes; to those whom he had been entertaining from afar with accounts of the pleasures of his journey and of his imaginary triumphs. And with these companions of his, who were no more capable than himself of appreciating the drift of events, he dissipated in folly the money derived from the Czarina's presents. The Comte de Vauban, who had been with him on his travels, insisted that he should go to La Vendée. That was the right place for him, among his partisans, among those who were so bravely facing death in support of his cause. But he avoided the dangers of such an heroic resolve by announcing that all he asked for now was a peaceful retreat.

"A retreat!" replied the Comte de Vauban indignantly. "What? A retreat! Monseigneur, what would you think of any gentleman who should say that to you? And you are the first gentleman of the kingdom. Henri IV prided himself on that title, and you force me to tell you that for you there is no honourable retreat but a hole in the ground, with twenty feet of earth over your head. You must be ready to die, sword in hand, for your honourable cause. It is the cause of your family and of the whole of France. We must all be ready to die in support of it, and you must be the first to give us an example. Our duty, Monseigneur, is to follow you; yours is to go before us. And why should you be so discouraged? We have as yet attempted nothing. Promise me, Monseigneur, to weigh these words of mine, which are prompted by my zeal and devotion. Carry out the suggestions of the Empress and all will be well. It will cost nothing to make the attempt. For pity's sake, Monseigneur, think over it well; do not resent what I say, and excuse my frankness. I have left all to follow you. It was my duty, and I fulfilled it. It was also my duty to speak to you in this way, because of my devotion to you. I owed it to the Empress, who, I confess, Monseigneur, enjoined upon me to do so. I have acted towards you, and towards her, as I was bound to act. May my devotion be useful to your cause."¹

These vehement words had no effect whatever on the callous mind of the prince. He did not go to La Vendée, but to England, being unwilling, as he said, to *chouanner*. The privations suffered by the people of La Vendée, the daily perils they incurred, the forced marches through thickets, the nights spent

¹ Le Doyen : *Vie de Charles X*, p. 201.

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under the open sky in flooded fields, the necessity of being braver than the private soldier, and of always fighting in the foremost rank—all this, to the Comte d'Artois, seemed the worst of disasters. He only understood fighting with well-dressed soldiers, not with men in blouses and sabots, like the noble peasants of the Bocage; he could not picture a commander-in-chief except on horseback, protected from blows by the serried and perfectly regular ranks of a large body of infantry, with a well-covered table and a luxurious lodging at every halting place. That was the way he would have consented to fight, the way that all the princes fought. Meanwhile, the Vendéans never ceased demanding the presence of a Bourbon. Plots against the French Republic were being organised; the English were offering ships, the nobles were flocking together for a descent on Brittany. The prince was obliged to make up his mind, and he allowed himself to be taken to the Island of Yeu, whence he was to sail to the neighbouring coast. However, he found one pretext after another to postpone the venture, and so gained time enough to have himself summoned to England, where, he said, urgent business demanded his presence. Meanwhile the *noblesse*, having too much faith in their prince, took up their post in the peninsula of Quiberon and were annihilated.

Charette wrote to the Comte de Provence :

“SIRE,—Your brother's cowardice has wrecked everything. It was impossible for him to appear on the coast without losing or gaining everything. His return to England has decided our fate. Soon there will be nothing left for me to do but to die uselessly for your cause. I am respectfully,

“Your Majesty's, etc.,

“CHARETTE.”¹

In London the Comte d'Artois was beset by relentless creditors, who insisted that he should pay for the supplies sent to the army of Condé. He repudiated these debts, with which he had nothing

¹ *Mémoires de la Comtesse de Boigne*, Vol. I., p. 35:—“M. le Comte d'Artois' tastes and defects were only those of the young man of his day, but he exhibited them on a stage so high that all the world could see them; and his personal courage, that last resource of men of the world, was not enough to hide them. At the siege of Gibraltar (1782), at which he took a fancy to be present, his conduct was so deplorable that the general in command actually used to send word to the English batteries when the prince was going to visit the works, and they left off firing. It was said that he knew nothing of it, but that sort of thing is always known except when people prefer to be ignorant. I know that M. de Maillebois was remonstrated with, and answered: ‘But after all it was not so bad as the grimace he made the first day!’”

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to do, and for which he had given no guarantee. The creditors prepared to bring the matter into the Courts, and the expense of the action would have been so great that the funds of the defendant, at that time very low, would have failed to cover them. The length of the affair, too, and the circumstances unavoidably connected with it, would have been a source of many worries for the unfortunate prince, who was certainly in no position to free himself from such a tangle. The English ministers advised him to leave London secretly, and take refuge in the palace of Holyrood, near Edinburgh, which, being a royal residence, would give him the privilege of being safe from the molestations of his persecutors. It was not only the creditors of the Prince de Condé who followed him so remorselessly, for his own creditors from France joined in the inconvenient pursuit.

He was obliged to resign himself to a life of retirement, and to shut himself up in this ancient palace, which differed little from a prison, since he was only able to go out on Sundays, on which day it was not legal to arrest for debt. But this prison, once the residence of the Kings of Scotland, was a sumptuous place. The park was large and admirably laid out, and the English Regent had ordered the rooms destined for the prince's use to be tastefully furnished. There were living in the palace, in addition to the Governor, several Scottish families of noble birth, who from the first formed a pleasant circle for the prisoner. He was accompanied, too, by the Comte d'Escars, the Chevalier de Puysséger, M. de Saint-Paterne, the secretary and interpreter, and Pichard the valet; and as soon as the compulsory retreat of the King's brother became known among the noble *émigrés*, several of them joined him in Scotland, and stayed there for a long time. Among these were the Comte de Vaudreuil, the Comte de Coigny, the Comte de Maillé, the Bailli de Crussol, M. de Grailly, who had been the prince's chief equerry, Edward Dillon—*le beau Dillon*—who had shared his amusements in Paris, the Baron de Roll, and several ladies, friends of Mme. de Polastron, who had never deserted the man she loved. This young woman had gathered round her, at Holyrood, her aunt the Comtesse Armand de Polignac, the Marquise de Lâage, Mme. de Poulpry, and Mme. de Guiche,¹ one

¹ *Mémorial*. Chapter II. On the subject of the visits received by Mme. Bonaparte from various members of the aristocracy in the matter of the restoration of the Bourbons, this is what Las Cases writes of the Duchesse de Guiche:—"M. le Comte d'Artois' overtures were still more delicate and refined. He despatched the Duchesse de Guiche, a charming woman, whose gracious personality

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of the Polignacs, who was fated to die tragically in 1803 in this very town of Edinburgh. One day, while she and her daughter were staying in the hotel, the child went too close to the fireplace and set her frock on fire, and her mother, rushing to rescue her, was herself wrapped in flames. They both died from the effects of terrible burns. A single carriage and two horses were the whole contents of the Comte d'Artois' stables. His guests used them during the week; he reserved them for himself on Sundays, the only days when he was safe from his creditors. On those days he visited the Scottish families who lived in the neighbourhood. He made full use of his freedom.¹

After all, need we waste much pity on this man who was so far from being forgotten that he had the companionship of his mistress, the young Vicomtesse de Polastron, who adored him? She was the ornament, and the delight, and the life of the little circle. Melancholy and tenderness were written on her features. Her gentle and rather timid voice hardly dared to make her presence too evident among the other women; she effaced herself in every gathering; she always chose a secluded seat. But all the women respected and admired her on account of the charm of her character, the distinction of her manners, and the disarming grace of her whole person. Her slender, supple figure gave her the effect of being a pretty woman, though her features were not regular.

was calculated to make her important negotiations a matter of pleasure. She had no difficulty in seeing Mme. Bonaparte. . . . She told how a few days before she had been with the Comte d'Artois when someone, discussing public affairs, had asked the prince what would be done for the First Consul if he were to restore the Bourbons. The prince had answered: 'First he would be given the office of Constable and all that goes with it, if he cared for it. But we should not consider that enough: we should raise a high and magnificent column in the Carrousel, with a statue of Bonaparte on it, crowning the Bourbons.'

"The First Consul arrived shortly after breakfast, and Josephine lost no time in telling him the story. 'And did you answer,' said her husband, 'that the pedestal of the column would be the dead body of the First Consul?' The pretty duchess was still present, and used all the charms at her command—of face and eyes and speech—to make her mission successful. . . . But all was in vain. That night the Duchesse de Guiche received an order to leave Paris."

¹ *Mémoires de la Comtesse de Boigne*, Vol. I., p. 179:—"When, in the early days of the Emigration, the Comte d'Artois wished to have an almoner in Scotland, where he was then living, Mme. de Polastron wrote to Mme. de Laage to find him a priest to read Mass, of a somewhat inferior class, so that he should not expect to be admitted to the dining-room, since the Comte d'Artois intended him to have his meals with the valets. Mme. de Laage applied to M. de Sabran, who answered: 'I have the very man for you; a little priest who is the son of a *concierge* at my house. He is young, and not bad-looking; I do not think he would give trouble in any way, and no one need be inconvenienced by him.' The matter was explained to the Abbé Latil in question: he joyfully accepted the post and was packed off in the coach to Edinburgh, where he was established on the desired footing."

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The Duc de Berry came several times from Mittau to see his father, and contrived by his gaiety to bring fresh life into this group of elderly men. He loved music, and they played to him ; he loved laughter, and they acted little comedies on a stage set up in his room. The Comte de Vaudreuil in his *Mémoires* tells us that the theatre was made of shutters and curtains taken from the windows. The candles from the billiard-room were the footlights, and a piano was the whole orchestra. There were no spectators but the servants of the house, the valets and housemaids. On the day to which M. de Vaudreuil refers two pieces were acted, *Le Sourd* and *Le Veuf*, and the principal rôles were assigned to the Comte de Maillé and the Duc de Berry. This was a very gay evening, and several times the Comte d'Artois burst into peals of laughter, which seldom happened at Holyrood. As for the Duc d'Angoulême, he rarely appeared in Scotland, being retained at Mittau by his uncle, who was training him, he said, for his future position as King.

Completely as the prisoner in this palace was cut off from the world at large, he by no means lost his interest in the political intrigues organised by his elder brother—plots whose object was the downfall of the Republican government. He brought to bear upon them, as upon everything, his exaggerated views, and the prejudices and illusions that he borrowed from the agents and spies in his pay. The two brothers corresponded through their friends, who carried despatches and important papers from one to the other. In this way they evaded the police of the Directory, and—which was harder—the more vigilant and better organised police of Bonaparte ; and so the recluse of Edinburgh was enabled to express his opinions at Mittau.

IV

When the Duc d'Angoulême and Duc de Berry left Paris at the time of their father's emigration, they were very young. The elder of the two was sixteen years old ; the younger, the Duc de Berry, thirteen. Their tutor, the Duc de Sérent, took them to Turin, and put them in charge of the Comte Gain-Montaignac, who found that their precocious talent for the profession of arms only needed to be developed. To join Condé's army with their father was the desire of both, but especially of the Duc de Berry, whose irascible, wilful, almost churlish nature was very different from that of his

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thoughtful, deliberate, docile elder brother. At their ages, however, it was enough for them to become good horsemen; and four times a week they went off on reconnoitring expeditions, which accustomed them to long rides, and to jumping hedges, ditches, and streams as coolly as staff-officers. At last their dream was realised. They were sent to Coblenz, and took their place in the army by the side of the Comte d'Artois. In a very short time the Duc de Berry gathered round him a group of mettlesome young soldiers, who found his gay vivacity and his rough, decided speech congenial to them. The Duc d'Angoulême attracted more attention from the old gentlemen: his sympathies were with wisdom and discretion; and, either from shyness or from want of self-confidence, he was always ready to listen rather than to give his own opinion. He seemed old; much older than his brother.

Circumstances separated them. The King, that is to say the Comte de Provence, who was a true pedagogue, wished to keep his elder nephew by his side, under his own influence. In his leisure hours, he said, he would initiate him into the political views that the head of a State should hold, since after himself and the Comte d'Artois the young prince was destined to be King. And, moreover, in accordance with the last wishes of the martyr-king—or so at least the Comte de Provence persuaded his household to believe—the prince was determined to marry “Madame Royale” his cousin; and the young couple, thus united by misfortune, would add a touch of youth to the wandering Court and, in their uncle's old age, would comfort and cheer the sadness of his exile. The Duc d'Angoulême's resignation to so dull a fate showed the goodness of his heart. As for the Duc de Berry, he followed his father to London; then spent some time at Mittau while the Comte d'Artois was in seclusion at Holyrood; but he was never long in one spot. London was the place he preferred, for in London it was possible for him to live the dissipated life he loved, the life of vicious joys and easy pleasures. He was often to be seen in the music-halls, and oftener still in the house of a certain Miss Brown, whose regular features, pale complexion, and simple tastes attracted him so strongly that he made her his mistress, and had two daughters by her.¹

¹ *Mémoires de la Comtesse de Boigne*, Vol. I., p. 175:—“M. le Duc de Berry had settled in London, where he lived a life very inappropriate to his rank and still more so to his misfortunes. . . . M. le Duc de Berry was often unseemly in his conversation as well as in his actions, and he gave way to fits of rage in which he completely lost control of himself. So much for the bad side of him. He had

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Those who knew him at this time compared him to Charles II. But though the two were equally vicious and passionate, the Duke lacked the grace and distinction, the caressing manner and attractive speech of the English prince, who, if he had enemies, had as many partisans. The freedom of his bachelor life amid daily temptation led the Duc de Berry into egregious follies; and his ill-chosen companions taught him a coarse mode of speech. He relapsed, after his unfinished education, into the degraded customs of past centuries; forgetting the courteous and chivalrous manners of Louis XIV's Court, and the brightness, and grace, and smiles of Louis XV's. There was a touch of the dragoon in him, a shade of despotism and of the *grand seigneur's* insolence, which combined the reserved manner of the gentleman with the unrestrained mockery of the people.

His person, too, gave this same impression of inconsistency, almost of vagueness. He was short, with broad shoulders and a massive frame, without any visible neck to divide the heavy head from the large body. With his prominent chin, thick mouth, and flat nose, he had the appearance of a moneyed peasant. Only his eyes, which were large and bright blue, recalled the Bourbon race from which he sprang. A careful education would have refined his rustic appearance; but this he never had. He was uncultivated and ignorant, and the most that could be said for him was that he had a certain natural animation which sometimes led him to make happy repartees. Throughout his life he was surrounded by courtiers, not by friends; men attracted by his rank, not by his mental qualities.

There was no use in asking him for his political opinions. He cared for none of these things; but on the whole he was inclined to agree with the absolute views of his father, rather than with those of the King, whose theories had been modified by circumstances. He thought much of his amusements, and very little of serious matters; and the only excuse for him is that at the end of the century he was only twenty-two years of age.

a great deal of natural intelligence: he was good-natured, gay, a good fellow. He told a story in the most charming way; it was a real gift; he knew it well, and in spite of being a prince he waited for opportunities to arise naturally, instead of seeking them. He had an excellent heart: he was liberal, generous, and yet careful. . . . As long as he had any money he was ready to open his purse for the unfortunate as widely as for his own whims; but as soon as it was empty he denied himself everything until such time as it was filled again. He did not share the foolish political views of the *émigrés*. I have seen him genuinely indignant with the people who excused the attempt made on the First Consul's life with an infernal machine. . . ."



DUC DE BERRY.

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The Duc d'Angoulême acquiesced, at all events ostensibly, in his uncle's theories. He always approved, for he was not sufficiently daring to contradict. None the less, according to a chapter in Ernest Daudet's *L'Émigration*, the King and d'Avaray discovered to their dismay that the young prince's ideas were modelled on those of the English, and that he preferred a representative government to an absolute one. It was said of him that he was mentally indolent; but surely he must have been much less so than he was reputed to be, since he was able by dint of thinking to acquire a conviction of his own, which the King tried to uproot. Young as he was, he had compared—and to some purpose—the advantages of the liberal government in England with those offered, according to the people who held the old views, by the government that ruled France before the Revolution; and he showed, by the very pertinent questions he put to his uncle, that he understood the evolution of thought and the needs of modern nations. "Supposing," he asked, "a party were to spring up in the Republican government, sufficiently strong to treat with the King and to inspire a certain degree of confidence, would it be possible, would it be right, to begin by rejecting the absolute subversion of our ancient constitution? If the King were required to sacrifice a large proportion of the royal prerogative and of the prerogatives of the three ancient orders, this double sacrifice being put forward as indispensable for the re-establishment of the Monarchy, would he absolutely refuse to subscribe to it? In less stormy times would it not be possible to assemble the people and find out their wishes with regard to the constitution that would be most to their advantage?" At this time, before the end of the century, Louis XVIII regarded these questions as so many heresies, and said to his nephew: "You have a naturally good heart, a fair mind, and an aptitude for work. The facility, the really surprising facility, with which you learnt geometry is proof positive of this. By what misfortune is it due that these good qualities of yours are thrown away, and that you have clung, or rather have returned, to a state of ignorance that makes me shudder? The cause of the trouble is easily found: it is your indolence of mind." Was it the young prince or the old King who had clung to his ignorance? The old King had not changed one of his ideas in the smallest degree since '89, whereas the mind of the young prince had followed the progress of modern thought and had accepted the principles which the Revolution had brought into prominence. Further on Ernest

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Daudet quotes a passage from a letter written by the King to his niece the Orphan of the Temple, who was now his nephew's betrothed : " I have already depicted my nephew's character to you. I hope you were pleased with the portrait, and am certain you will see the likeness. It will be all the easier for you to be happy with him that his heart, guarded by his virtue, has never been given to anyone but yourself, and that his principles, aided by your own worth, will make it absolutely certain that this first affection will also be the last. But if I know you at all you will not be content with a happy home : you will also wish your husband to fulfil all that circumstances demand of him, and for my own part I confess that I found my hopes in this respect far more upon you than upon anything I have been able to do myself. The difference in age, and the habit of respect and even of a little fear always make a young man see a touch of pedantry in the lessons of his elder relations ; whereas in the mouth of a charming wife who is esteemed as much as loved, logic becomes sentiment, and its empire, if sweeter, is for that very reason stronger." In this letter the old King seems to recognise, but only in his heart of hearts, that his lessons in politics have not changed the views of the young prince. He counted on his niece ; and he was justified. Thenceforward the Duc d'Angoulême had no convictions but those of his wife.

Lamartine gives us a cruel portrait of him. He regarded him as one of those incomplete beings who are wanting in reasoning power and have not the full use of their minds, like the children who are born in the shadow of Alpine summits and remain children all their lives—timid, incoherent, weakly, made to obey rather than command. Was he not the son of a princess of Savoy ? Nevertheless he had the air of distinction that the Duc de Berry lacked, though he could only express himself hesitatingly, as if he were absent-minded. He faltered and stammered ; and while speaking his face showed signs of an intense and painful effort of memory. He had no lack of good intentions nor of application. It is even said that he had a wide education, but did not know how to exhibit his knowledge—he did not dare to do so, indeed, for being questioned put him out of countenance at once. His face was characteristic of the nervous, self-absorbed man. His eyes blinked constantly, and his convulsive laugh gave to his mouth an idiotic expression, which did not inspire confidence. He had the submissive character of the disciple, the eager deference of

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the subordinate; he reflected the thoughts of others, but never expressed his own. He was, however, brave—braver than his father had been; and would have made a good private soldier though a bad general. Fifteen years later, at the time of the Restoration, when he was forty years old, he might have been popular on account of his modesty and his regular life; but unhappily he had married a vindictive woman, who despised humble folk. He obeyed Madame Royale blindly, and was included in the aversion with which this princess, after her return from exile, always inspired the people. The Abbé de Montgaillard, referring to the two brothers, the Duc d'Angoulême and the Duc de Berry, rightly says: "They did not understand that having had kings for ancestors is not all that is needed, if a man wishes to be worthy of having Frenchmen for subjects."

It was on the 10th August, 1792, that the young princess, Louis XVI's daughter, when she was barely fourteen years old, was imprisoned in the Temple with the King and Queen, her aunt Elizabeth and her young brother the Dauphin, Duc de Normandie. At the age when a girl is leaving childhood behind her, and all her feelings are painfully acute, she was imprisoned in a gloomy cell, cut off from all the joys of life and delights of youth when they would have seemed so especially sweet to her. As time passed her sorrows increased. Louis XVI was condemned to death, and summoned his family to say a last farewell; then her mother and her aunt left her for the scaffold, and there was none to comfort her, none to dry her tears of despair during these terrible hours of final separation. All that she suffered under these cruel blows, all the terror of her young heart, she had to bear alone, while her brother was dying from the tortures of his gaolers.¹ Soon the lonely girl was the sole surviving child of the dead King.

¹ Lamartine wrote a touching passage on the subject of the young prince (*Histoire de la Restauration*, Vol. II., p. 92). "This poor child, wrote his sister, lay rotting amid dirt and rags in his poisonous room. It was only swept once a month. The child, whose senses were nearly gone, had a horror of the place, and lived like some foul creature in a sewer. No one entered it save when his food was taken to him: bread and lentils and a piece of dry, hard meat, in an earthenware bowl: never any wine or fruit. Such was the diet of this child who was alone with his own thoughts. After Robespierre's death these brutalities were rather moderated. None the less were they fatal. We found him, says Harmond, the representative of the department of the Meuse, in a little room that was quite bare except for a fireplace stove which communicated with the next apartment. His bed was in the little room. The prince was seated before a little square table. . . . He was occupied with his cards when we came in, and did not leave his game. He was dressed as a sailor, in slate-coloured cloth. . . .

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Her correspondence with her uncle Louis XVIII from the day she left her prison in the Temple till her marriage with her cousin, which was placed in the hands of Ernest Daudet and published in the second volume of his *L'Émigration*, alters nothing in the verdict of history with regard to this princess. These letters show her to be grateful and cordial to her relations, even on the German side of her family. She felt no aversion, apparently, from the Court of Austria; she thought her cousins the archduchesses were pleasant and kind to her; she enjoyed their companionship; and on the other hand she responded heartily and feelingly to the long and affectionate letters of her uncle the Bourbon King. She was seventeen years old. She had only just been released from her narrow cell in the Temple, where she had lived in complete isolation, cut off from the world, unconscious of current events, ignorant of life. Suddenly, owing to the intervention of her uncle the Emperor of Germany, she was set free; she could not have been anything but exactly what she was—affectionate to all who were concerned with her fate, whether absent or present. This was as it should be, and committed her to nothing in the future. So much for the state of her heart; her mind was another matter. She was absolutely unyielding in her opinions; and when those of the King did not coincide with hers she argued with him—sweetly of course, and tactfully, and courteously—and held to her own view. To tell the truth, on these occasions her ideas were more

It is well known that Simon cruelly disturbed his prisoner's slumbers. Without any regard for the fact that sleep is an absolute necessity to a child, he repeatedly called him during the night. 'I am here, *citoyen*,' answered the child, soaked with perspiration or stiff with cold as the case might be. 'Come and let me touch you,' replied the gaoler, and the poor child went to him. The brutal gaoler sometimes gave him a kick that stretched him flat on the floor, saying, 'Go and lie down, you young whelp!' I went up to the prince, but my movements seemed to make no impression upon him. We begged him to walk, to talk, to play. . . . He seemed to understand, but he gave no answer. We were told that ever since the day when the Commissioners of the Commune had taken advantage of his ignorance to wring from him those infamous depositions against his relations, and he had understood the sorrows and crimes he had unwittingly caused, he had determined not to utter a word, lest it should again be put to a bad use. . . . We asked him to stand up. His legs were long and thin, his arms shrunken, his body short, his chest hollow, his shoulders high and contracted: only his head was beautiful in every detail, his skin white but sickly, his hair long and curling. He had difficulty in walking. . . . We gave orders that he should be better treated; and sent for some fruit to add to his meal. We asked him if he were pleased, and after he had eaten the grapes, we asked if he would like some more. He was still silent. We asked if this obstinate silence really dated from the day when he had been forced by violence to make the monstrous deposition against his mother. They told us that it was on that very day that the child had ceased to speak. Remorse had preceded understanding."

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judicious than those of the old King, who was ruled and obsessed and dominated by one only desire, which prejudiced all his views : the desire that she should marry her cousin, the Comte d'Artois' son. This was a scheme after his own heart, since he hoped for the happiest results from it for his own interests. He and d'Avary together bethought them of a device that he employed throughout ; the assertion that this marriage had been the wish of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Who would dare, after such a revelation, to refuse submission to this solemn parental injunction ? Louis XVIII's fear was that the intriguing Emperor would make the girl marry his own brother, the Archduke Charles. If Germany were to win Alsace and Lorraine, and even Champagne, by force of arms, would not this marriage reconcile the French nation to their loss, since the Emperor might give the prize to the young couple by way of appanage ? This was what Louis XVIII greatly feared ; and to bring this matrimonial scheme to nought he would have sacrificed anything. His letters to the girl are sweetly, tenderly paternal. He tries to win her over to his scheme. He pities her ; praises her ; extols her ; pours incense at her feet ; repeats *ad nauseam* that he longs to be a father to her, that she must be his daughter, that he dreams of nothing but her welfare, and that, with him and his nephew, she will be the happiest of women. Did he really love her as much as all this ? He only knew her through her letters ; but he assured her of his feelings very definitely, none the less. There was nothing about her that failed to please him. Whether she adopted his suggestions or rejected them he always accepted the decisions of this idealised niece : he always thought them both right and pleasant. The reason was that he believed the realisation of his dreams to depend upon this marriage. He was sure that if he could approach the French nation, and above all the royalists, with a young prince and princess of Bourbon blood at his side, he would greatly increase his chance of ascending the throne of his ancestors. Rights and memories alike would be united in the young couple.

This is the whole secret of his affection for the girl he hardly knew ; an affection that only sprang into existence when the young princess was released. As for her, as soon as she was free, she confirmed the first impulsive expression of her feelings. Had she but had a little happiness she would never have become surly, sullen, and hard. It was her experience of life only that changed her heart, and developed the bad instincts of her nature and her

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resentment against the republicans she called "monsters." But there were qualities in her that one glance at her letters must reveal, qualities that never changed: her steady immovable will, her sane and penetrating judgment. Indeed, there were many occasions when she set her uncle right. The old King wished her to write to the Abbé Edgeworth, Louis XVI's confessor,¹ dating her letter the very day of her release from prison—antedating it, that is to say—and thanking the saintly priest for all that he had done for her parents. The exiled prince desired to publish the letter, in order that the whole of France might read it. The princess refused, without any beating about the bush. She declined, she wrote, to wound the Emperor of Austria, who had welcomed her to his Court. For the letter would be a political matter. "It is a thing some people might do," she added, "if circumstances required it, but it is natural to my age and character to be as simple and accurate as the truth itself." Another time the French Republic was about to send some ambassadors to Vienna to negotiate the treaty of peace. Louis XVIII, knowing the princess was at Prague, wrote and told her to stay there, in order to avoid meeting those odious Frenchmen. Again she refused to follow her uncle's advice. On another occasion—and this vexed the old King most of all—he wished to send the Duc d'Angoulême *incognito* to Vienna in order that the betrothed pair might meet and be the sooner attached to one another. Once more the princess refused her consent. "At the Court of Vienna," she wrote, "there are no mysteries, and everyone who comes to see me is known. On the other hand, if my cousin's identity should be recognised, and the Emperor were not to treat him with all the honours that are his due, he—the Emperor—would be behaving rudely, and the blame would fall upon me, the innocent cause."

She never failed, then, to speak frankly to the King, and she always acted as she thought best. A woman of strong will, energy, and resolute character—it was thus that she was known later on. These were the qualities—not tenderness nor gentleness, and especially not coquetry nor womanly charm—that formed the basis of her character. It was this fact that made Napoleon say she was

¹ The Abbé Edgeworth, after wandering about France for three years to elude the persecutors of the unfortunate monarch whose last moments he had consoled, succeeded in escaping to England. Afterwards he went to Blankenburg. He died at Mittau in 1807, from the results of an infectious illness.

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the only man in her family. Young as she was, it was not difficult to judge from these beginnings who would have the upper hand in the household of the royal couple.

After three years of imprisonment she was no longer considered dangerous by the Republican Government, and was exchanged at Riehen, near Basle, on the 29th December, 1795, for the five conventionists whom Dumouriez had surrendered to the Austrian general Clairfayt: Camus, Lamarque, Quinette, Bancal, and Beurnonville. She was handed over to the emissaries of the Court of Vienna, and started on her journey accompanied by a numerous guard of hussars, who were ordered to escort her to Austria without allowing a single *émigré* to approach her. Some who followed her were chased away with sword-cuts; and her uncle's emissaries, M. de Saint-Priest and M. de Grammont, were never even presented to her. An artist who made a portrait of her for the French royal family was shut up, and no one knew what had become of him. The reason of all these precautions, apparently, was that she was desired to marry her German cousin, the Archduke Charles, the Emperor's brother. When she persisted in refusing to do so, the irascible and spiteful Empress of Austria ill-treated her to the point of tearing out some of her hair. There is no saying what would have become of her had it not been for the prince in question, who was so indignant at this cruelty that he gave up his suit and began to fight her battles for her.

The intervention of Russia was necessary before she was taken to Mittau to join the expectant King, and the Duc d'Angoulême her betrothed, who was in a fever till he could make her acquaintance.

It is a long way from Vienna to Mittau. The month was June, 1799, and the road was thickly covered with dust. The princess found the journey very tiring, but the delight of seeing her French relations sustained her, and made her forget the tedium of her travels. The King came to meet her, followed by the Duc d'Angoulême and a few of the courtiers. When the royal carriage came within sight the young princess ordered her own to draw up, stepped lightly to the ground, and ran to meet her uncle. On reaching him, she flung herself at his feet, crying: "At last!—we have met again—it is really you! I shall never leave you again: do not desert me: be a father to me!" The King was much moved, and, raising her to her feet, pressed her to his heart, responding to her impulsive outburst with the tenderest caresses.

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Then the Duc d'Angoulême, who was even more upset than herself, took her hands in his and covered them with kisses and tears. After this the procession was re-formed, and went on its way to Mittau, where the King and his family and the officers who had accompanied them dined quietly together. The first person whom the princess visited in the palace—after the Queen, who had arrived on the previous day¹—was the Abbé Edgeworth, who had been her father's confessor, and had stood by him at the foot of the scaffold. This was a visit of deepest sadness. Notwithstanding the consoling words of this good priest, his face could not fail to recall the sinister walls of the Temple prison, and her father's last caresses and last loving look. These sad pictures, however, were at last effaced by the eager affection of her relations, who listened to all she had to say, and admired her, and gave her new hope. At Mittau, too, there was a little Court, a simulacrum of Versailles, with bodyguards in the vestibules, and courtiers all

¹ Ernest Daudet: *L'Émigration*, Vol. II. "Her journey (the Queen's) had been the subject of long negotiations, and had given rise to painful discussions between her and her husband. When she was leaving Budweiss (where she was living) she insisted on travelling with a degree of luxury and pomp that was quite incompatible with the slender resources of the royal treasury. It took a great number of letters, some cruel admissions, and all the King's determination to make her give up her pretensions. This difficulty solved, she raised another. She wished to bring her reader with her, Mme. de Gourbillon, to whose bad influence we have already referred; but Louis XVIII had determined not to tolerate her presence at Mittau. The Queen's obstinacy and the King's opposition gave rise to a voluminous correspondence. She had written to the Czar to ask that the King might be forced to receive 'the Gourbillon.' But Louis had also been taking active steps, and had secured an order from the Czar forbidding Mme. de Gourbillon to live at Mittau, and confining her to a town on the frontier. Paul I did not answer the Queen's request, but sent it to the King. On the 12th June Louis XVIII wrote to thank him: . . . 'I entreat you to regard as null and void,' he said, 'all future steps relating to Mme. de Gourbillon that may be taken without my knowledge; if indeed I am to believe it possible that anything more will be done in the matter.' . . . The Queen took her own way. Mme. de Gourbillon, at her request, accompanied her, and was bold enough to enter Mittau in her suite. She suffered for it, however. While the Queen's carriages were passing through the town to the palace one of them turned and drove straight to the Governor's house. In this carriage was the Queen's reader. At the Governor's house she was informed of the order that required her return to the frontier. She gave vent to piercing shrieks; and, standing on the steps of the Governor's house, she abused the King in grossly insulting terms. A crowd gathered, and commented on the affair with much excitement. The scandalous scene only ceased with the incarceration of the Gourbillon, who was taken to Vilna that very night. Meanwhile the Queen, still in her travelling dress, was indulging in a violent and tearful scene at the palace, refusing to enter her rooms, and crying out that she would go away rather than be parted from the woman whom the King wrongly blamed for the misunderstanding that had too long existed between them. She only calmed down when Louis XVIII, bringing his will and energy to bear upon the situation, declared that he would not allow her to go away. Madame Royale's arrival, which took place on the following day, effaced the painful impression created by this affair."

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showing their respect for the King. And, after all, she was only twenty!

In person she was tall, but rather short-waisted, which detracted from her dignity—a quality much needed by a princess of the blood royal. Her regular features recalled those of her mother, but the neck that supported her small head was not the graceful, slender neck of Marie Antoinette. Her harsh voice and curt speech and short sentences failed to charm her audience. The silence of her prison life in early youth had stanchd for ever the abundant flood of words natural to a girl. She only spoke when she had something important to say, as though she always went in fear of a spying gaoler. But all this mattered little; to the royal family she was none the less “the orphan of the Temple,” the absent princess, the long desired princess; and they were all pleased with the marriage, which was certain, in the eyes of the Royalists, to increase the prestige of the Bourbons who were struggling to be restored.

The religious marriage was celebrated ten days after her arrival at Mittau, before a little flower-decked altar in a room of the palace, with the Cardinal de Montmorency, the King's Grand Almoner, as officiating priest. On the previous day the marriage contract had been signed before the Comte de Saint-Priest; and at the religious ceremony all the officials of the little Court, all the gentlemen-of-the-bedchamber, and all the royal guards were present, and gave a touch of dignity to a scene which would otherwise have been merely a family party. The Duc de Villequier was there, and the Ducs de Guiche and de Fleury, the Comte de Saint-Priest, the Marquis de Nesles, the Comte d'Avaray, and the Comte de Cossé; and among the ladies were Mlle. de Choisy and Mme. de Damas, who were afterwards ladies of honour to the bride. The Comte d'Artois and the Duc de Berry were absent, being detained in Scotland.

The King seized the opportunity of writing to his ambassadors at the European capitals:

“This alliance gives me the greatest pleasure. But great as is the personal happiness which I hope to derive from it, my pleasure is not nearly so much for my own sake as for the sake of my faithful subjects. Their hearts will surely be moved when they see the only child of the martyr-king we deplore, permanently seated beside the throne. And I, when death shall have put an end to my labours on their behalf, shall at least have given them

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a mother, who can never forget her own sorrows except in making her children happy, and to whom Providence has granted all the virtues and qualities necessary for success."

How this prince loved to delude himself! France, of course, was completely indifferent to this event of which he spoke so fervently. The Consulate was being inaugurated, and the fate of the Bourbons was altogether forgotten in enthusiasm for the genius of the young soldier who had won the battle of Marengo.

After the marriage a few happy months were passed at Mittau. The young bride was the object of a great deal of respectful flattery on the part of the old nobles of the Court, where the laws of etiquette were more strictly observed than before. There were two tables for the King's dinner. The bodyguard lined the passages when their master went to hear Mass in the chapel. Louis XVIII, the ruler of this world of courtiers, grew thoroughly cheerful and at his ease among all these essentials of royal life. It should have been his misfortunes that were pitiable; but those who saw his beatific happiness in these trifles could only pity his contentment. It was Barante who made this observation. And then, suddenly, by a caprice of the eccentric Paul I, who reigned at St. Petersburg, all the fabric of petty grandeur and shabby royalty fell to the ground. On the 21st January, 1801, the King must perforce leave Mittau, and seek another asylum. This fresh misfortune roused in the princess all the energy she had gained from her sufferings in prison. She hid her uncle's valuable papers among her clothes, armed herself with the remains of the fortune left to her by her aunt the Princess of Saxe-Teschen, and started off across the icy northern plains, first to Memel¹ and then

¹ *De la vie de Louis XVIII*, by de Beauchamp:—"At Memel, when they were on the point of going away, the Abbé Marie (cf. *supra*, p. 27, note) was found dead in his bed. When the surgeon arrived and uncovered the dead man he found a knife plunged in his breast, and drew it out. The Abbé Marie was no more. It created a great sensation in Memel that this should have happened in a Protestant country to a Catholic priest in the immediate circle of the King of France! It would have taken very little to produce the most unfortunate consequences, and it was with the greatest difficulty that M. Hue obtained leave from the authorities at Memel to have the body buried. This horrible event was attributed to an attack of fever. But what was the cause of it? The situation of the King and Madame, which was really terrible at that time? But this same state of things had existed since the 22nd, when M. l'abbé Marie showed so much coolness and presence of mind. I have never been able to account for this shocking affair. I knew M. l'abbé Marie very well, as a priest; and he always seemed to fulfil his duties perfectly. In society there was no one more charming. His knowledge was surprising, his wisdom admirable, his character gentle and free from all exaggeration."

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to Warsaw, facing every discomfort bravely and sustaining the failing courage of the King. It was she who led to the desired haven this wretched Court whose trials had begun again. When the King's purse was empty she handed over her diamonds to the Danish Consul in exchange for two thousand ducats; she was a stoic and a heroine; she showed what she might have been, if misfortune had not crushed her youth and cast a shadow over her very soul. The Memoirs that record this march through hurricanes and snow make mention of none but her. The Duc d'Angoulême was there; yet it was her arm that upheld her infirm uncle, and it was she who gave an example to everyone of strength and resolution. As we have said before, all that she lacked on entering upon her new life in France was gentleness, womanly attractions, a touch of lightness and frivolity: the gifts that charm the masses. She had no idea of making the best of herself, nor of dressing well; indeed, she despised dress and the pretty trifles invented by fashion. She was too serious, and above all too extravagant in her religious exercises; and, far from winning the hearts of the people when her family was restored to the throne, she repelled them by her severity. She was not unconcerned in the final fall of her race.¹ The history of the time leaves us no doubt on this point.

V

During the years of the Emigration the members of the House of Orléans were scattered in various parts of the world. Philippe Égalité's widow, the daughter of the Duc de Penthièvre, was living in poverty in Spain, apart from her sons. The eldest of these, after serving in the republican armies under Dumouriez, was forced to leave his country and wander about Europe disguised as a professor, under a false name. His young brothers the Duc de Montpensier and the Duc de Beaujolais had been imprisoned at

¹ These notes on Hue, Louis XVI's valet-de-chambre, who followed Madame Royale to Mittau, are taken from the *Biographie de Michaud*. "François Hue was born at Fontainebleau, of a family who had held magisterial posts for nearly two hundred years. In 1787 he became usher of the bedchamber to the King; in 1791 first valet-de-chambre of the Dauphin. He was several times within an ace of being guillotined, and he could not escape from prison. Finally, when Madame Royale left her prison, Hue, at the princess's request, obtained leave from the Directory to follow her to Vienna, and joined her at Humingue, where he gave her a garter the Queen had plaited in prison. He followed the princess to Mittau, and afterwards entered Louis XVIII's service as Commissary-General of his household. Hue returned to France in 1814 with Louis XVIII."

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Marseilles, notwithstanding their youth; they were barely twenty years old. The three, however, were afterwards together in America, whence they returned in the days of the Empire, though France was still closed to them. The Duc de Montpensier died in 1807, from a disease of the chest; and the Duc de Beaujolais died in Malta, in 1809. In this same year the Duc d'Orléans, who was to become King of the French in 1830, married an Italian princess, Marie Amélie, daughter of Ferdinand IV., King of the Two Sicilies. She was born in 1782.¹

Personally the Duc d'Orléans was a man of noble bearing, with features as regular and imposing as those of Louis XIV, from whom he was descended through his mother. The circumstances of his adventurous life and his wide education had given him sympathy, an open mind, and an active will. Those who met him for the first time were immediately attracted by him; while his visitors and intimate friends delighted in his conversation, which showed a great deal of knowledge and acute observation. In a word, he was so different from the other Bourbons, and so universally praised, that his cousins were jealous, and even afraid of him. They regarded him as a serious rival in the struggle for the throne of France. He had, however, become reconciled with the head of the House of Bourbon, by his mother's desire, it is said. One evening in June, 1799, after the Duc d'Angoulême's marriage, a young man with long flowing locks, and an air of mingled charm and pride, was mysteriously received at Mittau by Louis XVIII, at the instance of the Czar. The audience was long; and the unknown departed as he had come. The King made no reference to this visit and none of the courtiers knew the truth of the matter. It was only in 1813 that a letter to the Duc d'Harcourt solved the mystery, and it became known that the young man of twenty-five

¹ The Duc d'Orléans was born in 1773; the Duc de Montpensier in 1775; the Duc de Beaujolais in 1778.

De Vaulabelle: *Histoire de la Restauration*, Vol. I., p. 112:—"The prince who at this time bore the title of Duc d'Orléans . . . was the same Duc de Chartres whom the republic had numbered for some months among its generals of division. . . . The active and often influential part taken by his father in the overthrow of the Monarchy and the condemnation of Louis XVI, and the revolutionary principles that he had himself publicly professed, closed the ranks of the *émigrés* to him, and excluded him from every foreign Court. . . . After having spent several years in visiting the north of Europe and travelling in America he grew tired of wandering about the world, and determined to ask Louis XVIII for his forgiveness. . . . Louis XVIII welcomed the repentant prince. It was on the 27th June, 1799, a fortnight after the marriage of Louis XVI's daughter to the Duc d'Angoulême, that the reconciliation took place."

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or so who had been seen at Mittau was the Duc d'Orléans, who had flung himself, weeping, at the King's feet, and begged that the crimes of his father Philippe Égalité might be forgotten, and his own mistake in fighting for the Republic under Dumouriez might be forgiven.

His aunt, Louise Marie Thérèse Bathilde d'Orléans, his father's sister, who had married the Duc de Bourbon, was the mother of the Duc d'Enghien. She was born in 1750, and did not die till 1822. Mlle. de Chastenay, in her *Memoirs*, gives us a bewitching portrait of this princess. She depicts her as a woman of true worth and keen intellect, with a lively imagination that caused her the intensest suffering from jealousy, though she never ceased to love her husband. She was resigned, and independent of worldly possessions and vanities; for she felt that her religion was the worthiest object for her affections. Her charity was boundless. Under the Restoration she entirely provided for young Cazalès, whose mother was unable to support him.

During the years of the Emigration the name of Condé was popular among the royalists. As commander-in-chief of the army raised to oppose the Revolution he had all the exiled nobles under his orders, and his predominant position was a cause of anxiety to the claimant of the throne. Condé was a hero's name; and this prince was invested with the halo of his ancestor, while he himself was not wanting either in courage or intelligence. All these qualities gave him a degree of prestige that the invalid prince who was called Louis XVIII could not hope to eclipse. The King went to Coblenz to make a demonstration of his authority, and confirmed certain appointments in the army; but in the eyes of the nobles Condé was always incontestably their leader, the man from whom emanated all the strength of the reactionary movement, the man whom they would all have followed if he had been sufficiently skilful and resolute to carry out his projects. For the projects of the Prince de Condé were by no means those of Louis XVIII. Condé wished to be the first to enter Strasburg, and to enter it alone; for the possession of that fortified town seemed to him the first step towards the acquisition of the crown for himself. He paid a host of agents and spies in the town, and employed them to fling coins into the barracks, and distribute among the soldiers royalist papers inciting them to rise, and deliver up the town to him. Once he had it in his possession he hoped he should be able to keep it. These men who were in his

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pay had persuaded him that the people desired him for their King, and would accept him with acclamation the moment he returned to France. Under the influence of such hopes as these he found it impossible to enter into the scheme of Pichegru, whose only object was the overthrow of the Republican Government.

The Kings who had united to oppose the Revolution were at first inclined to distrust this army of ardent, resolute, disciplined men who, as an advanced guard, might prove a rather formidable check upon their designs on France. But when they saw the Prince de Condé wasting his time in the management of regimental affairs, concerning himself with little details of expenditure, worrying over the possible dishonesty of his contractors, caring perhaps even more for money than for fame, they were quite willing to leave him to these harmless little activities. So the prince had to resign himself to being merely an unvalued auxiliary to the imperial army, forbidden to exercise any initiative; and finally his army was disbanded by the Emperor of Germany without the least consideration or sympathy for the fate of all the poor *émigrés* who had absolutely no resources of their own. Condé and the remnant of his troops were exiled to Volhynia. However, according to Montgaillard, he took with him a chest containing several millions of francs, the fruit of his economies.¹

In a brochure published in 1815 with the title *Correspondance de Louis XVIII* we may read some edifying pages on the subject of this soldier-prince, who was even then an old man—since he was born in 1735—and was certainly a miser.

“His constant fear of poverty condemned him to the position of a mere outlaw chief. This prince could have faced death, but he feared the scaffold. . . . He was mistrustful and insincere to the very bottom of his heart, even towards his own family; for his son was for a long time the person of whom he was most jealous. He never took the Duc de Bourbon nor the Duc de Berry in the least into his confidence, to which he admitted none but men whom he could count upon to flatter him. For a long time this prince

¹ In his private Memoirs Montgaillard says positively: “M. le Prince de Condé had a very large sum at his disposal: at the time of the disbandment of his army he realised about 6,000,000 fr. in specie. During the last twenty four hours before the prince's departure from Überlingen, on the banks of Lake Constance, he had forty thousand pounds sterling in English notes changed by the hotel-keeper of the *Sauvage* at Bâle—at any rate he could get—for louis and dueats; so I am certain the funds of M. le Prince amounted to about 8,000,000 francs when he was exiled to Volhynia.”

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employed a number of informers in Paris; and Lyonnais, Franche Comté, and Alsace were full of his agents. This crowd of petty paid conspirators inspired him with great confidence, and led him to aim openly at the throne. It was, he said, the general wish of the people that he should do so. He was persuaded at that time that a wide-spread movement in his favour was about to take place in France; that he had but to show himself to receive the fruits of it; and that this would be the least dangerous and least costly way of restoring the Monarchy. He was much less concerned to find the best means of reaching Paris than to fix upon the most convenient way of administering the Government of France. The constitutionalists were regarded as the chief danger, and every conceivable measure was taken in advance to prevent them from having any share in the conduct of affairs. The only topics of conversation were Rheims, and the coronation, and fêtes, and the office of Grand Provost; and unless one had actually seen it one could hardly imagine the state of illusion in which these people lived."

Later on, however, the Prince de Condé and his son joined the Bourbons in England and were constant guests at Hartwell. Misfortune united the two families, and the Condés followed the King when he returned to France in 1814.

CHAPTER II

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THE protestations of Louis XVIII, on Bonaparte's elevation to the supreme rank of Emperor, met with no response. Europe remained relentlessly silent. It was in vain that the ambassadors of the pompous little Court at Mittau despatched to all the *Chancelleries* long letters drafted by their master in the most correct style. They only received evasive answers. For the crowned heads of Europe were bowed beneath the hand of an irresistible conqueror, who possessed not only military strength but transcendent genius.

After the victory of Jena the Bourbons were obliged to leave the Continent and seek retreat elsewhere. They applied to England. Louis XVIII wished to be received there as a king. The Regent would have consented to this, but the Ministry refused. They offered the proscribed family the use of the palace of Holyrood, where the Comte d'Artois had been living a short time previously. Louis declined this rather contemptuous hospitality, preferring to accept the courteous suggestions of the Duke of Buckingham,¹ who offered his house at Gosfield, in the county of Essex, near the borders of Suffolk. The house was magnificent and dignified, but its distance from London was great.

It was there, however, that the King, thenceforward known as the Comte de Lille, settled down in 1807 with such of his courtiers as remained faithful to him. In the spring of the following year he was joined by the Queen and the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and they renewed their family life. They were no longer, as at Mittau, surrounded by a bodyguard and treated with all the ceremonial of a Court, but possibly were all the happier and the more affectionate on that account; and it is certain that they were rather

¹ (He was *Marquess* of Buckingham. *Translator's Note.*)

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forgotten by the royalists in France, who were fascinated by the glory of the Empire, the luxury of a military Court, and the brilliant victories of Napoleon. Many members of the great French families had accepted posts at the Tuileries. Each year as it passed added another of the old aristocratic names to those already enrolled in the Imperial Almanack. Those whose ancestors had figured at the Courts of the Valois and the early Bourbon kings became ambassadors or prefects, or filled some high office in the administration.¹ The exiled princes at Gosfield heard of these defections with a pang that is quite comprehensible. Idleness and boredom, moreover, were beginning to depress their gentlemen of the household, who sadly compared their almost destitute condition with that of their friends who were serving the Emperor. And as Napoleon's victories succeeded one another in quick succession the greatest potentates in Europe submitted to the overwhelming spell of the great leader; whereas the Comte de Lille had nothing to offer to his friends but the most illusory hopes. Could anyone have imagined that the day would come when this prince, whose gout-ridden feet could only move in spasms, would in his turn be acclaimed in Paris as though he too were a conqueror?

No, Gosfield was not a gay place.

Another circumstance that added to the melancholy of the place was the increasing weakness of the Comte d'Avaray, the King's favourite, whom frequent pain had reduced to a pitiable state. His sufferings could not be concealed: he was often seen

¹ In his *Histoire de la Restauration* (Vol. I.) de Vaulabelle makes the following observations: "The National Almanach for 1802 (year X) does not contain a single name from the old Court. But among the minor officials of the various departments there are to be found a fair number of the lesser nobility. The invasion of the once privileged classes is more apparent in the almanach for 1803 (year XI). . . . In the almanach for 1804 the transformation of the royalists increases steadily. In 1805 the invasion is still more pronounced. We find Archambault de Périgord and Mercy-Argenteau in the office of chamberlain; and in the Empress Josephine's household we find Ferdinand de Rohan, formerly Archbishop of Cambrai, as almoner. . . . In 1805 there was not a single judge of the old régime on the bench, but by 1811 . . . all the judges of the *Haute* and *Moyenne Magistrature* of the old monarchy who had survived the storms of the past twenty years, or whom age did not oblige to retire, had entered the Emperor's service. . . . In the list of chamberlains for 1808 we observe one omission; the names are printed without the particle. In 1809 the particle is restored. . . . The old nobility demanded the recognition of their titles by the imperial government, which consented, but only allowed one title, always different and often inferior to the one formerly held. Among these nobles there is not a prince to be found, nor yet a single duke. Hence the persistent opposition and discontent of the old nobility, which preserved, in the very heart of the Empire, the royalist agitation that burst out and came to a climax in the early days of April, 1814."

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with blood upon his lips. In his presence no one might show pleasure nor make plans for the future; and this comatose state of things lasted until his departure for Madeira. Then the Queen contracted dropsy, and died; and the gloomy little Court was plunged anew into compulsory mourning of the deepest kind. The Court of St. James's, indeed, seemed perfectly willing to countenance the solemn ceremonial with which Louis desired to honour the dead; and to a prince so vain as the Comte de Lille all these marks of respect, and the record of them in the principal London journals, were very consoling. *The Times* reported all the details of the ceremonial, and named the most important personages in the kingdom as being present on the occasion. Not once, during the past twenty years, had the French exiles received such a tribute of respect.¹

However, no impression is permanent; and the echo of these funeral-dirges was soon over-powered by the thunders of Napoleon's great victories. This royal family, who every day had a shorter future before them, seemed to have sunk into utter oblivion as far as the French royalists were concerned. The Comte de Lille bethought him about this time of moving nearer to London, in the hope of calling attention to his claims, those claims to a royal position that he never forgot. He came to terms with a certain Mr. See,² the owner of a comfortable house in the county of Buckingham, about forty or fifty miles from London; and this family who had so often wandered across Europe once more changed their dwelling-place, and established themselves at Hartwell.

Their life here was very different from their life at Gosfield, because the favourite was another man. The Comte d'Avaray, before leaving his master and going to his death in Madeira, had sought for someone to take his place. He remembered having once met in Germany a certain royalist soldier, who carried his haversack and musket with an air of pride; a man of stately height and impressive countenance, and of a cold, dignified, reserved nature; who was so devoid of geniality that he never cared to meddle in his neighbour's affairs, yet who won respect by his martial bearing and look of power. D'Avaray made inquiries about him, and found he was a native of Provence, and the last scion of the once powerful family of the Comtes de Blacas d'Aulps:

¹ Cf. p. 19.

² (The name of the owner of Hartwell was Sir George Lee. *Translator's Note.*)

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and learnt moreover, that this royalist's greatest passion was for antique medals, rare porcelain, and engraved gems. These artistic tastes, combined with his distinguished presence, led d'Avaray to summon him to Hartwell before the time came for his own parting from the King, who was always in his thoughts. The Comte de Blacas, in the course of his peregrinations, had formed close friendships with a great number of *émigrés* and royalist nobles who had followed the Comte d'Artois to Italy. He had visited the smaller capitals of that country, Turin, Venice, and Florence, where through the agency of a certain *grande dame* he had been introduced to the Comte Joseph le Maistre. It was only natural, then, that d'Avaray should have every confidence in him.¹

On the day of his arrival at Hartwell the King made him dine at his own table, and placed him between the Duchesse de Narbonne and the Comtesse de Gontaut. It was at once obvious to everyone that the new-comer found favour in the royal eyes: his reserve, his cold manner, his discretion, perhaps even his shyness towards the two fine ladies who were expecting pretty speeches from him, and above all his air of dignity and distinction, impressed the master of the house. When the meal was over the King, approaching the two ladies who had been sitting next to the stranger, asked the Duchesse de Narbonne:

"Well, what do you think of him?"

"He is superb, Sire," answered the great lady, with a mischievous smile, "and most suitable for the post your Majesty requires him for. He is quite dumb—the very person for a confidential secretary!"

This laughing satire surprised the lady's royal interlocutor, but did not disillusion him. That very day the Comte de Blacas was installed in the house, and filled the place of the Comte d'Avaray; filled more than his place, indeed, and won more than his favour, great as it was; for de Blacas understood his master's mind so well that he dominated it entirely, and nothing was done at Hartwell that had not earned the approval of the despotic favourite.

He was no longer young. Having left France at the time of the Emigration, when he was twenty-five, he had now reached the age when love yields to ambition; and verily he was ambitious—filled with an immense longing for the splendour and wealth that he had lacked since his childhood. Not that he had a very high

¹ See, on the subject of Blacas, the appendix that Ernest Daudet's last publications have made necessary.

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order of intelligence, or any profound knowledge to justify his ambition. His mind was mediocre, as is usual with collectors, and had been cramped by constant admiration of the old things found among the ruins of Italy; he had none of the breadth and independence and clear judgment that go to the making of a statesman's ideas. He was sufficiently intelligent to do the work of a secretary, or a major-domo, or a confidant; but when, on the Restoration, he became one of the King's chief ministers and had to deal with politics, he soon showed his inadequacy. Even if he had understood such matters he would have troubled himself little about them; he had other cares. From the moment of his arrival he was always an immaculate dandy, smart and spruce even in the early hours of the morning, lest he should appear at a disadvantage; always careful to avoid irritating the man whose will it was his business to do; receiving every confidential disclosure in the way most agreeable to the person who made it; sparing the King every sudden decision, because he knew how much his royal patron disliked forming hasty opinions; always bowing to the least word or wish or order, that it might be quite plain that the royal authority could not be impugned nor discussed; sharing the sympathies and resentments of the prince he served; and, as far as possible, keeping away the earlier friends and even the relations of the King, whose affection and confidence he refused to share with anyone. By these methods he set himself to found his position as favourite on so firm a basis that nothing could overthrow it; and as a matter of fact he became all-powerful at Hartwell, where he established a system of the strictest domestic economy. On the other hand he made life very disagreeable for the rest of the household, who had to make way for this new favourite. De Vitrolles, who had much to endure from this haughty idol of the King during the early months of the Restoration, took his revenge in his *Memoirs* by painting an almost grotesque portrait of the individual in question; describing his long body and short legs, his sallow face, his bald head, and colourless flaxen wig, his dry, crushing, authoritative manner, his blindness to the social changes made by the Revolution, his belief that France had not altered since the days of Louis XV, when the sovereign's will was law. The Comte d'Artois and the Duc de Berry came no more to Hartwell, except from a sense of duty. And all the members of the little Court felt much aggrieved by the overbearing authority that was so outrageously abused. The Duc d'Havré and the Comte de Blacas had the

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greatest antipathy for each other. D'Havr , as Captain of the Guard, had hitherto been entrusted with the King's most intimate secrets; but this affectionate tie was gradually relaxed as the Comte de Blacas assumed the right of nearly always making a third in any interview with his royal master, and the Duc d'Havr  grew jealous of the favourite. Casual visitors, after a day at Hartwell, being struck by the courtesy of their reception, but quite unconscious of the emulation and intrigue and petty hostilities that agitated all these gentlemen, went away with the conviction that the favourite was the only wise man among the King's associates. Compared with that courtier's positive and trenchant statements the more modest and unassuming ideas of the others appeared unimportant. And so it happened that even in the outer world it was still de Blacas who outshone his rivals. It was his name that was oftenest heard; the others were seldom mentioned.

Hartwell was a fine country house; it was not a medi val castle. The grounds were huge, and the park well laid out. Those who refer to it in the memoirs of the time describe it as a most attractive place. The gardens were full of flowers; the kitchen-garden was planted with fruit trees. The King wrote to d'Avary in a letter dated April 1st, 1811:

"Everything is in bud, it is indeed! The apricots are set, the peaches are nearly so, and the lilacs are quite green. One can see the colour in their flower buds, and there are some chestnuts in leaf, with the flowers already formed. You know how I love this beautiful season, how I delight in the first fine days, the first leaves, the first flowers. . . There is at this moment before my eyes a white camellia that is finer this year than it ever was before. . . . I walk round the garden, and look at my roses, which are coming on nicely."

This year the King's mind was sufficiently at leisure to attend to the cultivation and worship of Nature, for he had put his hopes behind him more definitely than ever before. Napoleon's marriage with an Austrian archduchess seemed to him even more likely than the consecration by the Pope in Notre Dame to secure the duration of the Empire. The presence at the Imperial Court of great nobles such as the Laroche-foucaulds, the Montmorencys, and even the Rohans, would have made his claims seem ridiculous if they had been in any way aggressive. So he lived like an English gentleman, only displaying his royal dignity for the benefit of illustrious visitors, such as the Cond s, for instance, or the dethroned King of

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Sweden, Gustave III, who had once been his unfaltering champion. He occupied his leisure with systematic reading, and especially with the study of the documents published in the French papers. Sometimes, accompanied by his niece the Duchesse d'Angoulême, he wandered about the fields on foot; rarely on horseback, because that exercise was painful to him on account of his infirmities. On such occasions it pleased him to see the people of the village near his demesne hurrying up to express their gratitude for the duchess's various bounties. And when the church bells pealed in honour of the fête-days of his family he was greatly gratified, for this was a recognition of his royal birth.

In the evenings the whole party sat together in the drawing-room. The old King led the conversation, which almost at once became general. Literature, the drama, and public events in France were the chief topics, and it was a happy day for the little Court when some visitor brought the latest news from their own country. Among these was the Duc de Duras, who came whenever his period of service, as gentleman-of-the-bedchamber, fell due. "It was a dull place at best," say the memoirs of the time. Moreover, the most amazing rumours found credit with these aimless folk, who always supported their credulity with some plausible reason born of their hopes or fears. At one time they were all repeating the news of the poisoning of the Queen of Prussia, as to the truth of which they had no doubt, "because," they said, "she was the only person who could put any energy into her husband, and therefore her death was necessary to Bonaparte." Soon afterwards there was a quarrel between the Emperor and his brother Lucien, which made a great sensation. "A case of thieves falling out," said the King; "their interests are the same, and that is the only bond between people like that." Then came an announcement of marriage between Melchior de Polignac and Mlle. Levasseur, a niece of the Comte Dillon, the Comte d'Artois' friend: and the news of the Duc d'Orléans' departure for Sicily, after being turned out of Spain by the Cortes—"a monstrous assembly," commented the King, "in which there were not *three men with titles*." When the name of the Emperor of Germany was mentioned in this circle the Comte de Lille did not fail to observe that that monarch would suffer the same fate as the Prussian king. His unworthy sale of human flesh—which meant the marriage of Marie Louise with Napoleon—would not make him safer than the others. Gustave, King of Sweden, came to spend three weeks at

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Hartwell after his deposition ; and throughout his visit his mental disturbance and distress were plainly visible in his face. In regard to this the King was most indignant with the freemasons and the *Illuminati*, whom he called the freemasons' worthy offspring and blamed for all his guest's troubles. "Since he lost his throne they have done him a great deal of harm," he said, "and they will do him still more."

Of all the ladies who lived in exile with the rest of the Court none was treated with so much deference and attention as the Duchesse de Narbonne, a charming and clever woman whose quick, incisive, mirth-provoking speech made her very attractive to the King. Of her power to amuse, the Comte de Blacas had some experience ; for he was subject to frequent attacks of colic, and the duchess made his ailments the occasion of many jokes. A certain French painter, Huet, made a fresh distraction for some time by painting the King's portrait and those of his friends. That of the King was intended for d'Avaray, who never came back from Madeira.

And one day there came to Hartwell a visitor from the Court of the Tuileries, a friend of the exiles. The secrets that were confided to him had the effect of drawing him out, and in return he described an adventure of which one of Napoleon's sisters was the heroine. The next morning he was rather inclined to regret his expansiveness and indulgence in scandal : but the King loved this kind of story, and proceeded to read his night's work—the tale in question re-told in verse—by way of soothing the indiscreet visitor's remorse. For Louis still kept up his youthful habit of writing madrigals, and anecdotes in rhyme, and letters in the manner of Horace. The moment a French translation of the Latin poet appeared he hastened to buy it, and he wrote to d'Avaray that he possessed Desfontaines' version, and had lately acquired the translation by Daru—Daru the tribune, the *Comte Daru*, he added mockingly.

In such ways as these the days passed with occasional relief to their monotony in the form of visits to various noblemen's houses : to Stowe, Bristol, Bath, Cheltenham, Warwick,¹ and to Lord

¹ He wrote to d'Avaray on the 9th June, 1811 : "I set off to St. Albans, where, as I passed, I saw an ancient and beautiful church (it was founded 1018 years ago) ; and I saw Lord Salisbury's fine house and park at Hatfield. From thence I went to Stony-Stratford for the night. On the Tuesday morning I went a little out of my way to see the fine canal I told you about last year, which crosses a valley ; then, returning to my route through Northamptonshire, one

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Salisbury's house at Hatfield. At this time, and after the birth of the King of Rome, the old King seemed resigned to his obscure fate. He allowed his friends to believe that he was never going to leave England again, and begged them to return to France. When he visited Warwick Castle it was because he heard it was to let, and thought he would like it as a permanent dwelling better than Hartwell. Yet he always had a deep inward conviction, which nothing could shake, that the rôle of a prince would some day be his again.

One day when the Duchesse d'Angoulême was reading a French newspaper aloud to him she suddenly hesitated and blushed, and could not hide from her uncle that she had omitted several lines. Her uncle looked at her, asking the reason of her embarrassment, and she finished the passage in which this journal from France announced that the Comte de Lille had abdicated in favour of his nephew, the Duc d'Angoulême.

of the finest counties of England, I arrived at Warwick at about three o'clock. As one approaches one sees the town, which is pretty, and through the trees, two ancient towers. Crossing a bridge one discovers, attached to these towers, the castle, if one can give that name to an old façade of no particular architecture, in which there is hardly a window to be seen, and which, in short, strongly resembles the old houses on the Paris bridges, as seen from the river. The Vicomte d'Agout called out: 'Oh, here we are at M. Desmasure's house.' Personally, if anyone had said to me, Here is Adolphe, I should not have been surprised. The entrance to the castle is beyond the bridge, at the end of the street. There, a man looking like a beefeater told us we might go in, but only on foot. We left the carriage, and by an approach that would be quite suitable to the Bastille, through a path sunk between two banks lined with enormous stones, we reached a bridge over the moat, and entered the castle court. This court is quite different from the entrance, and is turfed and well-gravelled. On one side is the castle, old, but grand. On the other are some tall trees, which are *awful** without being gloomy. The housekeeper came to meet us, *shaked very shaked*,* and received us very well, taking us into a fine hall where I was first made to go to the window, for there are none inside; and from this window we saw the earthly paradise. From the middle of this hall one sees the whole series of rooms, not so long as at Stowe, but in better proportion. The rooms are a fine size and richly furnished. There are some beautiful pictures; among others Vandyck's portrait of the famous Montrose, whose face is as beautiful as his soul (he was a supporter of Charles I); and some vases that belonged to the Chevalier Hamilton. All these rooms are very fine, and the series ends in a charming study. In a word, the whole suite is rich and grand, and (as is not always the case) comfortable. There are some more pretty rooms above this storey, not to speak of a great number I did not see. From the house we went into the *pleasur-ground*,* which is of a very pleasing size, with a marvellous wealth of flowers and a magnificent number of trees, and lies on the bank of the river, having in the middle of it a fine orangery, a beautiful sight—in which is a huge and magnificent antique vase—and being connected with a walk that is a mile and a half long. What a temptation Warwick is! With the charms I have described to you it combines the advantage of being quite close to a town of five or six thousand inhabitants: so that one can be secluded or not according to one's wishes, and one has all the resources of a town without its annoyances."

(* The italicised words appear in the original. *Translator's Note.*)

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"Not yet!" cried the King energetically. "If it were a crown of roses I should give it up to you, my children; but for the time being it is but a crown of thorns. I shall keep it: you must wait!"

No indeed—he was not in the least likely to abdicate! He had shown from his youth up that his one ambition, his one desire, his one dream, his one craving, was to attain the rank of King; and why should he abdicate before he had enjoyed that long-desired position, for which he thought himself particularly well fitted?

His funds at this time were very low. He now received nothing from Spain: England and Russia were the only contributors to his support. Their united subsidies hardly amounted to 600,000 francs, of which he gave 100,000 francs to the Duc d'Angoulême, 100,000 to the needy *émigrés*, and 100,000 to the Archbishop of Rheims for charity. There remained 300,000 francs for the expenses of his establishment and the needs of those who lived under his roof. Deserted as he was, however, by all the other European sovereigns, he was always treated by the English Regent with a degree of kindness and consideration that was flattering to his vanity. The Regent and his ministers cherished the Bourbons of Hartwell as a useful threat to hold over Napoleon's head. To assist the Comte de Lille was to prevent the disruption of the factions hostile to the Empire; to encourage union and hopefulness among the Royalists; and to force upon the conqueror a ceaseless, implacable, relentless war, which must drain the resources of that redoubtable enemy. It was for this reason that, in 1811, when the Regent gave a fête in London to celebrate the English King's birthday, the Bourbons were invited to be present, and rooms were reserved in the palace for them and their suite. The exiles were welcomed with marks of greatest respect, in the hope that an account of these honours might reach Paris and disturb the peace of the usurper.

And whatever may be said the fact remains that the Emperor was always greatly disturbed by the knowledge that the Bourbons were irrepressible and that the English did not desert them. The Europe he had conquered was his; but he already felt his power tottering. Russia was escaping him; and to force the autocrat of that vast empire to submit to his laws he found it necessary to cross its icy plains. This was his undoing. The elements broke the colossus: his army was annihilated.

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Moscow, the holy city, was set on fire by the defeated Russians and was evacuated in consequence ; and this news, when it reached Hartwell, revived the hopes of the Bourbons. This disaster—the destruction of the French army by hunger and cold—gave the greatest delight to the idlers at the little Court. It is true that the King assumed a pose of the most profound grief, and wrote to the Czar begging him to treat the French prisoners mercifully. This was done entirely for effect. Napoleon had returned to Paris to organise the defence of his Empire ; and this letter written by the exile made him appear more humane than the Emperor, for he was concerning himself with the fate of the soldiers whose leader had deserted them. They were roofless, unclothed, unfed ; and the Emperor meanwhile was warming himself at the Tuileries, and forgetting those who had sacrificed themselves to his ambition. The letter from Hartwell was not so explicit as this : but this was its meaning none the less. No one imagined anything else. There was never a prince who so often had recourse to pen and ink as this Bourbon *bel esprit*. He was not likely to miss this chance of expressing himself, of letting it be known that there was still in existence a descendant of the legitimate Kings of France, the father of the subjects whom he loved to call his children. They had suffered, and were suffering still ; it could not fail to be a sorrow to him. Ah—if this had only been true !

This letter, however, was merely a political document. There can be no possible doubt of it.

From that moment the Court at Hartwell lived in a constant state of expectation, waiting for bad news from France.

And indeed there was no lack of bad news. After Moscow came a second disaster ; the loss of the Battle of Leipsic through the treason of the Emperor's allies, the hatred of Bernadotte for Napoleon, and the defection of the troops of Saxony, who in the heat of the battle turned their guns against the French, their former brothers in arms. And after Leipsic the Duc d'Havré wrote : "*This is the first note of Bonaparte's passing-bell.*"

De Blacas hastened, in the King's name, to inform the officials of the Empire that Louis, should he ascend the throne, would make no change in their position and would scrupulously respect their interests. (See p. 5, note 1, for the King's Declaration.) By this method the announcement that the restoration was imminent was combined with an attack on the devotion and fidelity of the servants of the Empire. These were joyful days at

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Hartwell ! The invasion was beginning, the towns were taken by armies of barbarians ; the fields were wasted ; the people destitute. What did it all matter to these princes ? As the Duc de Rovigo said to Lainé :

"The Bourbons would have sacrificed the glory of their country. They would have accepted a kingdom composed of Aquitaine alone !"

They determined to follow the invaders ; they were not ashamed to become the enemy's auxiliaries. They held a council at Hartwell, and dispersed—to the north, to the east, to the south. All the traitors, all the conspirators whom the great general had ever humbled, renewed their old feelings of hostility and set themselves to ruin him. Hyde de Neuville, who had taken refuge in the United States, persuaded General Moreau to return to Europe and fight in the ranks of his country's enemies. Moreau was killed at Dresden by a French bullet. Louis XVIII, who had at first been delighted by the treacherous action, easily consoled himself for the man's death. *"After all,"* he said, *"Moreau was a republican. So his loss is not so very deplorable."*

This was all the regret he gave to the man who had crossed the sea to die for him.¹

II

A man who bore one of the great names of the Monarchy, Alexis de Noailles, who had lately attached himself to the Empire but had been exiled for an indiscretion connected with the Pope's Bull of Excommunication against the Emperor, had spent a few days at Hartwell, after a series of visits to the countries of Europe. His object was to report the intentions of the European sovereigns, who were now determined, he said, notwithstanding their recent hesitation, to pursue the war till a lasting peace were established. At Vienna, Francis II had deserted his son-in-law because he hoped, if there were a general upheaval, to recover the Italian and Flemish provinces he had lost. At St. Petersburg, the Czar Alexander was determining to free his Baltic provinces from the commercial restrictions that were so injurious to them. In Sweden, Bernadotte was nursing his hatred, and had no intention of forgiving Napoleon

¹ Fauche-Borel records in his memoirs the proclamation that Moreau, when he returned to Europe, felt called upon to make to the French nation.

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anything. In France, even, the royalist party was growing restive. There was now no need to fear the military strength of the Emperor, whom the deputies of the Legislative Body in the person of Lainé had dared to lecture. The royalists had as yet no organisation, no combative force. They were not conspirators. But it was admitted in conversation, in some of the Parisian salons¹ and still oftener in the gathering of friends in country houses, that the fall of the Imperial power was imminent. At the Château d'Ussé in Touraine, where the Duc de Duras lived, he and his friends—the Duc de la Tremoille, the Duc de Fitz James, MM. de Polignac and Ferrand, Adrien de Montmorency, and Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld—exchanged, during that autumn of 1813, prophecies of evil things for the Empire. They were vaguely aware of the truth as to the Emperor's almost hopeless situation; they knew enough of it to dream, like the Court at Hartwell, of giving a final blow to the government that had so long made them of no account. As the invasion spread, even La Vendée revived. The Comte de Suzannet, without hesitation, assumed the command of Bas-Poitou; d'Autichamps that of Angers; the Duc de Duras that of Orleans and Tours. The Marquis de Rivière appropriated Berry.²

Then Bordeaux broke away from the Empire. Among all the large towns that were discontented, this was one of the most bitterly hostile. The bad times of the Directory had returned to this great port, whose harbour was full of merchant-ships no longer laden with cargoes for distant seas. The wine-trade, which had been so active when the seas were free, and the quays of the

¹ These salons were still rare. De Vitrolles writes in his *Mémoires* (Vol. I., p. 47). "... The enthusiasm of France as a whole, and especially the course of events in the south and west, soon showed how ready the hearts of the nation were to welcome our legitimate princes. But in Paris it was different. One of several experiences that showed me this was a conversation with the Comte de Montlivaut, a guest of Mme. de Vaudemont and my own fellow-*émigré*. . . . When I suggested the return of our royal family as conceivably possible in the future, he seemed as much surprised as if I had referred to Louis XIV's resurrection. He looked at me as if rather uneasy about the state of my brain."

² The Duc de Rivière came from La Ferté-sur-Cher, and was born in 1763. His family name was Riffardeau. At the age of seventeen he entered the French Guards. He emigrated and went to Turin, where the Comte d'Artois took a fancy to him and made him his aide-de-camp. He was often to be seen at Charette's side in Brittany and La Vendée. He joined in Pichegru's conspiracies, was arrested and condemned to death, but reprieved and finally deported. He returned to France in 1814 with the Bourbons, who raised him to the rank of duke. It is to him that we owe the discovery of the Venus of Milo in 1822.

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Gironde were heaped with foreign merchandise, in exchange for which the produce of the soil was carried to the ends of the earth—this trade, lately so flourishing, had been ruined by the prohibitive laws against England. The merchants no longer watched the gradual depletion of their storehouses, but piled cask on cask of the wine that would not sell; and the *droits réunis*, or indirect taxes, which were collected with great rigour, put the final touch to their exasperation. Moreover, in this country of finished orators, of jurists and lawyers, a feeling of violent opposition had arisen against the military leader who had so often shown his want of sympathy with rhetoricians, and had kept them out of his government. Since the town had once had a Parlement the traditions of the higher *bourgeoisie*, the members' children, still governed the society of the place, which mourned its lost liberty of speech; and since it was moreover the town of the Girondins, whose political orators had been so famous at the time of the Revolution, its young men, to whom the army was uncongenial, were in love with the idea of a constitutional government which should make it possible for them to win repute and wealth. Some, therefore, desired the rule of the Bourbons as a means to freedom of trade; others were thinking of the personal liberty that was at present denied to them. In their eyes the unknown was the desirable.

Among these many lawyers was one of about the same age as Napoleon, a man of over forty, who in the course of twenty years had acquired a great reputation. His name was Lainé. At the beginning of his career he had attached himself to the party of the Mountain; he had even, as prefect of the department, given expression to his hatred of royalty in a solemn vow; but later on, like others, he had broken away from a régime of proscriptions and confiscations and reconciled himself with the moderate party, though at the bottom of his heart he cherished the cult of liberty, which had seemed so beautiful to him in the early days of the Revolution. His oratorical gifts were remarkable; his ideas were lofty and inspiring; his eloquence never failed to sway his audience. His austere morals, his generosity to the poor, his devotion to his own relations, in short his strictly honourable life, had given him a widespread and unassailable reputation in his province, and a very strong influence at the bar of Bordeaux. His report to the Legislative Body at the end of 1813 created a great sensation, therefore, and made his influence stronger than ever.

Those who knew him never dreamt for a moment that he would

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yield to the entreaties of Napoleon's adherents; and Rovigo completely failed when he undertook to make him moderate his attacks on the Emperor.

"What is it you want then?" said Rovigo.

"What we want," answered the lawyer, "is that the Emperor should hold out his hand to a prostrate nation, and raise it from the ground."

His resentment against the Empire was genuinely due to his liberal principles, quite as much as to his vexation at his brother's ruin. His brother was a merchant. He had failed in his speculations, and the lawyer, who was unmarried, had come to his rescue and was giving him permanent help.

One look at his face, of which there are prints in the National Library, is a clue to his character and views. The conjunction of the huge, receding forehead, the small eyes, the long thin nose, and the tightly compressed mouth, points to a restless, fastidious mind of very obstinate convictions, a mind that believes only in itself, and can accept no modification of the ideal that lies behind that high forehead. Liberty, in his eyes, is a spiritual dogma. He preaches it in his own magnificent language; he argues with those who do not see it in the same light; so much so that we may suspect him of holding, in combination with his large views, some that are very narrow. There is honesty in his face, no doubt. But it is not the face of a statesman: he cannot support the structure he has built. He showed this during the Restoration; for he opposed the doctrines of that government after having taken an active part in restoring the Bourbons to the throne of France. At the time with which we are concerned, after Napoleon's outburst of anger at the Tuileries, he had but one thought: to check the Imperial power, and summon the descendant of the legitimate kings from his place of exile. He left Paris without any interference from the police, and was at Bordeaux when that town, declaring for the Bourbons, sent a deputation from the municipal body to Hartwell.

Louis, from his retreat, was anxiously watching the course of events on the Continent. It was with eager, trembling hands that he unfolded every morning—not now the French journals, which were dumb on the subject of the royalist schemes, and the advance of the allied armies—but the English journals, which concealed nothing of the truth, and, indeed, even exaggerated it. None of the disastrous results of the invasion seemed very grievous

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to him; he consoled himself with the thought that they were shortening the days of his exile. The gentlemen of his household took the same view.

The news of a victory for the Emperor, of the retaking of Troyes and Rheims by the French, of the continuance of the Congress of Châtillon, where a peaceful settlement was under discussion, reduced this little band of *émigrés* to a state of agonised uneasiness. It was not that they desired the ruin of their country; they merely accepted it, without blushing, as the turning-point in their own fortunes. Had they not suffered enough? Had they not lost all they possessed through the confiscations of the Jacobins? Had they not grown old joylessly, with no happiness but the consciousness of their unflinching devotion to their princes? Did they not deserve some compensation? Every day as it dawned brought them a fresh influx of hopes or of illusions. The Comte d'Artois and his sons had left England to give practical help on the battlefield to the invaders; and news was rare. Little was heard of passing events; but it was known that Bordeaux was demanding the presence of one of the princes, and that Lainé, after reading his hostile report, had left Paris to rejoin his friends at home. These were but vague rumours, of which no more would be heard were the *usurper* to return to Paris in triumph.

It was now the month of February, 1814. The old prince, prompted by anxiety, informed the Comte de La Châtre, his confidential representative in London, that it would be agreeable to him to send a certain M. Sébastien Rollac, who was the agent of the Bordeaux royalists and had lived in England for the past three years, to renew relations with all his friends in France. Meantime he privately despatched M. Péfaut de la Tour to Bordeaux, armed with secret instructions, with a view to encouraging the rebellion of that great city. Finally, he entrusted to another commissary, M. de Perrin, a note addressed to the most influential inhabitants of Bordeaux, containing these words: "*The best of fathers pines to be among his children.*" This sort of language might be effective with the petty provincial nobles, who believed implicitly in a patriarchal monarchy; but the men of the Revolution, the men who had mingled with the heroes of the Empire and heard the sonorous, energetic, vivid speech of the great General to his soldiers, could only be repelled by these words "father" and "children" on the lips of a prince who seemed to regard France as

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a big nursery full of babies whom it was his business to pamper. Bordeaux—we know why—abjured the Empire from motives of self-interest, and not with any idea of hiding behind the ægis of a father. On the 12th March the Duc d'Angoulême received an enthusiastic welcome to the town because he had sent the following announcement before him: "No more conscription: liberty and peace: no more *droits réunis*." A deputation started for Hartwell instantly.

One day towards the end of March, while Mass was being said, the Duchesse d'Angoulême glanced through the window of the little chapel, and saw some carriages driving up to the house with coachmen and horses wearing large white cockades. Such carriages and cockades could only bring good fortune. As soon as Mass was over the royal party hurried to the drawing-room, where the Comte de Blacas informed the King of the arrival of M. de Tanzia, deputy-mayor of Bordeaux, with a letter for his Majesty, and of M. Labarte with some despatches from the Duc d'Angoulême. The King, seated in his armchair, with the Duchesse d'Angoulême standing opposite to him, allowed the visitors to be announced. Round him stood his deferential courtiers; the Archbishop of Rheims, the Ducs de Lorge, d'Havré, de Sérent, and de Castries, the Vicomte d'Agoult, the Comte de Pradel, the Chevalier de Rivière, and M. Durepierre, with the princess's ladies of honour, the Comtesse de Damas and Mlle. de Choisy. M. Tanzia handed to the King a letter from the Comte Lynch, mayor of Bordeaux,¹ who announced that the town had recognised him as the legitimate king. Louis, very much moved, drew the envoy of his new subjects towards him and embraced him. He then presented him to the duchess and the rest of the circle.

¹ De Vaulabelle (*Histoire de la Restauration*, Vol. I., p. 233), gives the following notes on Lynch:—"M. Lynch had received several pecuniary marks of the satisfaction of Napoleon, who had moreover made him a Knight of the Legion of Honour and a Count of the Empire. It would be difficult, indeed, to go further than M. Lynch in expressing admiration for the Emperor personally, and attachment to the imperial dynasty. . . . On the 29th February, 1814, on the occasion of a presentation of colours to the National Guards of Bordeaux, he reminded his subordinates of 'their duty to their august sovereign.' He spoke of the *temerity* of the armies that had invaded our territory, and promised, if the danger were to approach Bordeaux, 'to give an example of fidelity and devotion.' (*Moniteur*, 6th March, 1814.) We repeat, it was on the 29th February that M. Lynch spoke in this way; and two days before, on the 27th, in an interview with M. Taffart de St. Germain, *royal commissioner for the Province of Guienne*, . . . he had arranged to send M. de la Rochejaqueline and Bontemps Dubarry to Wellington's headquarters."

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He hastened to respond to this appeal. These were his words:—

“HARTWELL: 31 March, 1814.

“*Monsieur le Comte Lynch*, it is with such feelings as none but a father's heart can know that I have learnt of the noble impulse by which my good town of Bordeaux has been restored to me. This example, I do not doubt, will be followed in every part of my kingdom; but neither I nor my successors, nor the French nation, will ever forget that the first to be set at liberty, the Bordelais, were also the first to fly to the arms of their father. I express feebly what I feel keenly, but I hope that before long I shall be able, within those walls where—in the words of the good Henri—“my hour first began,” to give a truer picture of the feelings that fill my heart. I desire your fellow-citizens to know this through you; this first prize is your due, for, in spite of your modesty, I have heard of the services you have rendered me, and it gives me true happiness to pay my debt. I pray, etc.,

LOUIS.”

From that day forward there was never an hour at Hartwell when France was not the topic of conversation. The recent course of events seemed so extraordinary, notwithstanding the persistent efforts of twenty years, notwithstanding the European alliance against Napoleon, who was only yielding to numbers, notwithstanding the many hostile forces at work, and the treachery of marshals and ministers, that it was difficult to believe in it. The King, however, found it easy. How often had he not said that this blessed hour must strike? He was only awaiting the arrival of the official announcement before despatching to his subjects the proclamation that he had long ago thought out, for he foresaw that the Senate would impose conditions.¹ As for the Duc d'Havré, sleep forsook him. He wrote to Fauche-Borel that his agitation was so great that he could think of nothing

¹ The ideal of the royal circle would have been to have a monarchy of the kind that existed before the meeting of the States General. About this time the Duc d'Havré wrote to Fauche Borel: “In the present state of things we cannot tell what is likely to happen, but assuredly if I had any influence with the Senate I should advise them, for the good of the country at large, to give up all idea of imposing terms, and, knowing the just and loyal intentions of the King, and his wise views, to summon him without any conditions. I should depend upon him to heal the wounds of his empire, and to give it the happiness which he himself can only hope to gain through that which he bestows on his kingdom.”

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else. Most of the courtiers spent their time in making guesses as to their future fate. What would their luck be? How much of their patrimony were they likely to recover? The minds of the women were occupied with their gowns, and those of the men with their incomes. The King, though always full of confidence, had some fears lest his future position should be compromised by the impulsiveness of the Comte d'Artois, whom he had appointed his lieutenant-general. He was afraid that his brother, in these first days of joyous expansiveness, might make rash promises. He had no faith in anything but his own pen and his own diplomacies.

The hours seemed very long now at Hartwell, where, in the course of three years, the King's little Court had grown used to their monotonous life. So eager were they for the great news that was to transform that life that they postponed the hour for going to bed. But the news did not come. At last one day—it was on Easter Eve—some couriers crowned with leaves appeared outside the Exchange in London and announced that the Senate in Paris had decided on the deposition of Napoleon and the return of the legitimate King. As the news spread through the town the people were seized with delirious excitement, so great was their delight at the restoration and its consequences.

As soon as it was absolutely certain that the legitimate King of France was to return to his country the Regent hastened to send a courier to Hartwell. This messenger arrived there before dawn on Easter morning, and placed the Regent's despatch in the hands of the Comte de Blacas, who had been awakened. The courtier, having groped his way through the dark passages by the light of a little lantern, entered the King's room without hesitation. Then, at that untimely hour, standing at the foot of the bed that was entirely filled by the sleeper's unwieldy form, under the curtains that protected the infirm prince from the cold, the favourite informed him of the resolution of the French nation, now officially announced. He was a King at last, after twenty-five years of exile; and his faithful servants, whom neither misery nor ruin had discouraged, who, like their master, had always been sustained by hope, would now, like him, recover their fortunes and their honours! After the King, the Duchesse d'Angoulême was awakened. But it was not till the morning that the courtiers heard the entrancing news.

CHAPTER III

THE COMTE D'ARTOIS IN PARIS

THE Bourbons imagined, perhaps, that by joining the allies in attacking France they were precipitating the fall of the man they called the Usurper. They decided on this measure in January, 1814, when the country had already been invaded in every direction; in the south by the English and Spanish; in the east by the Russians, Prussians, and Austrians. Behind these great armies they would have nothing to fear from Napoleon; they might, without a qualm, face the enemy who had terrified them for so long.

This was the merest illusion. There was, at that time, nothing less probable than the return of these exiled princes to France. The people did not even know their names; did not know what had become of these fugitives from Versailles who had been away for a quarter of a century; did not know where they were living: knew only the Emperor, Napoleon of the great victories, the man who dominated Europe and had lately pitched his camp in every capital of the Continent. If the people wished for peace, they wished it to be made in the Emperor's name. It was the Emperor, always the Emperor, that they desired to serve; for they were dazzled by his genius, and hoped that the tide of fortune would turn and the prosperity of the country revive after this stupendous struggle. Moreover, the sovereigns in command of the invading armies had no love for the Bourbons, whose pride and incapacity they found repellent; and they believed, not without reason, that France was not demanding a change of dynasty, but simply craved for peace. If Napoleon had not been so uncompromising; if, at Châtillon, he had not forced his plenipotentiary Caulaincourt to gain time, by various manoeuvres, for him to recover his position,

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peace would have been concluded and the Bourbons would certainly never have seen the banks of the Seine again. It was to a few of their partisans, such as de Vitrolles; to traitors and intriguers such as Talleyrand, Pradt, and Dalberg; to all those ambitious men who had lost their heads in the recent medley of victories and disasters, and had compromised themselves by their indiscretions, that the royal family owed, far more than to themselves, their return to France.

In January, 1814, the Duc d'Angoulême left Hartwell to join Wellington near the Pyrenees; the Duc de Berry landed in Jersey, with a view to appearing on the coast of Normandy as soon as the danger should be quite over; the Comte d'Artois sailed for Holland, and thence proceeded—always screened by the Germans and Russians—first in the direction of Basle and afterwards to Dauphiné, as the invading armies gradually spread themselves over the eastern provinces. The Comte d'Artois' suite, when he left England, comprised the Comte François d'Escars, a friend whose devotion no trial could chill; the Comte de Bruges, one of the King's wandering ambassadors, who spent his time travelling between Berlin and St. Petersburg or Vienna; the Comte de Trogoff, a Breton, who had left the Austrian service, which gave him an assured livelihood, to throw in his lot with the French prince; the two Polignacs; Alexis de Noailles, who had eluded the vials of the imperial wrath; and the Abbé Latil, the almoner. On entering Franche-Comté this little band was reinforced by some fresh adherents: the Comte de Scey, the Comte de Champagne, M. de Manciel, and a number of other nobles, who were delighted to proclaim their devotion, even if it should mark them out for Napoleon's vengeance.

It was at this moment that de Vitrolles appeared.

He was ambitious—for only those who combine ambition with energy are always successful. He came from the South, was forty years old, and had acquired a small official post under the Empire—nothing more important than an inspectorship of National Sheep-folds. This new-comer, Eugène d'Arnaud, Baron de Vitrolles, determined to join the Comte d'Artois in the east, and take him to Paris. This was certainly the surest way of restoring the Bourbon dynasty to the throne. He had left his own province after the disaster of Leipsic, and in Paris had renewed his friendship with the Baron de Dalberg, another ambitious man. They had known each other years before in Germany, when de Vitrolles had

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just left Condé's army, and Dalberg had just finished his education at the University of Göttingen. De Vitrolles' German friend had become a Parisian, and even, after being naturalised, a Councillor of State under the Empire, and was now on confidential terms with Talleyrand. The latter wished to attach himself once more to the Bourbons, who would, he hoped, pardon his scandalous and revolutionary past, and give him fresh honours and profitable posts to console him for the disgrace put upon him by Napoleon. Talleyrand and Dalberg were in communication with most of the important foreign ministers, who accompanied the allied armies in the capacity of diplomatists; and Dalberg gave de Vitrolles a sign by which he might make himself acceptable to them, and a permit made out in the name of Saint-Vincent. The ambitious Baron started on his journey, fortified by his audacity, his energy, his personal attractions, his desire to succeed, and his faith in the monarchy.¹

And indeed his appearance made a pleasant impression, in spite of his rather large head, his proud and very direct way of looking people in the face, his long nose, his thin lips and square chin, all of which were signs of a resolute character and apt to be rather alarming at first sight. His words always received attention, because his seductive voice seemed to give them a delightful meaning, and the very sound of it enthralled and convinced his listeners, who were ready to talk for any length of time with this stranger who spoke so sympathetically. He made the acquaintance, then, of Count Nesselrode and Count Stadion, who received him on the strength of the password that had been given to him. He was even received by the Czar Alexander, and half persuaded him that the peace for which the allies were fighting so strenuously could not be achieved without the Bourbons.

He carried the news of his good fortune to the Comte d'Artois at Nancy; and the prince, surrounded by his little Court, continued his journey to Paris at the rear of the allied armies. He travelled, not as a prince, for the allied sovereigns refused to recognise his rank, but as a private individual; a right that no one could deny him.

¹ The sign M. de Dalberg gave to de Vitrolles for Count Stadion, the Austrian Minister, was the names of two Viennese ladies written on de Vitrolles' portfolio. These names, says de Vaulabelle, were a memory of youth and love: the Austrian plenipotentiary and de Vitrolles had been acquainted with the ladies at the same time. The sign for Count Nesselrode consisted of the brief recommendation: *Have confidence.*

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Here is the Baron de Vitrolles' account of his journey, a very moving picture of the invaded provinces :

"The places through which I passed," he writes (Vol. I., p. 353), "were half deserted ; the open houses seemed forsaken. The most prosperous of the inhabitants wore torn waistcoats and worn-out linen smocks, and handkerchiefs on their heads instead of hats ; they wandered like ghosts round their houses. The arrival of a carriage attracted a little crowd, and although only eight or ten leagues from Paris they asked me if the town were still in existence, and if it had not been pillaged, destroyed, and burnt. It was in vain that I tried to reassure them, promising them peace for certain, and a happier future ; no one believed me. 'Is the Emperor dead?' asked one of them—'No,' I answered, 'he is at Fontainebleau.' 'In that case,' they replied, 'you may whistle for peace!' When I went away I left them the leaflets and papers with which I was surrounded (the King's proclamation).¹ But they had reached the state of misery and discouragement that robs a man of all curiosity, because he is bereft of all hope. The

¹ The following are the most important passages of this proclamation. "I am a prey to every emotion that the heart can feel, and imbued with the most solemn and profound affections by which a man can be influenced : my position is novel, and I believe it to be without a parallel in the history of the world. . . . Who can express the ineffable emotion of the father who keeps an intelligent watch on the preliminary steps that will eventually restore to him the finest crown in the Universe? . . . One anxious thought intrudes. How is it possible to wear that crown with the dignity befitting circumstances of such grandeur and events of such historic renown? It is a splendid career, but a difficult one. A great man is needed to govern a great people. . . . I feel this anxiety, but it does not overwhelm me. If I am not a hero I shall be an enlightened prince, a good King ; and for States and people alike, goodness is the most important thing, and I have intelligence enough to be good in an efficient way, surrounded by the most distinguished intellects. . . . There is no hatred in my heart for anyone. . . . The only feeling in my heart is the desire of doing good and the heavenly joy of bestowing an immense benefit. . . . My position being what it is I can only live in the present. I hardly remember the past ; and in the past, I shall fix my eyes upon my own illusions rather than on the mistakes which, in every class, and in so many different ways, have agitated France and all Europe. For twenty-five years contempt and misunderstanding have reigned supreme ; violence has been universal. The fatal cup has been drained. . . . Europe longs for peace. Every State is demanding quietness and security for all, and all that is asked of a sovereign is goodness, firm and courageous goodness, that everything may be repaired and restored. . . . Prudence, wisdom and goodness are ultimately the most enduring ornaments of the diadem whose destiny it is to make a nation shine. To ward off danger, to give or maintain good impulses, to win confidence, and the power that is one with goodness—these are the duties of royalty. . . . These duties I will endeavour to fulfil, and my strong will is one of the means by which I shall succeed. I will cherish France like Louis XII and Henri IV, and will combine the ideals of greatness that animated Louis XIV with the pacific sentiments and the goodness of my brother Louis XVI."

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traces of the war were terrible everywhere. The road was encumbered with fallen trees, and broken wagons, and dead horses; and one's gorge rose at the sight of the plundered corpses. One saw them sometimes on the very spot where death had overtaken them; and sometimes they lay in a row of ten or twelve, having fallen without breaking rank. Others were scattered here and there, some of them actually on the road, so that it was difficult to avoid driving over them. Death had made them all alike; one could not tell the Frenchmen from the foreigners. The mud of the road was drenched in blood wherever they lay, and even the bodies themselves had become mud-stained in the convulsions of the death-agony. No one thought of burying them; they served as food for dogs and birds of prey, and the air one breathed was tainted by them. Desolation reigned everywhere, in the most hideous forms."

Near Châlons he announced to the peasants that peace was at hand.

"They listened in silence, and astonishment, and stupefaction," he writes again. "There was a change of expression on every face. It would be a mistake to attribute the effect of my words to any feeling of hostility to the name I had mentioned: there was no such feeling. But these poor folk understood no peace that was not made by Bonaparte, and with Bonaparte. They could not conceive of a real peace, made without him and against him. To them the name of Bourbon was simply incompatible with the idea of peace. I must confess that I was myself surprised, since I could not understand what had made these good people so cold."

What had made the good people so cold was neither more nor less than the name of "Bourbon," which to them meant persecution and misery. Those of them who had lived under the rule of the legitimate kings remembered the exactions to which they had been subjected, the injustices they had endured, the oppressions they had suffered at the hands of their *seigneur*, and the feudal dues they had been forced to pay. The Baron de Vitrolles did not think of that. He was himself one of the *seigneurs* to whom the privileges had belonged; his journey had been undertaken on behalf of these Bourbon princes from whom he was hoping to receive his reward. Whereas, in the eyes of the peasants, the Emperor was their protector. Under his despotic hand the equality of all citizens had been maintained; no privilege was recognised by law, and the taxes had affected all classes of society

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alike. As for the liberty they heard so much about, it mattered little to them. What could they do with it?

Wherever the prince went he smiled graciously and affably, and pressed the hand of everyone he met. He spoke quite affectionately, as though he felt himself united, after an absence, with relations he had much regretted.¹ Well, it was probably true enough that after so many years of exile he was glad to tread the soil of his native land. At Vesoul² he said very loudly to his visitors: "At last I have come back to my own country, which was always so dear to me! I hope never to leave it again." These words were false; for he had been the first to incite the nobles to leave their country and fight against her. The sentiment was all for show: it was not rooted in his heart. At that moment, with the Emperor still in France and close at hand, it behoved the Bourbons to make themselves popular. Their one aim was to create an effect; they made wild promises; their manners were free-and-easy, genial, and devoid of pride; their words were all very florid in style. The wandering prince would have been willing to act as lieutenant-general of the kingdom, to scatter proclamations, to play the master instead of courting the mob. He had a natural taste for adulation, and the necessity of yielding to the demands of the foreign sovereigns and remaining incognito was painful to him. He fell back upon another rôle, the rôle of a charming prince descending to the level of his people; feeding their vanity by his familiar condescension; encouraging them to approach him, touch him, question him; and lavishing the most alluring promises on those who withheld their support or who represented the village population. For the village people hardly looked at him. Who was he? No one had heralded him. It was only among the officials, who were accustomed to bending the knee, that he met with humble attitudes and flattery. At Châlons, when he was dining with de Vitrolles and his suite in a hotel, the

¹ In the brochure he published in the early days of the Restoration Chateaubriand gives an exaggerated portrait of his prince. "Monsieur, the Comte d'Artois," he writes, "whose character is so frank and loyal and French, is as much distinguished to-day, by his piety, gentleness, and goodness, as he was in his first youth by his dignified bearing and his royal charms."

² At Vesoul the Emperor of Austria, by way of marking the fact that his sympathies were once more with the Bourbons, sent the Comte d'Artois a hat decorated with a white cockade. Menneval, who records the circumstances, adds: "We have all heard the cold and cruel sarcasm of this prince (the Emperor of Austria) when he learnt in Bohemia of the reverse suffered by the French army in Spain, at the Battle of Vittoria: 'It appears that the heat agrees with my son-in-law no better than the cold.'"

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prefect, who had been unable to entertain him at his own house, would not be cheated out of standing behind the Comte d'Artois' chair, like a courtier at the old Court. After the manner of good officials he bowed down before the rising sun. At Meaux, in the inn where the little band of travellers was to spend the night, the prince received less attention than did the chiefs of the allied armies. Not a sound of sympathy nor welcome greeted his arrival in the town. To the owners of the hostelry he was merely a traveller like the rest, or even less important than the rest. He had no aides-de-camp, no plumed generals to do his behests.¹ In the eyes of these *bourgeois* his faithful companions, with the accent they had brought back after their long absence from France, seemed merely foreigners. He had been overjoyed to leave England with the title of lieutenant-general, which almost made him a king, the equal of the other princes; but he found that in their presence he was always treated as a private gentleman. He would have liked to feel independent of his brother, the King, the real King, who was still at Hartwell. He understood now that the King was missed, and that his presence would have given another colour to this journey that had become so commonplace. He tried to improve his position by a few felicitous phrases, suitable for repetition. When someone expressed surprise at seeing him without a guard, he answered: "Do I need a guard, when ever since leaving Vesoul I have been marching between two lines of white cockades?" From Meaux the Comte d'Artois went to the Comte Étienne de Damas' château at Livry, and here at last there was an outburst of enthusiasm such as had been lacking since the prince left Vesoul.

It was hardly possible that a province where the crushing exactions of the enemy had been accompanied by acts of unheard-of barbarity should feel much enthusiasm for the Bourbons. The villages and little towns were demoralised, and Beugnot, the prefect of Lille, who decamped from his department and went to Paris, declares in his Memoirs that wherever he went he met nothing but conscripts reeling with drink and shouting revolutionary songs at the top of their voices. The nobles were everywhere the objects of unbridled fury and hatred, and were blamed for all the misfortunes of France. The great town of Amiens, however, owing to the energy of the prefect, La Tour du Pin, and

¹ "No one had come from Paris to meet us at Meaux," writes de Vitrolles, "except Alisson de Chazet, formerly *valet-de-chambre* to the prince."

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the influence of his clever and charming wife, had become royalist. Nearer to Paris the scene was changed: isolated bands of old soldiers were sadly returning from the field of battle, weary and dispirited, and cursing their generals. Their miserable faces showed plainly enough what they were feeling; they were regretting their Emperor; they were ashamed of their defeat and of their leaders' treason, they said. Still nearer to Paris, in the plain of St. Denis, were several detachments of the enemy's troops, Cossacks who, in the open fields, were tearing down the stacks of corn and forage to feed their horses.¹ And everywhere the air was sickeningly tainted by the dead bodies of animals and of the heroic soldiers who had been left unburied in the ditches after every fight. Some of the passers-by had adorned their hats with white cockades. There were not very many of these as yet, but as soon as the Restoration was a matter of certainty they would be multiplied to infinity. On the other hand, Paris was being rapidly deserted by all those anxious, discouraged folk who were unwilling to forsake the Emperor, those who still hoped to see him retrieve his fortunes, and still admired his genius, his mighty will, and the great things he had done.

They fled, sickened by the recantations that filled the air, and

¹ De Gain-Montagnac, in his *Souvenirs*, describes the appearance of the outskirts of Paris in 1814 in these words: "When I had passed through Arpajon I saw in the distance, spread over the plains and everywhere else, immense camps of cavalry. Their number made it impossible for me to count them. On all sides the soldiers were bivouacking round the cornstacks, the rich produce of this fertile country, and most of these stacks were either wholly or partially pulled down to serve as litter for the horses and beds for the men. Degraded-looking Cossacks, armed with lances, were galloping about as though they were on the plains of Tartary. Every moment Russian or Prussian officers would pass along like lightning, on their way to or from Paris. Near Antony the cavalry camps were still larger. When I saw the fields of Sceaux again, where I had passed many peaceful hours, I was struck by more than one contrast. Tartars were trampling, too, upon the rose-fields of Fontenoy, as if the place belonged to them. All along the route the houses were deserted. On the one hand was plenty of movement of a sad, insistent kind; on the other were solitude and desolation. I drew near to the *Barrière d'Enfer*. Everyone was wearing a white handkerchief on his arm, and the foreign soldiers I met were wearing it too, in token of an alliance between them. I expected to find Paris greatly changed. Everyone was going and coming and attending to his business as usual. Near the Luxembourg there was neither more nor less traffic than is customary, and I saw no more foreign faces, and had it not been for the guard I had passed at the barrier I might have doubted whether Paris were really occupied. On approaching the Quay I began to meet soldiers of various nationalities. They were mingling peaceably with the Parisians. I perceived a few patrols of the National Guard. It was still impossible to tell that this was a town that had only been taken barely five days before. I crossed the *Place Vendôme*: a great white cloth entirely covered Bonaparte's statue. . . it looked like a solemn execution confirming the deposition.

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the carefully planned isolation in which the man was left who could no longer distribute honours and wealth. These fugitives were unimportant *bourgeois*, or even artisans, who had had no experience of the Emperor's favours, but whose patriotic hearts were grateful for the halo of glory he had given to their country. They fled because, among all the ambitious adulators of the princes who had been forgotten for twenty years, they dared not profess their Napoleonic faith.¹

II

On the morning arranged for the Comte d'Artois' entry into Paris the agitation of the intriguers, which grew more active day by day, had succeeded in drawing a fine number of people to the Comte de Damas' house at Livry. Not a man was missing from the companies of the National Guard summoned to escort the prince. Both the horse-guards and the foot-guards were complete. They were followed by the greater number of the high officials who were still in office, and of the rich members of society²; but not by the people, not by that great mass of workmen whom the last battles of the Emperor had electrified and reduced to a state of paralysis that was due, not to their want of will, but to their want of arms and ammunition. And after the first worshippers of the dawning day came several hundreds of old nobles, who had emerged from no one knew whence; officers who had fought in the American War and for the old monarchy, and had donned for the occasion their long-skirted coats with the projecting rapier, and cocked hats decorated with a large white cockade. They all wore short breeches and coloured stockings, and rode cart-horses that no quack, said the Duchesse d'Abrantès, would have harnessed to the carriage he hawked his medicines in. They waited outside the château, to cheer the prince as he came out. In the avenue and the courtyards tables were set, and kept constantly supplied with dishes and wine, even champagne. Meantime Mme. de Damas

¹ "Reaching from the Parisian barrier to Chartres was one immense procession of carriages of every kind. The southern part of Paris was quite deserted. It is impossible to form any idea of this sight without having seen it." (*Mémoires de Beugnot*, Vol. II., p. 5.).

² *Les Débats* mentions M. de Vandrenil, the Bailli de Crusol, the Duc de Laval, the Prince de Poix, and Mesdames de Damas, d'Avaray, and de Noailles.

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and her friend Mme. de Chatellux were cutting up endless pieces of white ribbon, with which to adorn the buttonholes of everyone present, especially of the National Guards. This was the origin of the Order of the *Lys*, which was greatly sought after at this time by those who possessed neither the Cross of the Legion of Honour nor that of St. Louis.

The new arrival was met at the barrier of Bondy,¹ at about two o'clock, by the members of the provisional government. It was the 12th April; and the sweetness of spring filled every heart with happy emotion. The crowd at Bondy was still greater than it had been at Livry. The old gentlemen had absolutely declined to leave the prince. They crowded round him, blessing him and embracing, not only his own knees, but his horse's chest—that magnificent white horse that an old *émigré* had brought him from a riding-school because there was not one left in the imperial stables. They clung to his person as though they were his shadow. He was forced to disperse them before the members of the provisional government could approach to congratulate the King's lieutenant.² When the whole ceremony was over a procession was formed, in the middle of which the high officials and foreign officers took up their position, with such of the aristocracy as were then in

¹ *Mémoires de la Comtesse de Boigne*, Vol. I., p. 399. It had occurred to the Comte d'Osmond, father of the young Comtesse de Boigne, to form a guard of honour for the Comte d'Artois' entry into Paris. "My brother was the first," she writes, "to go and give in his name to Charles de Noailles, whom my father had selected as the most suitable captain for him and his friends. Charles de Noailles was delighted at this, and could not have been more grateful. He and his daughter came to thank my father very affectionately. But by the next day war was in the camp. We were not yet emancipated, and already ambition and emulation were to the fore, and the intrigues of the courtiers agitating them greatly. It was Charles de Damas and his people who began it. However, in the end, they collected fifty young men who equipped themselves, armed themselves, and mounted themselves within four days, and were ready before Monsieur's entry. From that day forward the seigneurs of the old Court thought of nothing but the best means of improving their fortunes and securing their own advancement. . . ."

² The Comte d'Artois was obviously the King's lieutenant, but none the less his claim to this title was contested by the Senate, who did not wish to recognise the Bourbons as the reigning family before Louis, Comte de Provence, had accepted the Constitution drawn up by the Senators. This was the reason that the Senate sent no deputation to receive him. It was Talleyrand who addressed him in the name of the government, in a meaningless phrase that compromised no one. "Monseigneur," he said, "the happiness we feel to-day is beyond all expression, if Monsieur, with the celestial goodness that characterises his august House, will accept the homage of our reverent emotion and our respectful loyalty." Monsieur, says de Vitrolles (Vol. II. of his *Mémoires*), answered in suitable words. Ségur says of the occasion: "His words were really most appropriate to a son of Henri IV," and records them. "Yes, Messieurs, the blood of Henri IV flows in my veins. I would I had his talents, but I am quite certain I have his heart, and his love for the French nation."

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Paris; the Duc de Mortemart, for instance, and the Duc de Luxembourg, and MM. de Crillon, de Chabot, and de Labourdonnaye, most of whom wore the uniform of the imperial army. Among them were even some of Napoleon's marshals, of whom some came compulsorily and others on their own initiative. Kellermann, Serrurier, Moncey, Marmont, were all present—and Ney, whose face was convulsed with anger, and whose hands were perpetually clutching at the hilt of his sword spasmodically, as though he would have gladly cut the whole royalist crowd to pieces. The procession¹ passed through the suburbs of Saint-Martin and Saint-Denis, where the houses were few, and the staring spectators not very numerous. Such quarters as these, far from the heart of the capital, were inhabited by the people whose hands were black with labour, the people of the factory and the mill, who were not royalists. The people did not love the Bourbons.

As soon as the Comte d'Artois reached the great boulevards the demonstration became delirious. The windows overlooking his route were crowded with gaily-dressed women, waving white flags; the walls of the houses were covered with tapestry and garlands and white draperies, as on the Feast of Corpus Christi under the monarchy; the ground was strewn with flowers; and from all sides simultaneously rose the sound of the clapping of hands, and cries of welcome, and protestations of devotion to the royal cause. Those who were on foot near the prince crowded round his horse, and fought lustily for their places, as though they considered it a pleasure to be hustled and kicked and crushed by the crowd; which was increasing every moment. The Comte d'Artois bowed and smiled at this sea of courtiers and adorers. Ney, who was always

¹ The following, according to the journals of the time, was the order of the procession (de Vaulabelle). "A band playing the air of *Vive Henri IV*; a fairly large detachment of mounted National Guards, among whom M. de Chateaubriand was observed, and all of whom wore hats adorned with the white cockade and surmounted by a long white plume; several battalions of the national foot-guards, wearing the white cockade; then the Comte d'Artois and his escort forming a staff; after them a strong detachment of mounted National Guards, and then, at the rear of the procession, a large body of Cossack cavalry, who formed the real military escort of the prince, and whose presence constituted, with the mingling of the two cockades, the chief characteristic of the event and of the whole situation." The Comte d'Artois wore the *ordon bleu* with the Star of the Holy Ghost, and the Cross of St. Louis, and the Order of the Golden Fleece with the sash.

Mlle. de Chastenay writes in her *Mémoires*: "When *Monsieur* appeared at Saint-Denis as under the old régime, the fish-wives, in accordance with tradition, hastened to embrace him, and nothing could exceed their transports of delight at the familiar and charming kindness of his greeting."

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irascible and always exasperated by this kind of idolatry, cried : "The thing is past comprehension. Here is a man who has fallen from the sky, a man who only yesterday was a stranger to them, and they are in a fever about him already!"¹

They proceeded to Notre Dame, where the Chapter was to present the holy water and intone the *Salvum fac regem* in the absence of Cardinal Maury, who was considered to have compromised himself too seriously in the eyes of the "very Christian" Bourbons.² From Notre Dame the crowd led the way to the Tuileries, where the Comte d'Artois was to take up his abode. As he entered the palace an immense white flag was hoisted over the central pavilion. On taking possession of this building, where the Empress Marie Louise and her Court had been living only a fortnight before, the descendant of the legitimate kings could not hide his admiration for the beautiful rooms and luxurious furniture; but it was with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in reaching the salons of the ground floor, where he was to receive the homage of the Parisians. For many hours past these rooms had been invaded by a crowd of generals, and officials, and men craving for a glance, only one glance, from the individual who was now the source of all favours; and indeed by women as well, who came to see what they thought of this man, of whom, during the past few days, they had been hearing so many things—tales of his good fortune with the fair sex in his youth, and glowing accounts of his personal charms and attractions, his gracious, courteous manners, his fluent speech and flatteries, all the polish, in short, that he had acquired at the Court of Versailles. In this first emotional hour all were agreed in thinking the prince agreeable, personable, and

¹ De Vitrolles : *Mémoires*, (Vol. I., p. 408). Although he must be suspected of exaggeration we must quote him none the less. "Words fail one to describe the manifestations of the universal feeling. The transports of the spectators' hearts were shown on their faces, in their gestures, in their tears. The feeling was so great that many a one will die without experiencing anything to equal it, and centuries will pass before such a thing is seen again. Men, and still more women, broke through the line that marked our route. They precipitated themselves on the prince's person, embracing his knees and his boots; and those who could not reach him covered his horse with caresses. It is positively known that three or four people paid with their lives for their emotions, which were too much for their physical strength."

² The Abbé d'Astros, Vicar-General, being absent, it was the Abbé Lamyre-Mori who received the prince. The latter replied to the words of the Abbé: "The King will only be happy when his people are happy." He was then led into the sanctuary, under a canopy carried by four canons. The canopy was adorned with white embroidery. The prince remained on his knees for more than a quarter of an hour. He then received the incense standing. After the *Salvum fac regem* tears were seen to be streaming from his eyes.

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full of charm. He had preserved the slenderness of youth, and his face was attractive despite the wrinkles of age and the whiteness of his hair; and in the uniform of the National Guard, which he had worn since passing through Nancy, his easy bearing and kindly manners were especially engaging. A certain phrase was passed from mouth to mouth, a phrase of which he had *not* made use at Bondy, though Beugnot, its inventor, had fathered it upon him. "He saw no changes in France," ran the phrase, "save that there was one Frenchman the more—himself." This was a most fortunate saying: everyone hastened to repeat it: it has passed into a legend.

Several important private houses were illuminated that night, and the theatres announced *La Partie de Chasse de Henri IV*, in the course of which not a single allusion to the existing state of things was allowed to pass by the pit without an outburst of cheering. The Parisians welcomed these free entertainments as they always do welcome any change that gratifies their love of noise and pleasure: they took part in the rejoicings as though, for the future, their lives were to be all happiness and prosperity. The stream of visitors continued for several days to flow through the salons of the Tuileries. No one was turned away from the door: but neither could anyone enter without struggling through the crowd that was already there. Once in that crowd, it was impossible to advance or retreat.

In the meantime the Duc d'Angoulême, who left England in January, reached Saint-Jean-de-Luz a week or two later; and on the 2nd February following, being protected by the English troops of the Duke of Wellington, who was in the field against Soult, he issued a proclamation to the French army and had it distributed as widely as was possible.

He said: "I have come; I am in France! I have come to break your fetters; I have come to unfurl the white flag, the spotless flag that your fathers followed with such rapture. Rally round it, heroes of France! Let us all march together to the overthrow of tyranny. Soldiers! my hope will not be vain; I am the son of your kings, and you are Frenchmen!"

This document, which bore the signature of the Duc d'Angoulême, came into the hands of Soult. This name *Bourbon* was unknown to him. It was such a long time now since the royal family, and especially the sons of the Comte d'Artois, had been mentioned in France! Their names had not once appeared in any

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official document while all the dazzling scenes of the imperial drama were being enacted. In a marshal's eyes these princes were less important than any general who had fought under Napoleon. It was a Bourbon, was it, who had signed this proclamation? Soult thought his English adversary was trying, by a subterfuge, to discourage the old veterans who were faithful to their glorious chief; and his answer was an address to his army, expressing the most ferocious hatred for traitors who could stoop to preach sedition, and tell lies about it to boot.

"Implacable hatred," he proclaimed, "both for traitors and for the enemies of the name of France! War to the death for all who shall attempt to make divisions among us, for our destruction! Let us remember the prodigious efforts of our *great Emperor*, and his remarkable victories; let us always be worthy of him; let us be true Frenchmen, and die weapon in hand rather than live to our dishonour! 8th March, 1814."

Wellington, who felt that this violent attack was directed against himself, would no longer allow the prince to shelter himself behind the English while agitating in the interests of his dynasty.¹ The allied sovereigns were still negotiating with Napoleon at Châtillon, and his duty as a general required him to remain neutral. The Bourbon prince, finding his royalist effusions checked and himself reduced to the position of a spectator, was meditating a return to exile, when Bordeaux, in its desire to open its harbours to trading vessels—for in this town money was more important than glory—offered to surrender to the English. Wellington at first declined the suggestion. The pressure of the royalist faction, however, decided the English general to send a contingent of fifteen thousand men under Lord Beresford to occupy the town in the name of the King of England. This event altered the Duc d'Angoulême's intentions. Instead of returning to his uncle at Hartwell he penetrated further into France, following Beresford's army step by step. Forty young men, all idle and rich, formed themselves into a mounted guard of honour, and started out to meet him; and the prince, preceded by his youthful

¹ Wellington wrote to the authorities in England at this time (Lamartine's *Histoire de la Restauration*, Vol. II., p. 220):—"Twenty years have passed since the princes of the house of Bourbon left France. They are more unknown in France than the princes of any other royal house in Europe. It is no doubt necessary for the peace of the world that Europe should expel Bonaparte, but it matters little whether he be replaced by a prince of the House of Bourbon, or by a prince of any other kingly house."

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escort and surrounded by English soldiers, entered the town and installed himself in the royal palace. Here he received all who cared to come, among whom there were many belonging to the commercial and upper classes, but only a few of the people. The nameless crowd, the mass of the people, remained in the streets, and were somewhat lukewarm and indifferent. They cried half-heartedly: *Vive le roi, Vivent les Bourbons*. The prince answered: "No more conscription, no more war, no more *droits réunis*; but liberty!" whereupon the reserve that had been so noticeable yielded to the wildest and most enthusiastic cheers. "No more conscription, no more *droits réunis*," they cried untiringly. The officials who were still faithful to the Empire had retired to Libourne, and had been at once replaced by the prince, who entrusted the administration of the department to the lawyer Lainé, and retained the traitor Lynch as mayor. On receiving the Duc d'Angoulême outside the gates of the town he had torn the insignia of the Legion of Honour from his breast and replaced them by the white cockade. This was on the 12th March, 1814.

Wellington gained nothing by the surrender of Bordeaux and the treachery of its Mayor. The peace was signed, and Soult was still opposing his advance beyond the upper Garonne. Moreover, the surrounding country was not following the example of Bordeaux. Notwithstanding the long sojourn of Henry IV's descendant in the southern provinces of France, there were only two little towns, Roquefort and Bazas, in whose streets, as he passed through them, some feeble cries of *Vive le roi* were raised.

De Vaulabelle, in his history, makes an observation that is justified by the facts. This Insurrection of the South that was made so much of by the royalists had after all, he says, none but these trifling consequences. The legend was very different from the history. It was amplified, partly by the exaggerations natural to the southern character, which is always apt to magnify the importance of any event, and still more by the agency of the Bourbons, who were interested, for the sake of their own reputation, in spreading a belief that the entire south of France had risen as one man to support them, and that they had been in no way beholden for their restoration to foreign arms.

As for the Duc de Berry he was vainly waiting in the English Channel Islands a summons from the royalists to the coast of Normandy. He remained in Jersey for three months, and only

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landed in France after the fall of Napoleon and the arrival of the King, his uncle, in Paris. To excuse his inertia his partisans declared that he was obliged to stay in his island to avoid the trap laid for him by the imperial police, who were watching for his arrival. They wished to seize his person, it was said, and use him as a hostage.

CHAPTER IV

ROYALIST FEELING IN PARIS

How far Paris was really royalist in sentiment before the Comte d'Artois—or *Monsieur* as he was called—was installed in the Tuileries, is open to doubt.

The crowd's enthusiastic welcome of the King's representative on the day of his solemn entry gave an impression of genuine royalist feeling; but, notwithstanding these noisy demonstrations, it is certain that the capital had only accepted the Bourbons on compulsion. There were no royalists in France except the aristocracy of birth and the aristocracy of wealth. Among the townsfolk and the peasants Napoleon was still revered and idolised. It was the salons of Paris, and more especially the fashionable, idle young men and women, who, with no support beyond that of a few intriguers, precipitated the fall of the Empire, set aside the regency of Marie Louise, and persuaded the allied sovereigns to recognise Louis XVIII. The nation was simply taken by surprise.

And when Monsieur, the King's lieutenant-general, appeared at the Tuileries, this state of amazement became permanent. Every eye in Paris was fixed upon this prince of the royal house, who eclipsed the most illustrious men of the Empire, and brought with him all the prestige of birth and all the charms of high estate. Such of the aristocracy as had given their allegiance to Napoleon, and the officials and nobles of the Empire, all of whom feared the effect of a change of government upon their own fortunes, professed the most ardent zeal for the King's cause. Shopkeepers whose trade was gone, capitalists who mourned the decrease of their capital, factory-hands who were out of work, all the idle loafers who modelled their lives on the conduct of the upper classes—in a word, the whole population of Paris, who had been half delirious ever since the Moscow disaster, and found their fears and their

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hopes equally agitating, were easily persuaded that the royal family was an improvement on the Empire. So Paris became royalist till further orders. De Vitrolles' policy had been shrewd. To establish the legitimate Monarchy firmly the presence of a Bourbon in Paris was necessary—and he had brought one thither, despite all the obstacles created by the allied sovereigns, who would not have rejected a regency, nor even Bernadotte, Crown Prince of Sweden.

Of all the intriguers who worked for this restoration, the most active and important was Talleyrand. He had been set aside by Napoleon, who had doubts of his devotion and discretion, and even suspected him of treason; and Talleyrand, actuated partly by resentment and partly by weariness of the oblivion in which he had been living for some years, made his malevolent influence felt at the fatal moment when the great soldier's power was tottering. He was not alone in this enterprise. He found accomplices and supporters among those who were as ambitious and greedy as himself, and as eager to make their intrigues and ostentatious services a means of securing fresh honours and riches, by creating claims on the gratitude of the Bourbons. Among them were Dalberg and the Abbé de Pradt and the Abbé Louis, and all the men whose pride or fortunes had been injured by the Emperor; men of letters like Chateaubriand, the Bertins, and Michaud; and, finally, the ardent royalists, who had not dared to show their faces while Napoleon was in power, but attacked him riotously and pelted him with insults and calumnies, now that he was trodden underfoot by all the armies of Europe.

And how was it, one may ask, that the police did nothing to rid the capital of all these domestic foes? There is no doubt that the police failed in their duty. They disobeyed Napoleon's urgent injunctions. He wrote from the field of battle to Savary, Duc de Rovigo, one of his ministers, to expel Talleyrand from Paris, and prevent him from joining forces with the royalists, or with the malcontents and adventurers from the dregs of society who always spring into prominence in moments of political crisis. Rovigo disobeyed his master's orders. He dared not take any precautionary steps against Talleyrand, who was as stealthy and crafty in his methods as a serpent. He was afraid; or it may be that he was hypnotised by the insidious suggestions of this man, whose reputation for ability and diplomacy had suffered no eclipse; who was skilful in hiding his baseness and perfidy and hatred, and

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knew well how to inspire respectful confidence by his unctuous, persuasive ways. If Talleyrand was not arrested, if Talleyrand did not follow Marie Louise to Blois, it was the Duc de Rovigo who must bear the blame. But, for the fact that Rovigo was Minister of Police during this fearful crisis through which the Empire was passing, it is the Emperor whom we must hold responsible. He should have known him, surely; and known him to be incapable of initiative, a man of hesitations and fears, of feeble will and credulous mind. His courage and devotion were incontestable, it is true; but his courage was that of a private soldier. He was firm in the face of danger, that is to say, and obedient and submissive, but nothing more: he had no moral enterprise.

Talleyrand cajoled the duke in the hope of ruining him. He succeeded in making Napoleon's courtier uncomfortable, by explaining to him that the royalists were strong, and were threatening the stability of the Empire more than ever; that the Bourbons would succeed Napoleon, and would remember the services that the duke's persistent good-will would have rendered them. It was best to let things take their own course, in whatever direction were ordained by fate. If Napoleon were to return in triumph, despite all the dangers that were threatening his power, he would be grateful to Rovigo for his generosity towards the royalists, who would only have been exasperated by undue severity. If, on the other hand, Napoleon were to fall, these same royalists would reward the duke for shutting his eyes to certain things from which they had derived advantage. The Duc de Bassano said of Savary: "He was a great dupe." He was not such a dupe as he was thought to be; he was duped with his eyes open, because he was unnerved by the ominous sounds of cracking that he heard in the roof over his head; he was duped because he had not the courage to be resolute, or to reject the advice of men who showed one face to the imperialists and another to the royalists. If the Emperor had been at Savary's side he would have forced him into action, as on the occasion of the Duc d'Enghien's execution. Savary would have listened to nothing but the voice of his imperious master, and would have cared little for the consequences of his action. His devotion was great enough to overpower his own conscience. But in the Emperor's absence Savary no longer felt his ascendancy: it was the ascendancy of Talleyrand that won the day.

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Moreover the duke had been in office too long; and this is the explanation of his unworthy conduct. When a man becomes part of the machinery of government, whether as Minister of Police, or as a head clerk under the orders of his superior, he gradually grows weaker and weaker. His will-power is no longer what it was. The place he has earned is precious in his eyes, and he yields to any one who speaks authoritatively.¹ Any man less demoralised than Savary would have seen at once that it was his duty to remove from Paris, at all costs, the intriguers who were secretly agitating there; and to make himself feared by every man who was a menace to the established order of things. The imperial power would then have been preserved intact, and Napoleon's son would not have been replaced by rulers whose only subjects hitherto had been the *émigrés*, and who, in their ignorance of modern France, subjected her to fifteen years of futile unrest before they were finally exiled in 1830.

La Valette, in his memoirs, makes a clear statement of the unhappy consequences of Rovigo's weakness. He accuses him roundly of causing Napoleon's fall. This is what he says:—"After the affair of Montereau the Emperor gave orders in writing to Rovigo to remove Talleyrand from Paris, and expressly insisted that he should be cut off from all communication with his friends in the capital. I was in Rovigo's room at the time he opened the despatch; he was in despair. 'What is the Emperor thinking of?' he cried. 'Have I not enough to do to keep all the royalists in France quiet? Does he want to saddle me with the Faubourg

¹ De Rovigo's *Mémoires*, Vol. VI., p. 347. In the following passage he professes to have discovered that Talleyrand was plotting, yet he took no measures against him. "I was anxious about this (about Talleyrand's possible plots, that is to say) when it occurred to me one day, when I went out riding, to pass by the prince's house. I saw the carriage of the Archbishop of Malines at the door. I had seen it from a considerable distance. I thought they must be conferring together about something; and, being determined to make sure, I left my horse in the street instead of having the gate opened for me, and walked quickly into the house. The porter, who recognised me, dared not stop me. I mounted the stairs slowly and reached M. de Talleyrand's private study without meeting a soul in the antechamber. He was closeted with the archbishop. I entered so abruptly that I produced the same effect on them as if I had made my appearance through the window. Their conversation, which was animated, stopped instantly; both of them seeming suddenly to have lost the power of speech. The archbishop was the more disconcerted of the two. I guessed the subject of their discussion from their discomposure, and could not refrain from saying to them: 'This time you need not try to defend yourselves. I have caught you plotting.' I had guessed rightly; they began to laugh, and tried to put me off the scent. But it was in vain that I begged them to go on with their conversation: they could not pick up the thread. I went away convinced that they were hatching some plot, without exactly knowing the object of it."

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Saint-Germain as well? It is Talleyrand who keeps it quiet and prevents the people from doing silly things. I shall not carry out that order, and later on the Emperor will be grateful to me.' Nevertheless it would have been a wise measure," adds La Valette. "The royalists would have been left without a leader, and the enemy without guidance or encouragement. Possibly the latter would not have risked that march on Paris that was so fatal to the Emperor. Marmont would not have signed the armistice of the 30th March; and the twelve hours that Napoleon needed, to reach the capital, would not have been wanting."

Henry Houssaye, in his volume on the year 1814, declares that Savary was not only a dupe, but was also incapable and ignorant of the most essential things for the preservation of the imperial power. "There was a touch of the simpleton," he says (p. 444), "in this clever man. Rovigo was incapable of foreseeing anything, or of seeing anything; of preventing anything or stopping anything." He then gives a list of measures carried out by the royalists and never discovered by this Minister of Police. I do not agree with him. It is impossible to accuse Savary of such incapacity. A Minister of Police has so many ways and methods of obtaining information, that he should have been aware of all the intrigues set on foot by the ambitious royalists. If this eminent writer's assertion be true, one can only suppose that the entire body of police, led by Savary, had covered their eyes to make sure of seeing nothing. Towards all the royalists, as towards Talleyrand, he was patient, discreet, and unaggressive, because he feared the results of any attack upon them. What would the Emperor say if these ambitious schemers were suddenly to unmask and make disturbances in Paris? Surely it would be better to soothe them into a sense of security, as Talleyrand had been soothed. All this secret agitation, this running backwards and forwards, these drawing-room conclaves, this whole wave of revolt, would subside if the Emperor were victorious. Such must have been Rovigo's line of argument.

He was, moreover, no less than the great dignitaries and officials of the Empire, filled with a keen desire for rest, for an opportunity of enjoying his honours and wealth. He dared not refuse to serve the Emperor, but he longed for his subjection to come to an end, longed to live at liberty under some other government, like a duke of the monarchy, on the money he had earned. He was found playing billiards with Réal on the eve of the capitulation of Paris.

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It was hardly a good moment to choose. And when he left Paris two days after the young Empress—so lately the last vanishing ghost of the Empire—in a berline surrounded by twenty picked gendarmes, it was his desire for safety rather than his loyalty that led him to Blois.

He had as his subordinates, too, a couple of officials who were no wiser than himself. One of them, Pasquier, the Prefect of Police, was related to the old parliamentary families of the monarchy, who were nearly all royalists; and he had a sharp, sneering, peevish nature, as was plainly indicated by his feline countenance and square chin. The other, M. de Chabrol, Prefect of Paris, was an official of the most rigid type, who was upset by the least emergency, and filled with anticipations of the direst disasters by every police report he received, even though it were written, as he well knew, by the lowest kind of agent. Such were the guardians of Paris on the eve of a royalist revolution.

These being the officials he had to deal with, Talleyrand felt perfectly safe. Napoleon's absence from Paris enabled him to indulge, quite freely and almost quite openly, in all the intrigues likely to restore him to his lost position of pre-eminence in the State. Should he favour a regency, he wondered, or the return of the Bourbons? It was of the Bourbons that he thought first. His memories of his youth, and his early connection with the Court life of Versailles, combined with the influences of his parentage to make him regret the past, as everyone who has experienced a change of condition regrets it sooner or later. The past began to assume great value in his eyes. All that he wanted was a pardon from the head of the House of Bourbon, and forgetfulness for his mistakes. Might he not secure these boons by holding out hopes to the exile of Hartwell of a possible return to a repentant country which should summon him to the throne of his ancestors? He despatched Mlle. Aimée de Coigny to London. At one time she had been the Duchesse de Fleury; then, after a divorce, the wife of Montrond; and in consequence of a second scandal had become simple Aimée de Coigny again, whom André Chénier's love had once distinguished. She was deputed to explain to her grandfather, the old Marshal de Coigny, who was still in exile in London, the propositions of the arch-intriguer, and it would depend upon the answer of Louis XVIII whether Talleyrand should become converted to the cause of the legitimate monarchy, or should

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oppose it. "I will accept anything, if my throne be restored to me," was the answer of the expectant King.

From that day forward the effort of the crafty diplomatist contributed greatly to the restoration of Louis XVIII.

He was, moreover, being incited to action by the other intriguers whom we have already mentioned; the Duc de Dalberg, the Abbé de Pradt, the Abbé Louis—Baron Louis, as the historians prefer to call him.

The Abbé de Pradt¹ was the most zealous, the most uncompromising royalist of them all; though he had once been an ardent admirer of the Emperor, who had made him Archbishop of Malines and ambassador to the Court of Poland. The consequences of his embassy had brought him into disfavour at the very moment when Napoleon's fortunes began to decline, and a writ being issued against him he was forced to remain in his diocese, where he was impatiently waiting to be set at liberty. The disasters by which the Empire was so soon overwhelmed gave him his opportunity. In his seclusion he had been feeding his resentment by reading the English journals, with which he was supplied by the custom-house officers; and in these somewhat acrimonious columns he was able to read a perfectly frank account of all the events that were revolutionising Europe. Was it possible, he asked himself, to stay at Malines while the fate of France was being decided at Paris? He had already been concerned in the affairs of Spain, and had, in accordance with Napoleon's wishes, brought about the fall of the Bourbon dynasty in that country. He had also been the official exponent of the imperial policy in Poland; and it seemed to him, in his vanity, that it behoved him in the present crisis to declare definitely for or against the Empire.

He published several brochures to explain his reasons for leaving Malines. At that time, he wrote, after the disasters of Moscow, and Dresden, and Leipsic, the remnants of our vanquished armies were to be met on all the high-roads of Europe. Our exhausted, dying soldiers were forced to seek shelter in the hospitals, which

¹ The Abbé de Montgaillard, in the first volume of his history, gives us these notes on de Pradt—"De Pradt was descended from a peasant called Dufour, who belonged to the little town of Allanche in the Anvergne. To this peasant the *cure* of the place left, when he died, a property called Prades, which became Pradt. . . . Duroc brought the Abbé de Pradt to the notice of the First Consul, and from that moment he received every possible favour from Napoleon. When the Emperor fell he became of no account to de Pradt, who nicknamed him *Jupiter-Scapin*. He declared that Napoleon had said: 'If one man were gone (meaning de Pradt) I should be master of the world.'"

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they infected with typhus; and the greater number of them died. Wellington was approaching Bayonne; Holland was shaking off the yoke of France; the allied armies were advancing, by forced marches, upon the Rhine, and were about to cross it unopposed. France was left without an army; for all her troops were occupied elsewhere, from Hamburg to Corfu.

Napoleon had rejected the terms proposed by the enemy after the Battle of Dresden, and also those offered at Frankfort; and de Pradt was indignant at this obstinacy, which he attributed to inordinate ambition. He would have liked to see, in the columns of the *Moniteur*, a few reassuring words as to the future. Instead of finding any comfort of this kind he read one day—it was after the Battle of Dresden—that the King of Rome had taken his usual walk on the terrace of the Tuileries. “Then,” he says, “my irritation could no longer be restrained. My countrymen were being insulted; all their labours and their life-blood were being paid for with mockery and outrage. I saw my country being horribly maltreated in the present, and doomed in the future to suffer every kind of disaster that the whims or personal needs of one man could bring to pass. I heard, in the depths of my heart, the voice that tells every man that he is not the property of any other man, but that there are rights and duties existing on both sides. Napoleon, now that he had ceased to act as the head of the nation and had begun to use it for his own ends, seemed to have abdicated, to have altogether broken his contract with us, to have ignored the meaning of the 18th Brumaire. He was given the first place in France to heal the country’s wounds, not to aggravate them.¹ From that moment it was obvious to me that we must choose between his downfall and our own. From that moment I

¹ All these rhetorical phrases were the merest exaggeration. The answer to these allegations, which was much simpler, is to be found in the *Journal des Débats* for January 4th, 1814, that paper being still imperialist at the time. “The Powers,” we read, “are not making war on France, they say, but on Napoleon’s ascendancy outside the limits of his Empire. We would ask the Allies if it be not to their imprudent attacks that the French Empire owes this ascendancy. Ever since the famous epoch of the Treaty of Pilnitz have they not, one after the other, forced us to fight them and defeat them? In 1796 France, as the mistress of the Rhine and the Alps, and the ruler of Holland and the Milanese, was already a dominant power on the Continent; and her ascendancy, the result of the first coalition, was recognized and sanctioned by the Treaties of Basle and Campo-Formio. No doubt the Emperor increased it, and every fresh war strengthened it. But who provoked these wars? Those who, in 1804, 1806, and 1809, broke the Treaties and attacked France, at that time occupied in fighting the ascendancy of England. The Allied Powers should keep faith! Always aggressive and always defeated, they have brought about the miserable state of

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declared for his deposition with all the energy that was in me, and I firmly resolved to work for the destruction of a power which had taken its rise among the laurels, but must finally end in the mud."

These being his sentiments, he arrived in Paris in the morning of January 24th, 1814. Stocks were daily going down; the funds in the bank were diminishing; the financial crisis was making the crisis in trade more acute. De Pradt lost no time in visiting Talleyrand and the Duc de Dalberg, with whom he had formerly been well acquainted. The three men were in close sympathy: they were all irritated with the Emperor and profoundly hostile towards him, for different reasons. They determined to oppose, nay to overthrow, his hateful omnipotence. The desire was universal, they declared. "Without any explanation, without even attempting any," adds the Abbé de Pradt further on, "everyone was agreed on that initial point; one glance of understanding was enough. There was a nameless, undefinable breath of conspiracy pervading the whole town. When things have reached that point they are far advanced and not easily suppressed; and it is always the case in conspiracies like this, conspiracies prompted by the wish of the nation, that the secret shared by all is the most sacredly guarded. Everyone talks, but no one is treacherous, no one is indiscreet. It was assuredly many years since anyone had been tempted to make light of Napoleon's power. A man thought himself very lucky to escape the Emperor's eye, or to be forgotten by him. At this period the fear of him had not grown less, but possibly greater; and on every side the most dangerous discussions and indiscretions were indulged in, without any attempt at restraint. 'This cannot possibly last—the tension is too great—there will soon be a change.' Such were the words most commonly heard in Paris."

The Duc de Dalberg was no less hostile. He was a German by birth, and notwithstanding the honours and riches lavished upon him by Napoleon—an income of two hundred thousand francs and the title of duke—he was still a German in thought and feeling. He had been educated in the universities of his own country, and had very worthily and intelligently represented the interests of the Grand Duke of Baden in Paris. Napoleon had made use of his intelligence, which was great, and also of his knowledge of Ger-

things that they now wish to represent as the unhappy result of French ascendancy."

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many, in connection with the demands of the numerous families who had suffered from the French victories. Germany, for many reasons, was still the object of Dalberg's strongest attachment. France was only the land of his adoption, though he filled the office of Councillor of State in that country. His true fatherland was the country where he had left his kindred and all the memories of his youth. The incessant marching of our troops through the land of his youth, the sufferings that resulted from it, the victories of Napoleon, the consequent loss of prestige to the time-honoured States of Germany, had filled him with chagrin. He gave expression to his grief in a brochure, which was published at the beginning of the century, and suggested that Europe should combine in a general attack upon France, and, having crushed her, should restore the various continental States to their former condition. It was not so strange a coincidence as it may appear that the views expressed in this brochure were similar to those that prevailed in 1814. Dalberg, then, derived the keenest pleasure from Napoleon's defeats. He deserted his benefactor, and gave all his attention to the undoing of that formidable power that held Germany in a state of vassalage. He and Talleyrand understood each other at once; and their reinforcement by the Abbé de Pradt merely gave a fresh impulse to the resolution they had already formed.

As for the Abbé Louis—Baron Louis—he had long been on intimate terms with the Prince de Bénévent. The priestly office they both held drew them together, inspired them with the same hostilities, and prompted them to the same treasons; for the Abbé Louis had also received favours from the Emperor. Like Dalberg he had been appointed a Councillor of State in 1811, and he was also solicitor to the public Treasury.¹

Talleyrand would have accepted a Regency. He saw a great rôle for himself in those conditions, and could easily make sure of playing it. Under a Regent he would be Prime Minister, as

¹ It was in his capacity as an official of the Public Treasury, that he said to the Legislative Body, when laying before them a bill dealing with the sale of property belonging to the communes: "If anything could add to the nation's gratitude to the *Restorer of Monarchy* would it not be the unvarying carefulness and strict economy, which he brings to bear on the smallest details of administration. . . . If a contemporary of the Médicis or of Louis XIV were to return to earth, and, seeing so many wonderful things were to ask how many glorious reigns, and how many centuries of peace it had taken to produce them, you would answer that it had only required twelve years of war and one man." It was on the 11th March, 1813, just a year before the Allies' entry into Paris, as de Vaulabelle points out, that M. Louis used these words.

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Mazarin and Richelieu had been. But, unfortunately, while Napoleon lived that semi-royal position could only be ephemeral. Napoleon could never remain inactive. His death was imperative. Who would undertake the abominable murder?¹

Among the people with whom Talleyrand was often in contact was a creature of his own named Roux-Laborie, whom he had once employed in the department of Foreign Affairs. This man knew a certain Comte de Maubreuil, Marquis d'Orvault, who was very deeply in debt, and compromised in several discreditable affairs: the kind of adventurer who is glad to undertake a crime in the hope of recuperating his lost fortunes. Maubreuil had filled an honourable post at King Jerome's Court in Westphalia; but his vices had lost it for him. His past connection with the family of Napoleon disturbed his conscience very little, apparently, for he accepted the infamous task offered to him by Roux-Laborie. He was promised an income of two hundred thousand francs, with the title of duke and other favours; and the prospect put an end to any hesitation he may have felt. And Talleyrand—according to the depositions taken in the course of the trial instituted later on against this degraded nobleman—had not refused to give his open sanction to this enterprise of trapping the Emperor and assassinating him. As he passed through the room where Maubreuil was awaiting him he smiled, and made the movement that had been agreed upon as the sign of his approval.² The enterprise came to nothing, however. Maubreuil—quailing, it may

¹ De Rovigo in his *Mémoires* (Vol. VI., p. 352) says in a note: "I was told by some one who had heard them that the following words were spoken in the Princess Elisa's drawing-room before the occupation of Paris: "Madame, there is but one way of saving you, and that is to kill the Emperor without delay."

² Extract from de Vaulabelle's *Histoire de la Restauration*, Vol. II., p. 22. "The princess travelled in very short stages. It was not till the 21st April 1814, at about 7 o'clock in the morning, that her carriages appeared on the road. Maubreuil, at the head of his horsemen, stopped the carriage of the ex-Queen, and obliged her to get out and enter a sort of stable, whither all the boxes with which the carriages were loaded were eventually carried. There were eleven of them, of which one contained forty thousand francs in gold, destined for the expenses of the journey. A second held the princess's jewels and those of her husband. . . . Nine cases were handed over the next day to M. de Vanteaux, who had for some days borne the title of Inspector of the Movable Property of the Crown. Maubreuil took the two others to the most unfrequented room of an obscure lodging-house in Versailles, and they were only returned three days later, nearly empty. . . . The diamonds had entirely disappeared." And de Vaulabelle gives the following note: "Maubreuil put the keys into the right-hand pocket of his breeches. While waiting for the second detachment of troops, for which he had asked at Montreuil he sat down to breakfast, with Dasies, in a room on the ground floor of the inn. The Princess refused to enter,

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be, before the enormity of the crime he had undertaken—contented himself with highway robbery. He stole the diamonds and money which the unfortunate Queen Catherine, the wife of King Jerome, was carrying away with her into exile.

II

Events followed one another in rapid succession. Napoleon, in spite of the heroism of his conscripts and his veterans, was outflanked by the armies of the invaders. Every day they drew nearer the capital, and the great city was beginning to yield to panic. The *noblesse*, however, in their social gatherings, assumed a pose of calmness which was far from being an expression of their real feelings. Many people hid their valuable possessions in secret holes and corners; and the inhabitants of the suburbs, disturbed by the inertia of the government, were growing feverishly restless. Paris had no defences but a very limited body of troops, a few

and remained in the yard, whither a woman carried a chair for her to sit on. Between nine and ten o'clock, in the course of this meal, a lieutenant arrived from Montereau with twelve men, Mamelukes and chasseurs. These soldiers were told that the princess had just been arrested because she was taking away the Crown diamonds. Four sentries were posted outside the inn, to prevent travellers from approaching. . . . The Princess then said to Maubreuil, whom she recognised as one of her former equerries: 'When a man has eaten a person's bread he does not usually undertake a mission like this: what you are doing is abominable.'—'I am merely acting by the King's orders,' answered Maubreuil; 'speak to the Commissary; I will do whatever he orders.' She then addressed Dasies. . . . 'Do you take us for thieves?' answered Dasies: 'I will show you that we have orders. All these cases must go.' . . . 'Is it possible,' cried the princess 'that you mean to take my jewels and money like this, and leave me helpless on the road with my whole suite?' Her eyes filled with tears. She asked for a word with Maubreuil, and begged him to give back her money, even if he took her jewels. 'Madame,' he answered, 'I am merely the agent of the government. I must take your cases to Paris as they stand. All I can do for you is to give you my belt: it contains a hundred gold napoleons.' In accordance with the advice of the Count von Furstenstein, who was with her, the princess accepted this offer. At the next posting house, when Furstenstein counted the coins, he found only forty-four. . . . The *patache* drove rapidly away. At mid-day the princess was made to get into her carriage and despatched willy-nilly to Villeneuve-la-Guyare, escorted by two chasseurs. After her departure Maubreuil enjoined upon the postmaster at Fossard to supply no one with horses for three hours after he—Maubreuil—had gone away. He and Dasies then left the village in their carriage and rejoined the *patache* on the road."

(Extract from the *Conclusions* read before the Royal Court of Douai by the Solicitor General Maurice in the Maubreuil lawsuit, Dec. 19th and 20th, 1817.)

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regiments of national guards from which workmen were excluded. The latter, therefore, descended upon the wealthy quarters of the town, dressed in ragged clothes and crying: "Down with the nobles! Arms! Give us arms!" The most alarming rumours were rife, owing to the publication, in certain papers, of letters written from the invaded districts, describing endless murders, robberies, and fires.¹ It is true that the story of these horrors was followed

¹ In the *Journal des Débats* for Jan., 1814, we may read the following. "As soon as his troops arrive at any place the officer in command of the enemy makes a fine proclamation on the subject of respecting the inhabitants and their property. But the pillage is over before the proclamation is published. Money, provisions, horses, cattle, wine, poultry—in the twinkling of an eye all is gone. In the countries through which the enemy has passed there is not a horse, nor a bullock, nor a sheep to be found. They may be said to pillage radically. And when there is nothing left to take from the inhabitants they seem desirous of taking the inhabitants themselves. Russian agents are busy everywhere making lists of locksmiths, carpenters, and all kinds of artisans, and they say quite openly that it is with the intention of carrying them off into the depths of Russia."

From Châlons-sur-Marne, Jan. 15th: "Yes, let us believe the Cossacks; they have come to bring us money, science, and art. Meanwhile they have pillaged Bourg and Lons-le-Saulnier; they have assaulted women in the streets at mid-day. Bourg behaved well, but Mâcon was poor spirited enough to yield to eighteen horsemen."

From Chagny, Jan. 16th: "Châlons is making a firm defence, and is right to do so, for the enemy are laying waste every place in their route. In the town of Villeveire they took all the silver they could find, beat all the inhabitants, and in their brutal rage cut up the curtains of the beds and windows before they went away, burning the furniture and staving in every cask of wine after drinking all they wanted. These gentlemen require very white bread, with chickens, coffee, and liqueurs. They make horrible demands, always holding a pistol at their victim's head."

From Lyons, Jan. 22nd: "The enemy have entirely devastated the Pope's château. Although it is near the wood they have burnt the doors and wood-work. They were iniquitous enough to make fires of the pictures."

From Troyes, Feb. 25th: "The inhabitants of Troyes have been horribly distressed. There were fresh requisitions every day. The women's shawls were taken from them: men were stopped in the streets and robbed of their watches, and even deprived of their boots and shoes. These outrages occurred in full daylight."

From a commissioner of the government, March 22nd: "There is not a farmer, not an innkeeper, not a single inhabitant who has not had his cattle, his agricultural implements, his provisions, and his furniture taken away, destroyed, and burnt. The churches and ministers of religion have been spared no more than the rest. At Nangis I visited several ravaged farms and houses, which were formerly supplied with everything that could contribute to ease and comfort. When I entered the courtyards of these houses, or any of the rooms, I saw nothing but torn mattresses and featherbeds, the wool and feathers of which were scattered about everywhere. It was with the wooden furniture, the carts, and agricultural implements, and the fruit-trees in the orchards and gardens that they lit the fires for their bivouacs, and for the cooking of the animals they had stolen and killed. I saw dwellings whose roofs and woodwork they had removed, and whose ceilings they had broken down. Nothing is left, in short, but the four walls. At Rheims the spinning-mill of Messrs. Jaubert and Ternaux has been burnt, by order of M. de Saint-Priest, a Russian general."

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by a statement that the province in question was making an attempt at organised resistance.¹ The whole of France, said the papers, was rising at the summons of the generals and retired officers; yet the enemy, in the north and south, was advancing rapidly, was already known to have reached Meaux, and was said to have set fire to that town. The patriots who still clung to the Emperor, still put their trust in his genius, still believed that some fortunate chance might at any moment make him more terrible and formidable than ever, spent their time on the roofs of the houses overlooking the plain. Whenever they saw a galloping horse in a cloud of dust they exclaimed: "Here he is, here he is! It is he!" They knew well that if Napoleon were in Paris the town would be valiantly defended.

The poets were engaged in writing vindictive verses and setting them to revolutionary airs, which were sung in the streets. Béranger composed *Les Gaulois* and *Les Francs*,² and all the organs played the Marseillaise. There was not an author, not a dramatist, who did not make some opportunity of quoting Charles Martel's speech before the battle of Poitiers. One morning, too, an anonymous placard appeared on the walls of the faubourgs, referring to the menacing armies in terms of ferocious hostility. The people, it was plain, were perfectly ready to fight. It was not the people who failed Napoleon and deserted the cause of their country; it was the officials of all ranks, the men who feared to

¹ As soon as the enemy appeared at a place, said the *Débats*, the bells rang and answered one another from village to village, announcing the strength of the enemy by means of a prearranged signal.

In Paris on the morning of Feb. 6th there were twelve hundred cabs waiting at the Barrière de Charenton to carry the soldiers as far as the first posting house. The soldiers were to post in this way throughout their journey. They were veterans of the Army of Spain.

On the 4th March the *Débats* wrote thus of the allied monarchs: "While the enemy were at Troyes each of the three sovereigns lived a life of his own. Alexander spent nearly all his time with the King of Prussia. They only saw the Emperor of Austria on one occasion, on his birthday, when they paid him a short visit. The King of Prussia went to the play every evening, accompanied by his two sons. The Emperor Alexander seldom left the house where he was staying, and the Emperor of Austria only left his on two occasions, to attend Mass. Everyone perceived how uncongenial the Austrians were to the Russians. The latter boasted a great deal of their sovereign's liberality. The fact is that a small number of poor people gathered round his door every morning. He regularly gave each of them four kreutzers, that is to say a little less than three sous. The King of Prussia gave nothing to anyone, and did not even pay his expenses in the house where he lodged."

² The street-singers had a selection of songs modelled on those of the Revolution, and it was very ridiculous to hear the air of the Marseillaise bawled at the cross-roads to the words: *Sauvons la France et l'Empereur*. (Chastenay's *Mémoires*, Vol. II., p. 276).

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compromise themselves and were incapable of acting except in obedience to orders; it was the great officials at the Court of the Empress Marie-Louise,—Joseph, Jerome, Cambacérès, Clarke, and Marmont, Duc de Raguse, who were sunk in luxury and pleasure. These were the men who fled, or signed the capitulation.

Paris, at this time, was a pitiable sight. In the hospitals the crowding of the sick and wounded was indescribable; all was confusion and neglect. There was no wood for the warming of the rooms, nor even enough for cooking the food; there was no linen for dressing wounds. Broken window-panes were not replaced; and this circumstance, which may have been beneficial to some of the patients, was fatal to the phthysical. At the Salpêtrière typhus was raging to such a degree that of the six doctors attached to the institution, three died of it. There were above twenty thousand sick and wounded soldiers in Paris.¹

All the widest streets, the suburban squares, and the boulevards were crowded with carts, laden with the household goods, clothes, and provisions, of peasants seeking protection from the enemy. Children, women, and old men were huddled together on the top of every load, while cows, horses, and donkeys stood motionless at the side, tied to the wheels. On the other hand all the work-yards were silent and deserted. In the Rue de Rivoli, then in process of construction, there was nothing to be seen but heaps of stones, piled round the bases of the houses, of which only a few courses had been laid. It was heartrending.

What was still more heartrending was the desertion of Paris by Marie Louise. A certain republican, Boulay de la Meurthe, alone had the courage to protest, in the council held by the principal officials of the government. "Take the King of Rome in your arms, Madame," he said, "and like your august ancestress Marie Thérèse show yourself to the people of Paris, and ask them to defend their country and the inheritance of your son. Do not imagine you will not be heard."²

¹ It was necessary to appeal to the compassion of the public in each municipality for mattresses, bedsteads, linen—especially lint—and other aids. It filled one with despair to meet wagons in which the dying were propped against the dead—wagons that sometimes had to wander about for half a day from one hospital to another because of the want of organisation in the arrangements. Marie Louise sometimes met them on her drives. Their progress was delayed on account of her carriage, but she never gave them a sign of compassion. (Chastenay's *Mémoires*, Vol. II., p. 286).

² This council of magnates was composed of King Joseph; Princes Cambacérès, Lebrun, and Talleyrand; the Duc de Massa (Régnier), de Gaëta (Gaudin), de

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Talleyrand, who was still hesitating between the Regency and the return of the Bourbons, supported the opinion of Boulay de la Meurthe, and after some reflexion advised against the flight of Marie Louise. The success of his schemes depended on his presence in Paris, and if Marie Louise were to fly he would be obliged to follow her, in his capacity of adviser of the Crown. The Council having decided, after putting the matter to the vote, that the Empress should fly, he contrived to have himself stopped at the barrier, and returned to his house to prepare for the reception of the advancing Allies. As he left the Council he spoke to Rovigo in a deprecating, rather melancholy voice, and tried to hide his joy by complaining of the Emperor. "Well," he said, "so this is the end of it all! Do you not agree with me? *Ma foi*, he has had a fine run for his money! But does it not show where the foolishness of a few ignorant folk may lead when they use their influence persistently and every day? *Pardieu!* the Emperor is very much to be pitied, but no one will pity him, because his obstinacy in keeping his present advisers is beyond the bounds of reason. It is the merest weakness, and is quite incomprehensible in a man like that. Just think, monsieur, from the historical point of view, what a collapse! That he should have given his name to a series of adventures, instead of giving it to his century? It makes one groan to think of it. And now what is one to do? It will not suit everyone to let himself be buried under these ruins. Well, well, we shall see what happens. The Emperor would have been better advised if, instead of insulting me, he had criticised the men who made him suspect me. He would have seen that friends like that are more to be feared than enemies. What would he have said of anyone else who had allowed himself to be reduced to such a state?"

This was a plain declaration of his intended recantation and treachery.

It was on the morning of the 29th March that Marie Louise left the Tuileries, followed by such an immense number of vans and carriages that the procession was filing through the streets all day. The young painters who were studying art in the Louvre took up their position at the windows to watch this half-sad, half-interesting sight. As for the members of the Council of the

Rovigo (Savary), de Feltre (Clarke), and de Cadore (Champagne); and the Comtes Mollien, Montalivet, Daru, Doulay de la Meurthe, Regnault de-Saint-Jean-d'Angely, Defermont, and Sussy.

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Regency, the greater number of them had vanished by the following day, leaving the capital to take care of itself. Meanwhile the Allies were speeding towards Paris. Some of their troops had actually reached the heights of Romainville, and the only way of avoiding a bombardment was to dislodge them.¹ Marmont, with a few thousand men—the remnant of the troops that had been fighting ceaselessly for three months in the plains of Champagne—spent the 30th March in an almost unaided struggle with the enemy.² When at last he was driven back upon the walls of the custom-house he knew that resistance was vain, and begged for a few hours' armistice, that he might consult with the Government, which he believed to be still in the full exercise of its authority, watching over the safety of the Empire. Now the Government, as I have just said, was gone.

After the signing of the armistice the marshal went off to his house in the Rue Paradis-Poissonnière. On entering he found the rooms full of merchants, bankers, and members of the upper *bourgeoisie*. They were greatly startled by Marmont's appearance; for his face was harassed and tragic, his unkempt chin had not been shaved for a week, his clothes were in disorder and riddled with bullets, one of his arms was broken and was still in a sling, and his whole bearing showed the most profound despair. He was utterly demoralised, for he foresaw only too plainly the cruel results of his defeat. He announced to the assembled company that an armistice of several hours had just been signed, and that it was for the Government to follow up that step, which had been quite inevitable. He was told that the

¹ A shot fell into a tract of waste land behind Tivoli, among a number of children who were playing there, and who ran after the projectile and picked it up. Another ball wounded a man in a house in the Rue Saint Nicolas-d'Antin. A shell burst in the gardens of the Hôtel Thélusson, and another fell into M. Greffulhe's gardens in the Rue de Clichy. And a spent shot, after having knocked down a chimney at No. 8 Rue Basse-du-Rampart, fell into the garden of the Hôtel de Gontaut, Rue Louis-le-Grand.

² While the battle was in progress, and the Russian prisoners were passing along the boulevards, a beautiful actress from the Théâtre Français, named Mlle. Bourgoïn, wishing to show her gratitude for the generous way she had been treated in Russia, drove to meet them with a supply of provisions which she distributed among them herself. Mlle. Regnault of the Opéra Comique followed her example, declaring that her friend Boieldieu the composer had been very well treated at the Court of St. Petersburg. Throughout the whole course of the battle the Boulevard des Italiens and the Café Tortoni were crowded with idlers of both sexes, who were seated as usual on the chairs there, and gazed with complete indifference at the wounded Frenchmen and foreigners that went by, and at the officers who were carried past them on mattresses. A black flag had been hoisted above each of the hospitals in order that no shells nor bombs should be aimed in that direction. (*Journal d'un détenu.*)

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Government no longer existed; that the Empress had gone to Blois, and the members of the Council of Regency with her. What could he do? he asked. It was impossible for him, a mere *chef-de-corps*, to do any more than he had already done. They answered that a capitulation was inevitable; he must resign himself to it, since he had already consented to an armistice. The marshal held out for a long time, being keenly alive to the disgrace of the position, and to the stain on his own name. And yet, was it his fault that Paris had been left with no means of resistance, and no Government to take the lead; that King Joseph, the lieutenant-general, had fled like a coward; that Cambacérès and the rest had thought it right to rid themselves of all responsibility and abandon the great town when it was in such a state of disorder? Had he not risked his life a hundred times during this last day of continuous fighting, which had been so bloody a victory for the enemy? Had he not been seen, at the head of a few cavalry, driving away some of the enemy's troops who had ventured into the Rue de Belleville?

He had had several horses killed under him; he was worn out, completely shattered by fatigue; he longed to rest and recruit himself; and now he must face this trial that was so much worse than anything he had already suffered. His room seemed full of hands stretched out to him in prayer, entreating him not to condemn the town to the horrors of an assault. He was bidden to think of the scenes of destruction that would follow if he refused to take this step, which was no disgrace when fate was stronger than courage. Marmont yielded at last. Two of his officers were sent to the enemy, to draw up the document by which the capital of France was surrendered to the Russians and Prussians. On the following day, the 31st March, the two monarchs, the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, were to make their solemn entry into Paris.

III

On the day of that entry neither of the monarchs, nor yet any of their ministers, knew whether Paris were royalist and prepared to accept the Emperor's deposition, or no. During the two months that they had been travelling with their armies they had not witnessed a single demonstration in favour of the Bourbons. By chance they had heard a few enthusiasts cry: *Vive le roi!*

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Vivent les Bourbons! but no one had echoed the words. What did the country really wish? Nesselrode recalled M. de Vitrolles' arguments in favour of the exile at Hartwell, and wondered what facts there were to support this isolated appeal. On the morning of the 31st March, before the entry of the allied troops, the Russian minister paid a visit to Talleyrand, with a view to obtaining some light on the sentiments of the Parisians. Was it really true that Napoleon had lost all his supporters and that his dynasty was to be replaced by that of the Bourbons? Talleyrand evaded and hesitated, and took good care not to give a plain answer to that question. The two diplomatists agreed to discuss the subject on some future occasion.

Meantime the royalists, the young intriguers who had for several days been forwarding their cause by a variety of means, were quite conscious that the sympathies of Paris were not with them. Some of their relations and friends had made it the fashion to wear rings engraved with the words: *Domine saluum fac regem*. The idea was considered ingenious in aristocratic circles, and the ornament was widely adopted. This demonstration, however, was purely sentimental. Among the old *noblesse* at this date there were many young people who knew absolutely nothing of the Bourbons, for it was only during the past few weeks that they had heard the name mentioned. Who were these princes, they wondered; what were their names and habits and characters? They knew nothing of them. They had seen, as they passed the column in the Place Vendôme, a placard bearing the words: *Pass on quickly, he is going to fall!* What did it mean? Whereupon the dowagers gave them their own version of contemporary history. The two Newerkerques, the Comte de Lauris, and the Baron de Maistre spent several nights in composing Louis XVIII's proclamation and distributing it in the streets. Several ladies—the Vicomtesse de Quinsonnas, Mme. Eugène de Montesquiou, and the Comtesse Achille du Cayla—had helped them to circulate these papers. It occurred to one of them, as she was returning home in the evening, that if she were to slip copies of the King's manifesto between the shutters of the shops the tradesmen would find them in the morning when they took their shutters down. This measure had no results, however. On the morning of the 31st March the Duc de Fitz-James tried to corrupt his own battalion of the National Guard by bidding them cry: *Vive le roi!* but he met with no response whatever. In the face of all this indifference the con-

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spirators determined to arm themselves with white standards and cockades and meet the allied troops ; to shout *Vive le roi!* at the top of their voices, to distribute white cockades as they passed along the streets, and to encourage the crowd to follow their example. This would impress the foreign monarchs. They arranged to meet in the Place Louis XV (now Place de la Concorde). Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld and the Comte de Frossade kept the tryst, and the Duc de Crussol arrived with two valets carrying a supply of cockades. A few ladies were there, too ; Mme. de la Rochefoucauld, Mme. de Cayla, and Mlle. de Rastignac, who was afterwards Duchesse de Liancourt.¹ Then the little band, as the allied monarchs rode through the streets followed by their staffs, went forward to meet them, shouting their royalist sentiments. The crowd remained dumb, for the commotion conveyed nothing to their minds beyond surprise. A few workmen were angry, and threatened violence ; but when the Austrian soldiers appeared, wearing white arm-bands to distinguish them from the Russians and Prussians, whose uniforms were almost identical with their own, all the spectators with whom the streets were lined imagined that these arm-bands were a symbol of peace. Instantly they waved their handkerchiefs, and accepted the proffered cockades as a sign of reconciliation between victors and vanquished. At this painful moment, after all the recent disasters and sorrows, peace seemed so fair a boon that no one any longer resisted the enthusiasm of the royalists. So great was the enthusiasm that the young and beautiful Comtesse de Périgord quite lost her head in her loyal excitement, and insisted on being lifted on to the crupper of a Cossack's horse, and so taking part in the procession, with a white flag in her hand. The thought that the Allies were not opposed to the idea of peace, that they would be generous, and would respect the lives and properties and existing rights of the inhabitants, had an exciting effect on everyone. The crowd dashed forward, almost throwing themselves under the horses' feet in their haste to greet the allied monarchs as their saviours, and to cry : *Vive la paix!* As yet there was no cry of *Vivent les Bourbons!*² It was the Emperor Alexander who was the object of the most ardent demonstrations.

¹ In his *Souvenirs* (Vol. I., p. 46) Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld gives the names of those who mustered in the Place Louis XV on this occasion.

² On the 3rd April the *Journal des Débats*, having become royalist, wrote as follows :—"At dawn of day the whole population of Paris hastened to the districts through which the armies of the Allies were to pass. Such a sight had

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As for him, he smiled at the crowd and at the young women in the windows, and waved his hand to them. The other important personages in the procession paid little heed to the prevailing delirium, leaving all the honour of the triumphal entry to the Czar, because he had commanded the largest army, and had suffered the most from the wars of Napoleon. He was deceived by all the shouts and flags, all the cockades in the hats of the crowd, all the white handkerchiefs that fluttered in the air in token of welcome and joy. He attributed this popular excitement to the royalist sentiments of the inhabitants, who, he supposed, had only been restrained hitherto by their fear of Napoleon; and when he entered Talleyrand's house to join his minister Nesselrode, he was convinced that Paris was asking for the return of the Bourbons.¹ He said so to Talleyrand. Talleyrand knew better. And moreover he had not quite abandoned the idea of a Regency, although, that very morning, he had been stimulated and exhorted and even excited by the two Abbés, de Pradt and Louis, whose royalist

never been seen before in all the world's history. Six hundred thousand citizens, in perfect safety, surrounded by an army of amazing strength and splendour! The population of a whole city mingled on that occasion with men of ten different nationalities, as naturally as they usually mingled with their own brothers. . . . At about midday the allied army entered Paris. . . . Then the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia appeared, accompanied by the generalissimo of the Allies, Prince von Schwartzberg, and the English Ambassador Lord Cathcart. The market-women went to pay their respects to the Emperor Alexander at the Prince de Bénévent's house. Then a great number of young men, some on foot, some on horseback, with white cockades in their hats and white flags in their hands, were admitted to an audience by the King of Prussia. In the church of the Madeleine the *Salvum fac regem* was sung. A lady cried *Vive le roi!* and in a moment the vaulted roof of the church was ringing with the words."

In the second volume of his *Mémoires* (p. 95) Lafayette adds: "As the procession advanced towards the boulevard of the Madeleine the crowd gradually swelled. It was composed of the most distinguished society of the salons. Women, dressed as though for a fête, intoxicated with joy, and indeed temporarily mad, waved their handkerchiefs and shouted: *Vive l'empereur Alexandre!* The windows and open carriages were crowded with them. I was not too far off to recognise among them many ladies whose husbands had, for a long time, filled high offices at the Emperor's Court."

¹ The Emperor Alexander had wished to stay, not at the Tuileries, but at the Élysée. After being there only a few hours, however, he accepted the offer of the Prince de Talleyrand, who had eagerly placed his house in the Rue Saint-Florentin at the Czar's disposal. With regard to the King of Prussia the following note was contributed by Edmond Biré to the *Mémoires* of Chateaubriand: "The King of Prussia occupied the Hôtel de Villeroy, Rue de Bourbon (now Rue de Lille). Princes Henry and William of Prussia dismounted at the Hôtel de Salem, on the Quai d'Orsay; the house which, since 1802, had been the headquarters of the Legion of Honour. Prince von Schwartzberg, the generalissimo, who represented the Emperor of Austria on the occasion of the Allies' entry into Paris, was staying in his own house in the Rue du Mont-Blanc, now the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin."

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desires were far more deeply rooted than those of the most frenzied enthusiast in the street. De Pradt had taken part, on the previous day, in an episode of the battle, at the Barrière du Trône. He had seen the Russians attack a battery of guns and take them; then lose them again in a renewed attack by the French; he had seen soldiers dying of ghastly wounds, and had returned in a state of collapse.¹ But Talleyrand, with the idea of a Regency still at the back of his mind, never lost his serene imperturbability. To the Emperor Alexander, who was now become a royalist, he answered, as he had already answered Nesselrode, that this question would form the subject of a conference sometime in the course of the day.

In the streets and boulevards the royalists were still active. The Comte de Maubreuil rode about with the cross of the Legion of Honour fastened to his horse's tail. Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld, who had a rabble of ruffians at his heels, suggested that they should drag the Emperor's statue from the top of the column in the Place Vendôme. He distributed money among these tatterdemalions, and sent them to fetch cables for the impious work. Using planks and battering-rams they broke open the bronze door at the foot of the pediment, and the door in the lantern at the top; then a man in a blouse clambered to the shoulders of the hero and struck Napoleon in the face, or rather boxed his ears. It was in vain that the cables round the figure were strained by the efforts of the mob that clung to them. Horses were harnessed to the cables, but were beaten unavailingly; the statue remained unmoved upon its pedestal. The infuriated and persistent count had the effrontery to turn to the Grand Duke Constantine, the Czar's brother, who was indignantly watching the sacrilegious performance, and ask if the Russian soldiers might help him to overcome the resistance of the monument. He received an insulting answer, but showed no sign of shame. There are hours when

¹ De Pradt, *Récit historique*, p. 55:—

"On the day of the attack M. le duc de Dalberg and I visited several of the places where the fight was going on. We happened to be at the Barrière du Trône at the moment when the Russians took possession of the battery that was stationed outside the gate." . . . He returned to Talleyrand's house. "I found M. le duc de Plaisance there," he writes, "and M. le baron Louis. I spoke vehemently to them on the subject of the critical position of Paris, and the necessity of saving the town by capitulating on the best terms we could secure. . . . From that moment no one thought of anything but capitulation. The retreat of the French army began. The Allies took possession of the heights of Montmartre. . . . It was a novel and strange scene. Paris was taken; yet the town had never been more peaceful."

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a man's conscience seems paralysed by the grip of some violent passion, when his eyes are blinded, and his reason is incapable of seeing the hatefulness of his actions. One of these hours had come to Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld. And yet he had received countless favours from Napoleon, who had restored to him as much of his family property as had not been sold. The Emperor had made his happiness secure, and was repaid with infamy. At last, tired of the struggle, the crowd abandoned this noble effigy of a great soldier, without abandoning their intention of removing it from its pedestal. A few days later, indeed, the founder by whom Chaudet's admirable work had been cast in bronze was ordered to undertake its removal, on pain of being shot.¹

It was not until about seven o'clock in the evening that the conference demanded by Talleyrand took place in the great salon in his own house. The two monarchs were present, and with them were the Emperor Alexander's minister, Count Nesselrode, and his councillor, Count Pozzo di Borgo; the Austrian generalissimo, Prince Schwartzberg, and his councillor, Prince von Lichtenstein; and MM. de Talleyrand and de Dalberg. The Emperor Alexander was the first to speak, which he did in a low voice because he was deaf. He recalled the fact that the Allies were not making war on France, but on Napoleon; pointed out that his provocation had been great, the Emperor having actually invaded his ancient and holy city of Moscow, which was now a heap of ruins; and declared that he and his allies had but one desire—to secure peace to Europe and the rest of the world by depriving Napoleon of his military power.

¹ De Launay's *Relations des faits*. "... Had it not been for the intercession of the foreigners some Frenchmen, or rather some Vandals, would have destroyed the column entirely, as well as mutilating the statue that crowned it. . . . These men, who had the taste for destruction without the knowledge required to carry it through, began by fastening cables to the figure, and attaching horses to the ends of the cables. They forgot that the angle at which they were pulling merely increased the resistance. Being tired of their useless efforts, they were actually thinking of undermining the column when the founder by whom the statue had been cast (and that is myself, Launay) came and offered his services. (In a brochure written in 1825 Launay contradicts this, and proves in support of his second statement, that, far from having offered his services, he simply obeyed a certain general and M. de Montbadon, on pain of being shot.) Some cranes were set up on the summit of the column, and after the legs had been sawn through below the ankle (it was above the ankle that they were sawn) the figure was successfully, but not without trouble, removed and taken down, and carried away to the very workshops where it had been cast. This was not the end of the sacrilege. Later on some bronze was wanted for the casting of another monument, and one of the finest works of the sculptor, which had long been regarded as the masterpiece of the French school, was relentlessly broken up and melted as though it were raw material. . . ."

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As he spoke he looked interrogatively at the King of Prussia and Prince Schwartzberg, who represented the Emperor of Austria. Neither of them answered; but their silence was very significant. "Then," continued Alexander, "we will put Napoleon out of the question. As for the Regency——" Here the Duc de Dalberg intervened. Knowing the secret thoughts of his confidant, Talleyrand, he defended Marie Louise warmly. Pozzo di Borgo replied with the objection that there would be absolutely no difference between a Regency and the Empire as long as Napoleon were in the background: he would very quickly resume his supreme position of authority and power, and it was useless to think of a Regency if the peace and happiness of France were truly and earnestly desired. Silence followed. Pozzo di Borgo had carried the day. Talleyrand, seeing that his hopes were vanishing, promptly became the champion of the Bourbons; and, wishing to add weight to his opinion, begged that a hearing might be granted to two persons who had lately mingled a great deal with the political society of Paris, men of some importance, whom he knew to be awaiting a summons in an adjacent room, the Abbé de Pradt and the Abbé Louis. He ran to fetch them. "We are all royalists; the whole of France is royalist," declared the vehement Abbé de Pradt. "Yes," the whole of France is royalist," echoed the Abbé Louis with equal energy. "The country rejects Bonaparte; she has had enough of him. The man is a mere corpse; he is not actually decayed yet—that is all!" It was thus that the first stones were laid of the structure of the Monarchy.¹

One question remained, as important as the others. Who would undertake to announce the coming restoration of the ancient dynasty, and to secure the consent of the country? When the Emperor Alexander made this remark there was a pause—a general air of hesitation. Then Talleyrand, who had resigned

¹ De Vaulabelle (Vol. I., p. 315), from whom these details are taken, quotes, in a note, a passage from the Abbé de Pradt's *Pièces Historiques*:—"The suggestion having been accepted (that he and the Abbé Louis should appear), M. de Talleyrand showed us into the room where the council was being held. The seats were arranged so that, on the right-hand side, the King of Prussia and Prince Schwartzberg were the nearest to the ornamental piece of furniture that stood in the middle of the room. M. le duc de Dalberg was on Prince Schwartzberg's right, and M. de Nesselrode, M. Pozzo di Borgo, and Prince von Lichtenstein came next. M. le prince de Talleyrand was seated on the King of Prussia's left, and M. le baron Louis and myself were near him. The Emperor Alexander, who faced the others, was walking up and down."

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himself to the Bourbons, spoke of the Senate, the chief assembly of the Imperial Government, whom he would convene in his capacity of vice-president, and would persuade to accept the resolutions that had just been formed. The little conclave was about to break up, when the astute diplomatist, desiring the monarchs to be irrevocably committed to their decision, observed that it was essential to have material evidence of their deliberations, and that a formal report of the conference should be drawn up. This he did. After recording that the allied sovereigns pledged themselves to reject Napoleon's offers and to negotiate with him no more, Talleyrand paused. "And the Emperor's family," he asked; "should we not also exclude them?" Once more there was a profound and unbroken silence. "Very well," said Alexander at last; "*neither with Napoleon, nor with any member of his family.*" When the report was finished the Prince of the Empire, Napoleon's ex-minister, who had just outlawed the man whom he had so long fawned upon, insisted that the document should be printed instantly. Alexander appeared surprised at this haste. Personally he was not in such a hurry; and, besides, he wished to propose Bernadotte as a candidate for the throne of France. He had promised to do so. Talleyrand easily disposed of this tardy suggestion. "If we are to have another soldier for our king," he said, "we might as well keep Napoleon, the first soldier in the world. There are no alternatives but these: Napoleon, or Louis XVIII." The conference unanimously confirmed its first decision. There happened to be, as though by chance, a printer in the house, one of the Michaud brothers; and to him was entrusted the text of the report, which altogether favoured the Bourbons.¹

¹ The declaration was as follows:—"The armies of the Allied Powers have occupied the capital of France. The allied sovereigns are willing to fulfil the desire of the French nation. They hereby declare that though it was necessary for the conditions of peace to include the very strongest securities when it was a matter of restraining Bonaparte's ambition, those conditions ought to be more favourable now that the French nation, by reverting to a wiser government, is itself prepared to give guarantees of peace. The sovereigns therefore declare that they will treat no more with Napoleon Bonaparte, nor with any member of his family; that they will respect the integrity of ancient France, as she existed under the legitimate kings; and that they will do even more than this, since they will always uphold the principle that it is necessary for the happiness of Europe that France should be large and powerful. They will recognise and guarantee the Constitution chosen by the French nation for themselves. They therefore call upon the Senate instantly to appoint a provisional government to carry on the administration and to prepare a Constitution that shall be suitable for the people of France. The intentions I have just announced are shared by all the allied powers.

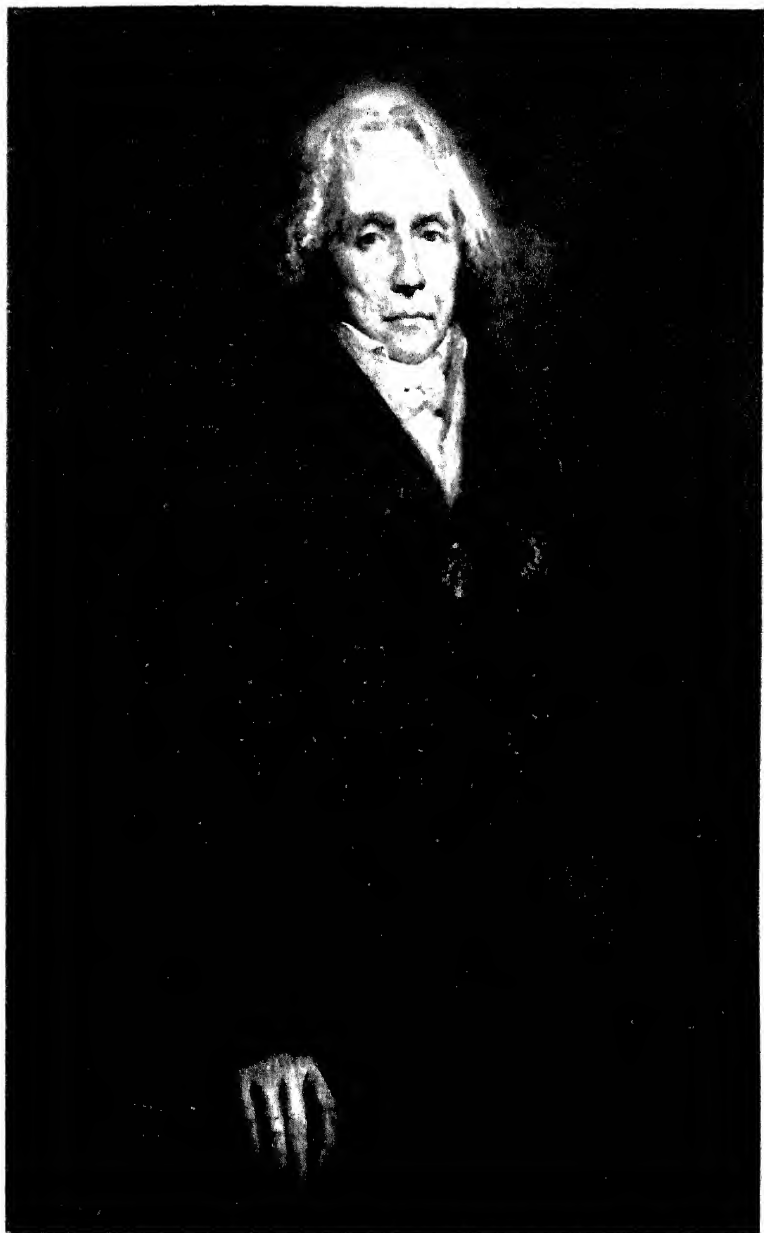
ALEXANDER. Paris, March 31, 1814."

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A few hours later the announcement was composed, and placarded in the streets of Paris.

This was not enough. The next step was to secure the support of the newspapers, and especially of the most important. By this means public opinion would be easily headed, so to speak, and turned in the direction of the royal family. There was a certain man who was very well posted in all matters connected with the police. In the secret meetings that were so frequent in these unhappy days, in the cafés, in the little groups of tradesmen and *bourgeois* who discussed the future on the thresholds of their shops, he was constantly to be seen. This man, whose name was Morin, was the son of a public prosecutor in the Seneschal's Court of Lyons, and had himself, during the Revolution, been a public prosecutor in military trials by jury, and afterwards the head of a department in the Ministry of Police. He made the acquaintance of a certain Comte de Semalle, whom the Comte d'Artois had sent from Vesoul to rouse the zeal of the royalists, and the two men confided their schemes to one another. Being altogether in accord, they determined to fight for the same cause, the count undertaking to work in the salons of the aristocracy while Morin influenced the *bourgeoisie*. Their efforts were not very successful, apparently, for the young intriguers of the Faubourg Saint-Germain were not accompanied by the prince's emissary. As for the active and ambitious Morin, he succeeded in making himself acceptable to the Marquis de Lagrange, a friend of Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld, and securing the management of the press. He instantly made himself master of all the most important Parisian journals, replacing their editors by royalist writers such as Michaud, Salgues, and the Bertins, who were allowed to resume the proprietorship of the *Journal des Débats*; and the Chevalier de Mersen and Berryer, who on the following day published the announcement that was already placarded upon the walls, and began a violent, perfidious, slanderous war against the vanquished Napoleon. They seemed half frenzied with hatred for the man whom every journal, only the day before, had been worshipping and lauding to the skies.

This bold measure had a far more important effect than all the noisy acclamations of the royalists and their friends. Without the newspapers Paris would not have been won. To the artisans of the suburbs the processions of the white cockades would have seemed unmeaning antics, to be put down with blows. The army



THE DUC DE TALLEYRAND-PÉRIGORD, PRINCE OF BENEVENTO.

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would have revolted. But the people and the army, though so long opposed to the Bourbons, could not help being impressed by the flood of abuse that poured from the newspapers. Has it not been said: "If you persevere in slander, some of it will stick"?

Chateaubriand served as an auxiliary force. In those early days of April he published his brochure, *Buonaparte et les Bourbons*, an extremely violent pamphlet which carried adulation of the princes to the point of fatuousness, and hatred of Napoleon to the point of extravagance. The Bourbons, as described by his gilded pen, appeared in the guise of remarkable men, the equals of their great ancestors. He carefully recorded every fault that Bonaparte possessed, and began by criticising his method of governing. "The principles on which his administration was based," he wrote, "infected every class of society. For a wrong-headed government will make a nation vicious as surely as a wise government will develop virtue. Irreligion, the love of pleasures and expenses in excess of income, contempt for moral restraints, the spirit of adventure and violence and tyranny, spread downwards from the throne into every private family. A little longer under such a rule as this, and France would have been nothing but a den of brigands." Then he proceeded to reproach Napoleon for his neglect of the navy, his contradictory laws, his enormous taxation, his robbery of France, his system of conscription, and of taxing quotations from authors of non-copyright works, &c.; and, speaking of the violence of the authorities in the matter of conscription, he added: "More than once a father has brought the corpse of his son to prove that he could not produce that son alive." And in conclusion—"Being accustomed from their cradles to regard themselves as victims doomed to die, children no longer obeyed their parents. They became lazy, idle, and debauched, while awaiting the day when they must go forth to rob and murder others."

Each page of the brochure was more aggressive than the last.

"And how did the destroyer of our fathers and brothers and sons act, when he had mowed down the flower of France? He fled. He came to the Tuileries, and there, rubbing his hands beside the fire, he said: 'It is pleasanter here than on the banks of the Beresina.' Not a word of consolation to the weeping wives and mothers, who were round him everywhere; not one regret, not one sign of feeling, not a word of remorse, not

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a single admission of his folly! Said the courtiers: 'There was one lucky thing about this retreat from Russia: the Emperor wanted for nothing; he was always well fed and well wrapped up in a comfortable carriage; in fact, he did not suffer at all; that is a great comfort.' And he, amid his Court, was all gaiety and triumph and splendour, with the royal mantle on his shoulders and the hat *à la Henri IV* upon his head: he glittered at ease upon his throne, practising the regal attitudes that Talma taught him."

And again: "He is the most ungracious of men; his great pleasure is to wound everyone who comes near him—forgetting that our kings never insulted any man, because no man could take his revenge—forgetting that he is addressing a nation whose honour is the most sensitive in the world, a people who were educated at the Court of Louis XIV and are justly famed for the elegance of their habits and the perfection of their manners. In short, Buonaparte shone only in prosperity: as soon as adversity—which does but develop true virtue—touched the man whose greatness was a sham, the prodigy collapsed: the monarch was seen to be no more than an adventurer, and the hero merely a successful upstart."

The last pages are devoted to a eulogy of the Bourbons, by way of emphasising the contrast.

"What shameful caprice tempted us to present the son of an Ajaccio usher with the inheritance of Robert le Fort? This Robert le Fort was probably a descendant of the second race, which in its turn was connected with the first. He was Comte de Paris. Hughes Capet, a Frenchman himself, brought to the French the town of Paris that he had inherited from his father, with vast possessions and domains. France, which was so small under the first Capets, grew rich and great under their descendants. To replace this ancient race we went to seek a king, as one of our senators has said, among a people from whom the Romans would not take slaves. It was in favour of an obscure Italian, who was penniless till a fortune was made for him by despoiling the whole French nation, that we set aside the Salic Law, the palladium of our Empire. Our fathers' sentiments and principles were very different from ours! On the death of Philippe le Bel they granted the crown to Philippe de Valois, rather than to Edward III, king of England. They preferred to doom themselves to centuries of war rather than allow a foreigner to reign over them. This noble

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resolution was the cause of the glory and greatness of France. Yet surely there was nothing unworthy of honour in Edward III or Henry V, in the Duc de Guise or the Infante of Spain. Great Heavens! What has become of the pride of France? In her anxiety to preserve her own royal race she rejected these great sovereigns—and chose Buonaparte!”

It would not be hard to point out the contradictions of this author, to compare with these passages quotations from other writings of his, in which he had extolled the Emperor's genius, or from those of a later date, which recognised the grandeur of the ideals of Napoleon's reign. This brochure of more than a hundred pages had an air of sincerity because it described the sufferings and sorrows of France; and as, for the last fifteen years, no one had read a single word that was derogatory to Napoleon or his family, it is easy to imagine the effect of this inflammatory and rancorous attack upon the man whom the European coalition had just crushed. The royalists exulted. They fêted Chateaubriand; they lavished praises and admiration on him; they magnified his courage, though there was now nothing left for him to fear. He took part, in these early days, in all the royalist demonstrations; he was taken to see the Emperor Alexander by the delegates of the meeting which had taken place in M. de Morfontaine's house on the evening of March 31st. Nothing came of this meeting, as a matter of fact, because Nesselrode would not take the visit seriously.

IV

Talleyrand had undertaken that the Senate should confirm the resolutions passed in his house in the Rue Florentin. Of the hundred and forty members who composed that great political body, which was so sadly degraded by its servile dependence on the Emperor's will, ninety were in Paris at this moment. Not one of them was anxious to commit himself; the state of affairs was not yet sufficiently definite. The capital was occupied by the Allies, it was true; but Napoleon was at Fontainebleau, surrounded by his guard, his marshals, and the troops who were flocking to the place. Might he not even yet drive out the enemy, overwhelm them in one decisive battle, and seize the reins of government once more? Talleyrand, anticipating their anxiety and their arguments,

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adjured them on the morning of the 1st April to attend the meeting he was convoking. Pastoret was not to be found, and was only discovered after five hours of searching. Finally, at four o'clock in the afternoon, sixty-four senators appeared in the Assembly Hall.¹ The first step to be taken by all these men—who, though they had come in their garb of ceremony, gathered round their president's table and entered into conversation quite lightly and informally—was the acceptance of the provisional government proposed by Talleyrand. He had kept the presidency for himself. The other members were the Duc de Dalberg, whom we already know; the Comte François de Jaucourt, who was descended from Duplessis-Mornay through the female line and was a friend of Mme. de Staël;² General de Beurnonville, who, like Talleyrand, was a renegade, had once been an ardent republican, had been surrendered to the Austrians by Dumouriez, had represented the Consulate at the Courts of Berlin and Madrid, and finally had become a senator and count of the Empire;³ and the Abbé de Montesquiou, the devoted confidant of the little Court of Hartwell, whom Louis XVIII afterwards appointed Minister of the Interior. This acceptance was in no way compromising. But it was not all. Alexander had begged the Senate to consent to draw up a new Constitution, which should form the basis for the future government. Some of the senators objected that it was impossible to do this in a few hours. The assembly merely sketched a rough outline of the fundamental points of the liberal government they desired, of which the first clause was a guarantee that the senators should not lose their places nor the honours attached to them. Religious liberty, liberty of conscience, and the freedom of the Press only figured in the last paragraph. These were not the things nearest to the senators' hearts.

¹ The Abbé de Pradt has described how Talleyrand went to the meeting of the Senate with two different speeches; one written by him, de Pradt, and the other by someone whose name he does not give. If the Prince de Bénévent read the draft of the Archbishop of Malines it was not, adds the latter, because of any special preference on his part, but simply because he put his hand into his left pocket instead of into the right.—De Vaulabelle, Vol. I., p. 324

² There is an account of the Comte F. de Jaucourt in de Vitrolle's *Memoirs*, Vol. II., p. 36.

³ Beugnot in his *Memoirs* (Vol. II., p. 260) speaks of him thus: "Pierre Riel Marquis de Beurnonville, . . . was only the son of a labourer of Champigneulle, a village of Champagne. . . . He enlisted in a colonial battalion quartered in l'Île de France, . . . and returned to France with three hundred thousand francs, with which sum he bought a second-lieutenant's commission in the Comte d'Artois' guard of the Hundred Swiss. The Republic and the war took him to the top of the tree."

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Something still remained to be done. Napoleon must be deprived of his title of Emperor; he must be deposed. However debatable, however illegal this measure might be, it was necessary. It was an action from which other measures would necessarily result; it would emancipate Paris and the rest of France from the imperial authority, and would liberate the army, the legislative and judicial bodies, and all the officials who were still bound to Napoleon by their oaths and were maintaining the law and order of the State.

Who would propose the deposition? No one dared to do it, and Talleyrand least of all.

But in times of revolution one must be prepared for all the happenings of chance, and it was chance that lent a little courage to these timid souls who so greatly feared to commit themselves. A lawyer named Bellart, a member of the Municipal Council of Paris, whose violently royalist principles afterwards made him detested, persuaded the prefect, M. de Chabrol, to convene that municipal assembly. Of the twenty-four members thirteen appeared, and these at all events formed a majority. Bellart read to them a composition of his own, an indictment of the Emperor, couched in still more violent terms than that of Chateaubriand;¹ and the meeting unanimously passed his

¹ This attack on the Emperor began thus: Men of Paris, your Councillors would be acting as traitors to you and their country if they should be tempted any longer by base personal considerations to smother the voice of their conscience. That conscience tells them that you owe all your present overwhelming sorrows to one man. . . . It is he who decimates our families every year by conscription. Which of us has not lost a son or a brother, relations or friends? For whom did all these brave men die? They died for him alone, and not for the country. And in what cause did they die? They were all sacrificed for no reason but his insane desire to leave behind him the memory of the most appalling tyrant that ever oppressed the human race. Whereas France used to pay four hundred millions under our former kings to secure liberty, happiness, and peace, he has burdened us with taxes amounting to fifteen hundred millions, and has threatened to add to them. It is he who has closed the seas of both hemispheres to us, who has exhausted all the sources of our national industry, and has taken all the labourers from our fields and the workmen from our manufactories. It is to him that we owe the hatred with which every other nation regards us, though we do not deserve it, since like them we are the unhappy victims of his fury, even more than we are his melancholy instruments. And is it not he, too, who has violated all that men hold most sacred, who has made a captive of the venerable head of religion, has deprived of his kingdom, by an act of detestable perfidy, a king with whom he was allied, and has brought complete destruction upon the Spanish nation, our faithful friend of old? We are told of his past victories. What good did they do us, those fatal victories? The hatred of the nations, the tears of our families, the enforced celibacy of our daughters, the loss of our fortunes, the premature widowhood of our wives, the despair of our fathers and mothers, who have but one child left to them of their numerous offspring, one child to close their eyes when they are dead: that is what these victories have brought us.

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resolution, that the General Council of the Seine—which was also of course the Municipal Council—*formally renounced all obedience to Napoleon Bonaparte, and declared their most ardent desire for the restoration of the monarchical government under Louis XVIII and his legitimate successors.*¹ The *Journal des Débats*, which had been in the hands of the Bertins for the previous two days, reproduced this bitter diatribe on the following morning. The other journals dared not do so. The effect on Paris was considerable, and the provisional government found themselves obliged to come to a definite decision once for all. The Senate was again convoked, and Lambrecht, one of Napoleon's most persistent opponents, one of those idealistic philosophers who, like Garat, Grégoire, Lanjuinais, and Destutt de Tracy, had been systematically ridiculed by the Emperor, demanded that the deposition of the imperial dynasty should be put to the vote. It was carried without more ado, and in the evening the fact was publicly proclaimed by torchlight.

Hitherto the Legislative Body had held aloof from these intrigues. Talleyrand was aware, however, that since the reading of Lainé's report and the indefinite adjournment by the Emperor of this assembly, the feeling of the public had greatly changed towards it, and from being despised it had grown almost popular.

He considered it essential, therefore, that it should confirm the decision of the Senate, and contrived that it should be convened on the following day, the 3rd April. Rather less than

And to-day they have brought to our very walls—the walls that were never violated under the fatherly government of our kings—the foreigners whose generous protection demands our gratitude, when it would have been so pleasant to us to offer them a disinterested alliance, etc.” The signatories were MM. Bodinier, Barthélemy, Bellart, Boutonnet, Boscheron, Delaistre, Gauthier, d'Harcourt, de Lamoignon, the President Lebeau, and the Secretary Montanion.

¹ Notes on Bellart by the Abbé de Montgaillard (*Histoire*, vol. I, p. 376). “M. Bellart was a vehement and bombastic orator, almost always influenced by passion and party spirit, and rarely guided by reason, judgment, or truth. His talents as a writer were less than mediocre. . . . It was to the lawyer Bellart's enthusiasm, no less than to that of the Academician Quatremère de Quincy, for the genius and virtues and benevolence of Bonaparte, that the General Council of the department of the Seine owed the first suggestion that a triumphal monument should be erected in honour of the usurper of the throne of the Bourbons. At the time of the King of Rome's birth M. Bellart was so much intoxicated with joy and devotion to the imperial dynasty that he suggested to the Municipal Council at the Hôtel-de-Ville that an income of ten thousand francs should be voted to the first page who had brought the news of the birth of Napoleon II. Such were the sentiments of M. Bellart in 1811, but he hastened, none the less, in 1814 to propose to the Municipal Council that Napoleon should be deposed and his son excluded from the succession.”

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a hundred members obeyed the summons : and these, with better feeling than the Senate, made no demands for themselves, but merely subscribed to the deposition of the imperial dynasty. Upon this every organised body in the country declared against the Emperor, denied his authority, and refused obedience to him. The magistracy, the university, the departmental and municipal assemblies vied with one another in submitting to the provisional government, repudiating the Empire, and giving their allegiance to the royal family whose names had been before the public for the last few days—the Bourbons whom no one knew, but whom the royalists, with their flags and their cockades, were gradually making popular.

The army was still inviolate. Round Fontainebleau there were nearly fifty thousand men at Napoleon's disposal. Marmont's defection with the troops under his command was a serious loss to the Emperor, who had already recovered his self-confidence and was meditating a crushing descent upon the invaders. Talleyrand had resorted to his usual duplicity, his machiavellian tactics, to separate Marmont from the other marshals, and from the redoubtable man whose fortunes even now might be retrieved.¹ This marshal, being of a suspicious, proud, and rather discontented temperament, was more vulnerable than some men might have been. Schwartzemberg the generalissimo undertook the negotiation, which was promptly successful. The Duc de Raguse deserted his chief ; and under the specious pretext of preventing fresh slaughter declared himself ready to bring about an understanding between the people and the army, and "to leave, with his troops (these are his own words) the army of the Emperor Napoleon." Whatever may have been the reservations in his letter, whatever the securities he demanded for the man he was forsaking, the fact remains that by this desertion he crushed the Emperor's last hope and forced him to abdicate.

Meanwhile, during the last day before the abdication at Fontainebleau, while there was still some reason to fear that Napoleon might march upon Paris, the more compromised of the royalists, and such servants of the Empire as had already lavished insults upon their fallen master and smiles upon the new-born

¹ It is known, as a matter of fact, that Talleyrand sent Colonel Montessuis to him with letters from General Beurnonville, who was entrusted with the military affairs of the provisional government ; from General Desolles, who had been appointed to the chief command of the Parisian National Guard ; and from several of the marshal's personal friends.

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government, wore an air of dazed bewilderment and helplessness that made them appear positively imbecile. They ran about begging for news, and trying to find out from the rumours they heard whether it would be advisable to hide or to fly. They were a pitiable sight. In their haste to welcome their new masters they had forgotten to be prudent ; and now what was to be done ?

The abdication reassured these desperadoes. They were soon as bold, as untruthful, as shameless as before ; and presently these Parisians were reinforced by all the provincial malcontents who had reaped no benefit from the imperial government, and intended to use this grievance in pleading their right to some long desired but never granted favour. Thenceforward the provisional government had nothing to fear. It was quite at liberty to complete the Constitution demanded by the Emperor Alexander, and to negotiate with the exile of Hartwell.¹ The members of the government collaborated with a commission of five senators : MM. Barbé-Marbois, Destutt de Tracy, Eymery, Lambrecht, and Lebrun, Duc de Plaisance. They afterwards added to their number the Russian Minister of State, Count Nesselrode, for the Senate had no authority behind them but that of the Emperor Alexander, supported by his army. It seems strange that a body of honourable Frenchmen should have accepted a Russian as their collaborator, in drawing up fundamental laws for their country's government. Nesselrode, however, was a mere supernumerary in this commission ; there was only one member of it whose ideas were in the least interesting or logical. This was the Abbé de Montesquiou.

He was a native of the south of France, and was born in 1757 in the Château de Marsan, near Auch. He loved to talk, loved to enliven his conversation with witty touches, and was very particular about using the right word ; and, as is the case with such men, was very leisurely in action, and was apt to allow the countless documents relating to his various concerns to accumulate upon his writing-table. His education had been excellent ; and, having frequented Louis XV's court in his early youth, he had never lost the agreeable manners and social charm that had once been the rule in the salons of France, but were

¹ This still-born Constitution, which was to be accepted by the people but was never submitted to them, was adopted on the 6th April, published in Paris on the 7th, inserted in the *Moniteur* on the 8th, and in the other papers on the 9th.

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now seldom to be seen. He had sat in the States General as a clerical representative, and had held his own against Mirabeau in circumstances that had become famous. When the Terror drove him from Paris he had taken refuge in England, where he had become one of the most influential of the *émigrés*. He returned to France after the events of Thermidor; and Louis XVIII, taking advantage of his devotion, addressed to him all the letters intended for the faithful royalists who were working for the King against Napoleon.

His strongest and most pressing claims on the regard of the Bourbon prince were his hatred of the Revolution and the Jacobins, and his affection—not to say weakness—for the royalists and the men of the old *régime*.¹ Talleyrand, therefore, could not have devised a more convincing proof of his conversion, nor a better means of cajoling the royalists and making them his own, than his choice of this amiable abbé as his coadjutor in the government. He was well aware of the abbé's unsteady and frivolous character; but he knew him to be a man born to please rather than to rule. For the moment, this was all that was necessary.²

The two, moreover, were likely to be congenial, since both of them were courtiers and conversationalists rather than men of action. Talleyrand, that skilful intriguer, had the gift of saying whatever he had to say in the most gracious and spontaneous manner, of turning every trivial circumstance to account with incomparable art, and achieving his greatest triumphs by these means. Like M. de Montesquiou he had no fertility of

¹ The following passage on the Abbé de Montesquiou is from the *Souvenirs* of Barante (Vol. II., p. 40). "The Restoration was to him the old régime made reasonable. Being a *grand seigneur* rather than a courtier he held by the superstitions of the monarchy. No one could have been more ready to tell the King what he believed to be true, and in that respect he was free from the intriguing servility into which the nobility had fallen. But when once he had fulfilled this duty the King's will became sacred to him. To oppose it in any way seemed to him a subversion of all morality. The Revolution and everything to do with it was hateful and revolting to him. . . . Moreover, the Abbé Montesquiou, though he was a man of sound judgment, or rather of correct impressions, and though he had remained in France all through the Revolution, sometimes in the country and sometimes in Paris, mixing with all sorts of people, travelling in the diligence, living simply and in poverty, was nevertheless completely ignorant of the sentiments of the country and the habits that had taken root there."

² From the *Mémoires* of Mlle. de Chastenay (Vol. II., p. 310). "M. de Montesquiou lived hidden in a little *entresol* in the house of Mme. de Poix, without so much as one servant; but he was always delightful and gentle and clever, and formed the charm of the circle he never deserted."

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imagination: it was not his habit to conceive a scheme in advance and follow it out systematically, but rather to extricate himself from a difficulty on the spur of the moment, by silence, evasion, or epigram. He had no knowledge but such as he had picked up in his course through the world; but his long intercourse with men of every rank of society had taught him how to gain their confidence and influence their minds. In short he depended less on a wide statesmanlike outlook than on his knowledge of the vices of humanity, to which he appealed with the most profound discernment. These were the methods, then, by which these two men controlled the government that had been called into being by Talleyrand—by the intriguer whose strenuous efforts of the last few days for the overthrow of the Empire had been prompted, not by any wise foreknowledge of the future, but by his keen desire to escape life-long imprisonment at Vincennes, which would certainly have been his fate if Napoleon had been victorious.

The commission appointed to prepare a Constitution had already sketched a rough draft, introducing the clauses for which the senators had stipulated, but omitting to mention what monarch was to sit upon the throne of France. The Abbé de Montesquiou was surprised at this omission. He insisted that the mistake should be rectified, and a plain statement made at the outset that France was submitting herself once more to the sceptre of the Bourbons. Lambrecht wrote that Louis Stanislas Xavier, brother of the last king, was *freely* called to the throne by the French nation.

"What!" cried Montesquiou, "the people calling Louis XVIII to the throne! But that is a lie—it would be a monstrous thing to say! The King has never lost his rights; he has never ceased to reign. It is not as Louis XVI's brother that he owns the crown, but as Louis XVII's uncle, as the immediate successor of the young prince whose long martyrdom could not deprive him of the title of King of France. Do you, by any chance, contest his Majesty's right to the name of Louis XVIII?"

"You do not take into account, then," answered M. de Tracy, "any of the intermediate events? Has nothing happened since 1789?"

"Events are powerless against rights," replied the Abbé.

These words, which are quoted from some papers found in Louis XVIII's room after his flight to Ghent, are very character-

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istic of the uncompromising spirit shown by the Abbé in his battles with the senators. Both sides, indeed, were equally tenacious. Agreement seemed impossible until one day, when the unending discussions of the senatorial commission were in full swing, Count Nesselrode entered and announced that it was highly probable that a Regency would be established, in accordance with the proposals of Napoleon's envoys. Upon this the two factions in the commission quickly agreed that Louis Stanislas Xavier of France, that is to say Louis XVIII, should be *freely* called to the throne by the French nation.

M. de Montesquiou, in the despatch that announced this reassuring news to the prince at Hartwell, added: "The Constitution need not stand in his Majesty's way. He can say to the Senate: 'You profess to give me these laws in the name of the nation: who told you what the nation's intentions were? Where are your instructions? What are your credentials? You have none but those that were granted you by Napoleon. I, on the other hand, have those of my fathers; I have the whole of our history, filled with their good deeds; I have, moreover, the history of all your misfortunes: how can either of these histories have given you stronger rights than mine? This same Constitution, far from ignoring my rights, consecrates them; for does it not say that the law cannot be made without me? (art. 5).'"

And again: "M. de Talleyrand said to me yesterday that his Majesty, on returning to France, ought to publish an edict declaring his intentions and at the same time announcing his assumption of the sovereign power. This way of proceeding independently of any Constitution has the advantage of setting aside, not only the Senate's Constitution, but the Senate itself, and of leaving with the King the whole credit of any *privileges* he may grant to the nation. The Senate is not meditating obedience; it is meditating the denunciation of its president, because M. Barthélemy is not a party man, and the great republican Lambrecht is wanted to take his place. The Senate has no influence; it is despised; but all the malcontents are ready to side with it, so it would be as well to come to terms with some of the members. These individual negotiations would have a marvellous effect. It would certainly be the best thing, then, to publish a declaration, full of goodness and generosity, on entering the kingdom. There is no doubt about using the words: *King of France and of Navarre*. I even think it should be headed: *The King's Edict*.

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The nation is wanting the *old* things. Everything connected with the past suits them quite as well as it suits the royal family themselves."

The advice, apparently, did not fall on stony ground, for this was exactly the course of conduct pursued by Louis XVIII. Instead of accepting the Constitution of the Senate he *granted a charter* to the nation he was going to govern.

While awaiting the King's arrival the Senate lavished the most extravagant eulogies upon the Emperor Alexander. Formerly, when this political body had ratified some measure emanating from the imperial government, they had been in the habit of presenting the document personally to Napoleon; and they now wished, in the same way, to announce to the Emperor Alexander that the future Constitution of the Kingdom, which had been drawn up at his instigation, was completed. He had become the centre of public attention, the object of every senseless compliment; and was beset by countless petitioners for his influence, to secure them some place or favour. These petitions were so numerous and urgent that the prince was reduced to publishing in the papers that he had no right to interfere in the administration of a country where he was merely a visitor, and that there was a provisional government in France, to which petitioners should address themselves rather than to him.

This is an example of the degradation into which an intriguer may fall when he desires position or money: especially money. These miserable creatures did not hesitate to beg from a foreign monarch whose army had sacked and wasted the towns upon its route; did not hesitate to set their own advantage above their country's independence. In the presence of the conqueror they were no longer Frenchmen, but Russians; they were ready to kneel in the mud, if only they might gain something thereby.

Alexander's self-restraint was admirable. Seeing that the Parisian populace was at his feet and the Senate was humbling itself before him, and that his position in the capital was as omnipotent as that of the heroic adversary he had replaced, he might well have been a little intoxicated or foolishly puffed up, and have thought himself greater than he really was. But he took no undue advantage of his victory, nor of the prostrations that were made before him as though he were a god. He lived quietly and quite unceremoniously during these early days, in Talleyrand's house, and usually went out in a simple costume that

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disguised his rank ; avoiding the rapturous acclamations of the mob, and everything else that might remind the vanquished town that he was its master by right of conquest. He put in practice the lessons of his teacher, the Swiss philosopher who had brought him up. He was free from vanity and had no extravagant tastes. He was generous, gentle, and good-hearted, and was wise enough, when in France, not to think and act as he did in Russia. He knew that the people round him were, at that time, the most polished and courteous nation in Europe, and he made a point of showing that he appreciated all their refinement and delicacy, as well as all their misfortunes. He succeeded in making himself loved rather than feared. Mme. de Staël, who hated Napoleon, has given us a portrait of Alexander, which by contrast, is extremely eulogistic. She praises his conversation, which was quite different from the senseless strings of questions, the silly trivialities, the *knicknacks*, as she calls them, that composed the usual intercourse of society. There was a certain amount of solidity in his conversation, inspired by his desire to please and his love of humanity, which made him really wish to know the true sentiments of others. This seems to indicate that this prince had generous impulses and was worthy of the rank to which he had been born. Napoleon, however, gave a very different unflattering portrait of the same person to a certain English nobleman in Elba. "He was crafty and false," he said, "like a Greek of the Lower Empire, absolutely untrustworthy. With him everything was on the surface—all his generosity and greatness. He made a parade of his instructor's philosophical maxims ; but he cannot possibly believe in them." For instance—said Napoleon, when describing the evenings he had spent with Alexander at Tilsit—he thought it advisable that the sovereign of an empire should be elected ; he preferred that system to the right of heredity, though the latter was his only title to the sovereignty of Russia. He, Napoleon, disapproved of this, for election is merely a matter of chance, and that is the worst that can be said of hereditary right. Montgaillard the historian is inclined to agree with Napoleon's estimate of the Russian prince. He grants him a subtle and acute intellect, but does not consider him a genuinely *great* man, because his entire want of solid knowledge made him a prey to the doctrines of mysticism and illuminism. His ambition, moreover, was as great as Napoleon's—the whole of his subsequent reign proves it—but he was skilful in dissimulation, and often

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reached his goal by unseen paths. Napoleon, on the other hand, aimed at his ends quite openly, and this was his undoing.

When the Russian monarch took measures to rid himself of the crowd of petitioners they followed his advice, and paid their court to the provisional government. The seat of this government was the *entresol* of Talleyrand's house in the Rue Saint Florentin, of which the first floor was set apart for the Emperor Alexander, and the second for Count Nesselrode and his secretaries.

Beugnot, in his memoirs, has described the arrangements of this *entresol*. There were six rooms, he says, which, as in all the houses in the neighbourhood, were rather low. Three of them overlooked the inner court, and the three others—a large salon, a bedroom, and a library—faced the Tuileries. It was in the bedroom, which was Talleyrand's, that the members of the Government held their sittings. The salon served both as a waiting-room for the petitioners and beggars, and as an office for the heads of departments, ministers, or officials, who had a report to write or instructions to take down. It was here, says Beugnot, that the princes of intrigue met together, to wrangle as to *who should plunder this government of a day*. The library was set apart for Talleyrand's private audiences. But to reach it he was obliged to cross the intervening salon, and here the people were so closely packed that sometimes the unfortunate man, limping on his club-foot, struggled vainly to penetrate the crowd, and at last was forced to give up the attempt, and leave his important visitor to pass the time as best he could in the unapproachable room. Often, if the door of the bedroom were opened, it could not be closed again, and all the deliberations of the ministers were audible in the salon. There was no such thing as a state secret.

The scene in the rooms that overlooked the court was no less strange. Beyond the antechamber were two other rooms, a bedroom and dressing-room which were used by Dupont de Nemours and Roux-Laborie, the ministerial secretaries. The antechamber was reserved for the "rabble of intriguers," as Beugnot calls them; for those whom no difficulty could stop, and no past, however compromising, could disturb, who were always barefaced and sometimes threatening, and could hardly be persuaded to go away without compensation. In the next room were another set of petitioners, less shameless than these, but equally boastful and greedy. Among themselves and in the presence of the minister they made the most of a devotion which only dated from the previous day, but which

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they professed to have cherished for years ; boasted of treachery of which they were innocent ; posed as hypocrites and traitors rather than miss a good windfall ; and tried to outshine their neighbours—their rivals in this race for favours—by the fervour of their protestations. It was they, so they said, who had raised the first cheers in honour of the Bourbons, who had incited the people to attack the imperial column that bore Napoleon's statue, who had distributed the largest number of white cockades on the occasion of the entry of the Allies. No one, they declared, had done more than themselves to win converts to the royal cause, and rouse enmity against the usurper, the tyrant, the Corsican. They were *the most disreputable crowd in Paris*, adds Beugnot. He goes on to describe the approaches to the house. "The soldiers of the Russian imperial guard lined the stairs, and some Cossacks belonging to the same guard filled the court-yard and the street. There was no difference between day and night. At all hours there was the same crowd, and the same air of disturbance. The only quiet people to be seen were the Cossacks, who slept wherever they could."

Beugnot, on his return from Lille, where he had been Prefect of the Empire, had been appointed Minister of the Interior ;¹ General Dufont, a man of much cultivation but little character, the *capitulé de Baylen*, as he was called under the Empire, received the portfolio of War ; Baron Louis,² whose ideas were simple—because there was so little of them, said de Vitrolles—became Minister of Finance ; de Bourienne, Bonaparte's old schoolfellow and secretary, who had been dismissed after many ill-deeds, was

¹ De Barante's *Souvenirs* (Vol. II., p. 46).—"M. Beugnot was a man of considerable intellect, ability, and education. His pleasant, animated conversation was full of vivacity and sparkle, and this was his chief charm. His wit, however, was a little lacking in refinement and distinction. . . . He was a man whose character was not equal to his intellect. Without ever straying from the path of honesty he was lacking in political courage." He was prefect at Rouen for six years ; then Councillor to King Jerome in Westphalia ; then Governor of the Grand Duchy of Berg ; and finally, after Leipsic, prefect of Lille.

² De Barante's *Souvenirs* (Vol. II., p. 52).—"There is no doubt that M. Louis had none of the qualities of a politician ; he had no oratorical gifts, being incapable of putting two sentences together in public, and confused and laboured in conversation ; he had no mental subtlety, and no tact in dealing with individuals ; there was nothing complex about him, but he was true to his opinions and his friends, and this in itself constitutes a force, and one of the best. In a Cabinet Council he had the inconvenient habit of making himself odiously unpleasant to everyone who disagreed with him. He was hard and rude in dealing with objections, which he refused to discuss or even to hear ; was deaf to the entreaties of all his ministerial opponents ; looked at everything from the financial point of view, and was not to be moved by any other consideration. Good and evil meant nothing to him except in their relation to utility."

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appointed to the Post Office ; and Anglès, a Provençal who had served Napoleon in the police department, fulfilled the same functions under the government that was so hostile to that great man. And—strange to say—the Grand Chancellorship of the Legion of Honour was given to a priest, to the Abbé de Pradt, formerly Archbishop of Malines.

To this government it was especially important to have money, and there was none to be had in the public coffers. The Minister of the Treasury, M. de la Brouillerie, had with the other ministers followed the Empress Marie Louise to Blois, and had cashed and carried off all the money that was available, together with the Crown diamonds and Napoleon's personal resources. Yet the requirements of the Allies must be met, and their daily expenses paid ; and it was especially urgent to provide for the pressing need of those who were never really convinced except in the presence of hard cash. Revolutions are apt to be short-lived unless they are well supported by money-bags. At this crisis money was essential, and the only way to secure it was to seize the wagons and chests in the train of Marie Louise. An energetic man, fiercely hostile to the Empire, was found to carry out the enterprise : a prisoner at Vincennes, who had been an official attached to the army of Spain, but had left it without orders, and had, as he fled, infected the places on his route with his own panic. It was this M. Dudon¹ who set off in haste to Orleans, where the Empress was expected. A few hours later the unfortunate Marie Louise and M. de Talleyrand's agent met there. It was easy enough for the man who longed for revenge, and had nothing to fear from a fallen

¹ Menneval, Vol. II., p. 182 :—" . . . To justify the odious theft the provisional government professed to have been informed that funds to a considerable amount had been taken out of Paris before the occupation of the town by the Allies, and had been further increased by robbing the coffers of the municipality, of the Mont-de-piété, and even of the hospitals. The decree that was passed in connection with this matter required all the trustees of these various funds to declare the amount for which they were responsible, and pay it immediately to the general and municipal receivers, on pain of being themselves declared despoilers of the public funds and pursued as such by the law in their persons and property. . . . Armed with this document, M. Dudon proceeded at once to Orleans, where the imperial treasure, the object of the provisional government's decree, was then lying. . . . That evening, aided by the special police officer in charge of the treasure (he) seized the wagons in which it was packed. These wagons were standing in the market square, and contained ten million francs in cash ; three millions' worth of silver and silver-gilt plate, about four hundred thousand francs' worth of snuff-boxes and diamond rings intended for presents, all the imperial ornaments and garments, which were laden with gold embroidery, and even the Emperor's pocket-handkerchiefs, marked with N and a crown. The Russian General Schouvaloff, who was called upon to interfere, made no opposition whatever to this revolting deed."

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power, to seize all that remained of the Emperor's great wealth, of the gold he had saved from his civil list and had hoarded in the cellars of the Tuileries, whence, latterly, he had taken it for the needs of the State, for the clothing and arming of his new troops. The remnant was trifling : a little over ten million francs, perhaps, of the two hundred and fifty million, and more, that he had once possessed. As for the Crown diamonds, no one would defend them. Dudon had the masterfulness that is born of effrontery and hate ; and the men he was dealing with were stricken with the fear and weakness that arise naturally from the demoralisation of a dying government. The entire contents of the waggons and chests became the spoil of this vindictive hireling ; everything, even the Emperor's court suits, his linen, his jewellery, and the sumptuous dinner-service that was used by the Empress. Dudon left nothing that was of any value. Marie Louise was as completely despoiled as if she had been robbed by highwaymen ; so much so that she was obliged to borrow some china for her table from the bishop with whom she lodged. The booty of the thief, said the chronicles of the day, amounted to nearly fifteen millions.

While this audacious robbery was being perpetrated the Comte d'Artois was establishing himself in the Tuileries with his little court. It was to the Tuileries, therefore, that Dudon brought his spoil, which was taken by his orders to the prince's rooms. The chests were opened on the spot, and the gold they contained dazzled the eyes of the newly arrived courtiers. They promptly took possession of it, regarding it as compensation for the losses endured by themselves and their families during the Revolution. And moreover this gold had belonged to the *usurper*. How had he come by it if not by violence—that is to say by unlawful and unrighteous means ? It was the merest justice to deprive him of it. There would have been none of it left had not Baron Louis heard what was going forward, and hurried to the palace to plead the claims of the State. Not more than a few millions, about a third of the whole, was secured for the Treasury, where the arrival of the money was awaited with feverish anxiety. This was the kind of reasoning that obtained among all the returned exiles, who were ineradicably convinced that it was the simple duty of the country to restore the fortunes, titles, and honours they had formerly enjoyed. This was the spirit, if not the letter, of the Bourbon government for fifteen years. The Court of the Tuileries was peopled with

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these impoverished noblemen, who looked to the royal favour to bring about the resurrection of their departed splendour. They argued as the Jacobins had argued in the days of their triumph. "Since we are now the stronger party," they said to the owners of wealth, "we shall do as you did."

To meet his liabilities the Minister of Finance had been forced to appeal to the *Fermier des Jeux*¹ to relieve his most pressing needs.² These were by no means trifling; but this happy-go-lucky government spent all its time in endless conferences and vacillations, and allowed practical affairs to drift. These first April weeks have left no mark on history but a vague impression of futile measures, unfulfilled ambitions, vanished hopes, and above all, of incapacity on the part of the arch-intriguer, Talleyrand!

V

Paris was quite unconscious of the net of intrigues in which the provisional government was entangled. Paris, with its usual frivolity and love of novelty, was content to gaze its fill at the foreigners who were camping in the streets or occupying all the principal rooms in the houses, since the barracks could not contain them.³ The Cossacks were particularly attractive

¹ A monopolist in gambling-houses. (*Translator's Note.*)

² Beugnot, who records the fact in his *Memoirs*, adds: "I had seen the country quite as destitute on the 18th Brumaire, and long before that again at the time of the retreat of the Archbishop of Sens." (Vol. II., p. 117.)

³ Reboul's *Souvenirs*. Reboul, who at this moment arrived in Paris, knocked at the door of one of his friends and asked to be taken in. His friend replied: "My house is full, from the ground floor to the attic. I am no longer master here. I have at least one regiment of Prussians staying here. Look for a lodging in one of the neighbouring houses, and if you cannot find one I can put up a bed for you in the room of two Prussian officers, who seem to be good fellows and very quiet." There was no room to be found anywhere, and Reboul returned to his friend, who put up the promised bed. "From their possessions," continues the narrator, "which were scattered over the floor, and the Prussian books and papers that I saw lying about on the table and chimney-piece, I gathered that my companions were two officers of the Landwehr. On their bed was a copy of Cassini's map of France—a terrible implement of war. If it had not been for that map how many hamlets and villages, how many towns, even, that were not near the military roads, would have escaped the ravages of the invasion. . . ." And further on: "As I went about Paris I seemed to be in the camp of all the armies of Europe. Our streets and promenades, our public squares, and even the porches of our churches, were overflowing with soldiers. Our theatres, our museums, our libraries, were full of generals. I was told that a few days previously the garden to the Palais Royal, which had never been opened except for pedestrians, had been full of horses and had all the appearance of a bivouac of cavalry. This gathering together of nations and peoples no longer contained

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to the idle crowd, who stared in astonishment at the intrepid little horses with their high saddles, and at the men coming into the courtyards to fetch water, and trying vainly to make themselves intelligible in an incoherent medley of words. As they groomed their horses they sang the touching, melancholy songs of their own land, and every ear was strained to hear them. There were Cossacks everywhere; on the banks of the river, on every tract of waste land, in the Champs-Élysées, and in the Carrousel, where the ammunition and store wagons were drawn up in rows, with the unharnessed horses tied to the wheels, and the soldiers lying asleep in the midst of it all, with no light, as a rule, to safeguard them through the night. On the quays much interest was shown in these Cossacks as they gathered round their fires to cook their food; while others cleaned their linen by turning them rapidly round and round above the flames to kill the vermin with which they were infested. Sometimes patrols of cavalry passed by, and the roadway rang under the horses' heavy hoofs. Or perhaps it would be a long line of Prussian grenadiers marching by on their way to barracks, or a battery of Austrian guns returning to quarters, with the officers in the middle of the road, showing off their arched chests to the best advantage in their extremely tight uniforms. The fair ladies of the aristocracy, now that all fear of a bombardment was past, were laughing at the slight results produced by the shells and bullets of all these enemies, and gossiping in their salons of the rumours that came from the provinces, the terror inspired by Platoff, the great chief of the Cossacks, and the way these barbarians were threatening Paris, which had been described to them as a marvellous town where they could all fill their pockets.¹

On the day of the Allies' entry into Paris a Russian band might have been seen, at the Barrière des Martyrs, disturbing any element of hostility or menace: it was simply melancholy and *savage*. All the despotism of northern discipline weighed upon these masses of people and kept them passive and obedient. . . . I myself have seen a young Russian officer, who was barely seventeen years old and was so childishly small and weak that he could hardly wield his sword, stretch a Cossack dead at his feet with a pistol-shot, for stealing a pound of sugar—the Cossack being six foot tall, as strong as a Hercules, and covered with wounds and decorations. These terrible executions surprised and revolted the Parisians, but reassured them as to the safety of their persons and property.”

¹ Mlle. de Chastenay relates that Platoff was said to have promised his daughter to any man who should secure Napoleon alive or dead. . . . And the Prussians said in their bad French: *Moscou brûlé; Paris brûlé; Moscou brûlé; Paris capturé*. It seemed as though civilisation had come to an end.

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the neighbourhood with its belligerent roulades. The musicians were surrounded by Russian soldiers, among whom were even a few French women and children, who are never tired of listening to any kind of music. In these remote quarters, for several days after the battle, the bodies of the dead were left in the streets, lying in a row by the walls of the houses. The beggars came and hunted in the dust for any little trifles or coins they could find, or for any scraps of food thrown away by the invaders after their meal. At the Pré Saint-Gervais the slopes of the hill were covered with dead soldiers and horses, closely packed one against the other. In the little gardens here the shrubs and fruit-trees had been shattered by grape-shot, and there was nothing left but broken stems, beneath which the owners of the gardens buried the victims of the battle, after thoroughly rifling them. The inner courtyards of the houses, and the passages of the ground-floors were obstructed with the rigid corpses of those who had crept in to die in peace, undisturbed by the vengeance of their enemies. Far away across the plain the fields were strewn with countless empty bottles, left by the troops who had been bivouacking there.¹ Such was the scene of the recent battle. And while it was still raging, while on the heights of Montmartre and on the plain near the Porte de Vincennes Frenchmen and Russians were killing one another, the clients of the Café Tortoni were seated as usual at their tables, for it was the hour of the daily promenade. Young men and women of fashion, therefore, sat here watching the long procession of the wounded on their way to the hospitals, or the carts loaded with those who were too seriously injured to walk. On the

¹ *Journal d'un détienu*, an eye witness of the events of this time in Paris.

² De Vaulabelle's *Histoire de la Restauration*, Vol. I., p. 389. "The women of a certain set were seen lavishing attentions and admiration and caresses on the soldiers of the allied armies, while our own unfortunate men who had been wounded the day before, and sent away from the ambulances and hospitals for want of space, were dying from neglect in the streets and roads."

The *Journal des Débats*, on the other hand, noted the following instance of noble devotion on the part of a priest. "A certain ecclesiastic," it says, "was in a public vehicle that stopped at Bondy, near an inn. His attention was soon attracted by the plaintive cries of several wounded men. He ran to the unfortunate creatures, asking to be supplied with linen and lint; then, as no one responded to his appeal, he pulled off his clothes, tore his shirt into strips, and made them into bandages and lint. The first he helped was a young man whose left arm had been broken by a ball. After having bandaged it, the priest paid for a place in a carriage and had the young man conveyed to Paris. In the same way he dressed three other grenadiers who were seriously wounded, gave each of them some money, and after having entirely emptied his slender purse, left them, laden with their blessings."

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following day all the shops of the Palais Royal were open, and the officers of the foreign armies crowded thither to buy gloves, scent, or jewellery, and flung down handfuls of gold in payment for their purchases.¹ In the cafés—with the exception of the Café Lemblin, the soldiers' café—Russians sat drinking their fill of punch side by side with the Parisian townsfolk, the habitual customers of these places, who could not resist the desire to see a foreigner close at hand, with his uniform and all his orders, and to hear him speaking their own language correctly. There was laughter at every table, and a merry interchange of speech, and as much friendliness as if the Parisians and Russians had formed a single nation. The fashionable ladies who generally filled the galleries in the evening had absented themselves in the hope of being missed; while the working girls who had crowded into the gardens were surprised to find that the foreign officers took no notice of them, and protested against this undue modesty. As a matter of fact the foreign officers were still feeling a little anxious: Paris alarmed them. The people, whom they saw gathered in crowds as they passed along the boulevards, and the inarticulate mutterings of the working-men, seemed to them a terrible danger, and a danger that would be increased a thousandfold if the Emperor, who was still capable of action, were suddenly to appear in Paris. The Parisians might rise and destroy them in an outburst of irresistible patriotism. This was their principal topic of conversation.

During these first weeks there were many novel sights to be seen. In the avenues of the Champs Élysées, for instance, the Cossacks had built huts for themselves against the trees, with bundles of straw fastened to their long lances—their object being rather to hide their loot than to shelter themselves. In the middle of the paths a number of hawkers walked up and down, selling oranges, apples, wine, herrings, and small beer. The Cossacks liked nothing so much as brandy.² When the time came for paying, however,

¹ Mlle. de Chastenay's *Mémoires*, Vol. II., p. 314. "The restaurants could not accommodate the numerous foreign officers who visited them, all of whom spoke French and would have considered themselves true barbarians if they had shown the least want of civility. Every article of luxury, fashion, and commerce was bought by them at the price that was asked. Paris, which had been gloomy for so long, began to entertain the guests without delay."

² "Some of these soldiers," wrote the *Débats*, "were seen cutting up the meat into joints with their swords, while others split the wood on which the meat was to be cooked: one man would be repairing his horse's shoes, another cleaning and polishing his weapons, and others again resting themselves against their recum-

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there were always violent and endless discussions between buyer and seller as to the value of the different coins. To such of the townsfolk as ventured to visit this strange bivouac the Cossacks offered watches for sale, and other valuable or rare objects that they had taken from the towns through which they passed; and there were actually Parisians who were not ashamed to buy these things for next to nothing, like receivers of stolen goods. In this district of Paris, this centre of luxury, a Tartar village had suddenly sprung up. In another part of the town, the Gros-Caillou, the laundresses' quarter, some ruffians incited the looters to take the linen from the clothes-lines outside the houses, promising to pay a very good price for it. But when the deed was done some National Guards, who were patrolling and had witnessed the theft, arrested these mischievous reprobates and took them off to the office of the Prefect of Police.¹

There was more traffic at this time in the Rue Saint-Honoré than in any other street; for it led to the Rue Saint-Florentin, where the Czar was living. Here Germans and Russians walked side by side with Asiatics born in the shadow of the Great Wall of China or on the shores of the Caspian Sea; here were Cossacks, with sheepskins on their backs and little whips, which they called knouts, twisted round their necks; flat-nosed Kalmucks, with bronzed faces; Bashkirs and Tingous from Siberia, armed with bows and arrows; Circassian chiefs, wearing pointed helmets like those of the twelfth century, and shining coats of mail wrought in polished steel; and officers covered with crosses and ribbons. Blücher wore seventeen upon his breast, and wherever he appeared was followed by a staring crowd, amazed to see so many proofs of courage and ability. Suddenly, perhaps, this motley crowd would be pushed aside by the passing of a number of little light one-horsed carriages, drawn in the Russian manner by traces made of

bent horses. Many of them were amused at the observations made by the spectators with regard to their clothes and customs."

¹ Another spectacular event was the religious service that was celebrated in the Place Louis XV with great pomp. The Comte d'Artois had not yet arrived in Paris. On the day of this service the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and Prince Schwartzberg as the Austrian Emperor's representative, held a review of their respective troops, who were drawn up in line, to the number of 80,000, from the Boulevard de l'Arsenal to the Boulevard de la Madeleine. At one o'clock Mass was read in the Place Louis XV by a bishop and six priests of the Greek Church. A *Te Deum* was sung in gratitude to God for having given peace to France and the world at large. The allied troops filed past the altar, which was surrounded by the Parisian National Guard under their commandant, General Dessoles. (Note by Edmond Biré, founded on the *Journal des Débats* of Ap. 11, 1814.)

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rope, and driven by coachmen with large red beards, long brown great-coats, and small low hats. Lying back in these carriages would be Russian officers, easily recognisable by the long hair that hung down to their shoulders—a sign of noble birth that distinguished them from the private soldiers, whose hair was cut close to their heads. And sometimes in one of these carriages General Sacken, Governor of Paris, might be seen on his way to visit the Emperor Alexander.

Much curiosity was roused in the Palais Royal by the numerous placards affixed to the pillars. One day there was an immense placard signed by the son of Brissot de Warville, who, having been expelled from the Polytechnical School at the instance of Napoleon, was taking his revenge in the form of the most disgraceful insults. The police tore out the inner part of the placard, and finally removed the whole sheet, leaving nothing on the walls but the advertisement of Chateaubriand's brochure *De Buonaparte et des Bourbons*. Under the galleries the Knights of St. Louis were walking up and down triumphantly with their crosses on their breasts—the crosses that so long had lain hidden at the back of a drawer. These were happy men that day: they felt twenty-five years younger, while the Empress Josephine was flying from Malmaison to her house in Navarre, and some of the officials in Paris were also preparing to fly, urged partly by fear and partly by disgust. They were afraid of the reprisals of the royalists, and disgusted by the recantations of men whom Napoleon had benefited. Some of these officials were sad, like Réal; others were indifferent, like Dacrès, who consoled himself by thinking of the large fortune he had secured during the reign of the Emperor. "Are you rich?" he asked Réal.—"No."—"So much the worse for you! I am!"—These words were enough to show how little the disruption of the Empire meant to the man who had been created a duke, and chosen by his master to fill the honourable office of Minister of Marine.

Guizot, who left the capital at this time, describes in his *Memoirs* (Vol. I., p. 25) the impression that he took away with him of the moral anarchy from which France was then suffering. For nothing less than anarchy was the result of all these incongruities, all these opposing interests, all this brandishing of royalist emblems in the faces of the imperialists and republicans—for republicanism had latterly gained ground among the people, as the sorrows of their country increased. And what was still more plainly to be seen was

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the universal hopelessness that was sapping the energy of the whole population. They were weary and nerveless, and looked for no future but the unexpected. The nation, said Guizot, was completely crippled, which is the only explanation of its submission to the Bourbons, those unknown princes who had been out of the country for a quarter of a century and could only make themselves acceptable by promising peace and an end to the general distress. It explains, too, the desertion of so many officials, who had had no reason for any feeling but self-congratulation, having received nothing but favours from the Emperor. In every class the prevailing feeling was fatigue, and even satiety of military glory. All the most energetic men had died upon the field of battle. Those who were left found that all their valour was required to support the women and children and old men. The days of the Directory seemed to have returned.¹

If at this moment public life resumed its normal course, it was not the provisional government that gave it the initial impulse. As a bough that is bent back will straighten itself when the hand that holds it is removed, so everything that had been arrested by the war returned to its usual state. The roads being again open the stage-coaches resumed their regular service; the letters that had been accumulating for three months in the post offices, because the post-masters had taken their horses and fled before the enemy, were delivered at their destinations. Provisions arrived in

¹ There were, however, some people who regretted the establishment of peace and the fall of Napoleon. They preferred war. De Rougement in *Le Rodeur Français* (Vol. I., p. 69), gives an imaginary dialogue between two bourgeois. He had borrowed the spirit if not the letter of it from a conversation he had heard. "As he spoke M. Duperré drew us towards the château. When we entered M. de Leyré was still holding his son's letter in his hand. I congratulated him on his son's return. 'Eh! monsieur,' he said; 'you should, on the contrary, pity me. I don't know what to do with the boy, now. His occupation is gone.'—'But was it not against his wish and yours that he entered the service?'—'Certainly; but after all, the thing was done, and I thought that with our interest and a little luck he might have made his way as well as anyone. Did not one of his brothers die a major?'—'But that is a reason for being glad that he should escape a similar misfortune.'—'You may say what you like; one is very much pleased to have a field-officer in one's family.'—'Yes, indeed,' said Mme. de Germany quickly, 'and here is a mother who is robbed of that happiness. In the old days we could at least marry generals, colonels, councillors of state, and especially judges. I know very well that as a rule these gentlemen do not necessarily bring happiness to their wives, but their name and rank flatter one's pride and vanity, and that is a pleasure not to be despised. One might begin by marrying a captain, and by a series of widowhoods one might attain to a general of division. Changes of that kind had their advantages. Nowadays one must spend one's whole life with the man one first marries. Oh!' said Mme. de Germany with a sigh, 'an ambitious career for women is a thing of the past!' . . ."

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Paris as usual, and the markets of Sceaux and Poissy were abundantly supplied. By April the 6th the Treasury was issuing money and cheques; and the names of the *lycées* were changed. The Lycée Napoléon was called Lycée Henri IV; the Lycée Bonaparte Lycée Bourbon; and the Lycée Impérial was named Lycée Louis-le-Grand, and replaced its drum by a bell.

The Conservatoire de Musique summoned its pupils to their neglected exercises. Defaulting conscripts were released from the hulks; General Lecourbe was reinstated in the distinguished military position that his talent and courage deserved; and certain prefects who were unpopular in their departments were removed. The political prisoners in the Château de Saumur, the Abbé d'Astros and the Abbé Perraut, were set free after four years of captivity; as were also the cardinals confined at Alais, and the priests at Ham. Others who were released were the two hundred and thirty-six seminarists of the diocese of Ghent who had been forced to serve in the artillery because they took the Pope's part against the Emperor; and the Marquis de Puyvert, the King's agent in the South, who had been arrested at Belleville on the 12th March, 1804. Cardinal de Maury, on the other hand, exiled himself from Paris and went off to his diocese of Montefiascone. The seals of the government were immediately affixed to the doors of the Archbishop's Palace.

Another sign of the times was a series of silly demonstrations. The market-women demanded an audience of the Emperor Alexander that they might pay him their respects, and the students made the same request to the King of Prussia, who was living in the Hôtel de Villeroi, Rue de Lille; the regiments of the National Guard adorned their hats with the white cockade; fifteen hundred French prisoners were taken by some Prussian soldiers to the Boulevard de la Madeleine, and liberated there in the name of the King, shouting "*Vivent les Bourbons*"; Louis XVIII's portrait was engraved, and exhibited in the libraries and shop windows, side by side with low pamphlets directed against Napoleon; the generals vied with one another in their haste to send in letters of eager submission to the provisional government; all the young men, whether bourgeois or aristocrats, added their names to M. de Noailles' list of volunteers for the royal guard; and Cambacérés, even Cambacérés, who had only just arrived from Blois, enlisted under the new flag as a petty official. He had been heard to say: *What do I care for History?* An address that was presented

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to the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia contained these words: "You were summoned hither by our prayers, which furthered your holy crusade against the scourge of nations, against that monster who was no countryman of ours." Finally, on April the 10th, the Château de Vincennes opened its gates to the enemy.

The theatres were thoroughly in touch with this movement. The Théâtre des Variétés announced *Le Souper d'Henri IV* and *La Chaumière Béarnaise*; the Vaudeville *Les Clefs de Paris* or *Le Déjeuner d'Henri IV*; the Opéra Comique revived *Henri IV, ou la Bataille d'Ivry*; the Opera gave *La Vestale* instead of *Trajan*, and Tivoli advertised the attractions of its rural walks.

There were at that time only two monarchs in Paris: the Czar Alexander and the King of Prussia. The Emperor of Austria, who was following them, preferred to do so at some distance, being embarrassed by the presence of his daughter, the Empress Marie Louise, at Orleans. At Dijon he had led an isolated life in the Hôtel de Dampierre, where he spent his days in his own room with his face glued to the window-panes, trying to find some distraction in the scene without. The inhabitants of the town, observing this peculiarity, nicknamed him the *Emperor under glass*. After this he had travelled by short stages towards Rambouillet, skirting round Paris, which he apparently wished to avoid, possibly because he regretted that his daughter no longer reigned there. The deposed Empress had come to meet him at Rambouillet, and he did not leave her till he felt assured that if she were carefully watched she would allow herself to be taken to Austria, and would not join the Emperor Napoleon. It was for this reason that he only arrived in Paris on April 15th, three days after the Comte d'Artois.

The two other sovereigns had arranged their lives on the model of the rich *bourgeoisie*. The Emperor Alexander, who was a lover of pleasure, made himself agreeable to the beautiful women of France, and would gladly have won favour from them. The Empress Josephine, whose fears were now allayed, succeeded in attracting him to Malmaison, where he visited her frequently. He was greatly charmed by the grace, the caressing manners, and the languishing voice of the sympathetic creole.

All this did not prevent him from being compassionate. He visited the hospitals where the wounded were being cared for, and assuaged their sufferings with generous gifts. The King of

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Prussia's tastes were more peculiar. He sought distraction in places of popular amusement, such as the *Montagnes Russes*,¹ where he would seat himself in the car besides strange ladies, who were quite unaware of the identity of this phlegmatic and unsociable individual. Frederick William cherished the memory of his wife, Queen Louise, from whom he had been parted by death; and if he entered one of the cars in question, or followed some alluring petticoat in the street, it was always because he was attracted by a resemblance to the woman he still mourned. De Vitrolles describes in his memoirs how the Prussian monarch at this time often made a tryst on the terrace of the Tuileries with the beautiful Comtesse de Saint-A. who had, he thought, the same expression and the same endearing manners as his dead wife. De Vitrolles only gives us the lady's initials. (Vol. II., p. 153).

The monarchs never visited the small theatres. They were present at the performances given in their honour at the Opéra Comique and the Opera, where the Imperial Eagle on Napoleon's box had been swathed in a large piece of white cloth. At the Mint they were received by Denon, who had a medal struck in their presence, bearing their effigies, and below them the date of the visit. Alexander was very religious, and went to Mass every day in the chapel that had been built on purpose for him at the Ministry of Marine. The King of Prussia made his Easter Communion at the Temple de l'Oratoire, where he declined the arm-chair that was provided for his use during the service, and seated himself on a bench. He was more literary in his tastes than Alexander, and when he visited the buildings of the Legislative Body the library was open at his request, and Cicero's *De Officiis* brought for him to see. This was the copy whose margins had been covered with manuscript notes by the Dauphin, Louis XVIII's father. The Prussian King lived a solitary and quiet life, and took a less active part in the Parisian movement than Alexander, who received complimentary visits from the royalist nobles, and admitted to his table not only the Montmorencys and de Noailles, but even Bellart the lawyer, whose famous manifesto had decided the fate of Napoleon.

¹ The *Montagnes Russes* somewhat resembled the switchback railway. (Translator's Note.)

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VI

As soon as the Comte d'Artois was installed in the Tuileries the Emperor Alexander left the house in the Rue Florentin where the provisional government held its meetings, and took up his abode in the Élysée Bourbon. This tactful step was intended to show that he had no wish to interfere with the prince's influence. But the King's brother concerned himself very little with politics during these first days of his life in Paris, being altogether ignorant of French affairs. The pleasure of being surrounded by his little Court in the sumptuous rooms of the palace of his ancestors was quite enough for him: he thought of nothing but his princely position, and the enjoyment of the passing hour. The deputations sent from the provinces read addresses to him, in which the towns recalled their royalist traditions in simple, heartfelt terms—speeches such as the sheriffs and bailiffs of old days had addressed to the Kings of France on their travels. To these naïve and affectionate expressions of devotion the prince responded—why should we not admit it?—with the genuine emotion that his happiness inspired. Every word that was spoken breathed of hope and confidence; and it rested with the Bourbons alone to endow these first signs of reconciliation and oblivion of the past with a character of permanence. This they were not willing, or were not able, to do. The absence that had made them lose touch with the people had made it impossible for them to understand the people's new ideals.

But for the moment the outburst of joy and devotion was universal.

Every general in Paris wished to be presented to the prince, and the officials of the imperial Court of Blois, having returned with all possible haste, demanded the same honour. They could not live without doing homage to someone. The vestibule, staircases, and rooms of the Tuileries were constantly swarming with a clamorous crowd. They were never empty. Receptions followed one another in quick succession: there was a reception for Monsieur's old bodyguard and that of the Comte d'Artois; for the former officers of Condé's army;¹ for those who had held any

¹ Among these old officers the Baron de Queville, the Chevalier de Combettes, and the Chevalier Deslandes were especially noticeable. The Comte d'Artois said to them: "The heart of the Bourbons is your guarantee that nothing that has been done for them can be forgotten."

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command in the Royal Navy or in any of the regiments of Louis XVI; and, as at Livry, they appeared in their antique costumes. The prince recognised none of them; but what matter! They were made happy with a smile and a bow. They had seen the prince again—their prince! On the day that was consecrated to the ladies many an intriguing, pushing woman, trusting to the magnificence of her gown, came to swell the already crowded ranks of the *grandes dames*. Pasquier, who had been Prefect of Police under the Empire, and was present in a professional capacity, recognised several to whom no drawing-room in Paris would have been open—Mme. Montansier among others, the manageress of the Théâtre des Variétés, a woman of no reputation. He hastened to point them out to the prince's first gentleman-in-waiting, M. de Maillé, who told the ushers to beg these ladies to go away, which they did without making a scene.

It was a delight to him—to the Comte d'Artois, the new host at the palace—to be the object of all this flattery and homage. He felt himself a prince at last, and in the joy of it forgot the tragedies of the times, forgot the presence of the foreign armies, who were as arrogant and exacting, as rapacious and destructive, as though the war had been still raging. Perpetual complaints of oppression and robbery poured in from the people to the provisional government. The prince knew nothing of all this distress. He gave all his attention to his own happiness, imagining he could make it permanent. He said to his familiars that as his brother was so infirm that he could neither mount a horse, nor review the troops, nor walk about a drawing-room throwing smiles to the ladies, it would be to himself, as the King's brother, that these honours would fall. The elder brother, being tied by his sufferings to an arm-chair or a writing-table, would have only an illusory kind of authority, and it would necessarily be in his own active and healthy person that the ideals of the reign would find expression. And his opinions were well known!

His own associates, the men whom he had brought back with him from exile, said nothing to disillusion him. They all thought that the old monarchy of the last century had been restored; and when, in the *Moniteur*, they read the phrase in which the prince was reported to have answered the address of welcome,—*that nothing was changed in France; there was merely one more Frenchman than before*—there was an outburst of wrath among them. What—nothing changed! Were the infamous laws of Bonaparte

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to rule the kingdom still? Was divorce still to be legal? Was not the law of primogeniture to be restored? Was the education of the young still to be tainted with hateful doctrines? And had not the Senate, the degraded body that was composed of the usurper's supporters, dared to present a Constitution for the King's acceptance? And was the tricolour, the rag that was stained with the blood of so many innocent victims, still to defile the public buildings and royal palaces? All this, they said, would merely be a repetition of the Revolution to which they had refused to submit, preferring to resign themselves to twenty-five years of misery!

Many royalists, especially those of the south and west, were obsessed by this hatred of the modern spirit; and in the salons of the lesser *noblesse*, whose moderate incomes obliged them almost to live the lives of hermits, there was a very strong feeling of opposition to the untoward phrase, which seemed to put an end to all hope of change. The Comte d'Artois himself, seeing so much agitation among the royalists, became troubled by the memory of the unhappy phrase, and sent the Comte de Bruges to Hartwell to warn his brother that the modern party in France intended to oppose every kind of change. The Emperor Alexander, however, who was better informed on the subject of public opinion in France—partly through his own shrewdness and partly through his intercourse with men of all parties—despatched his own councillor Pozzo di Borgo to the King, begging him to hasten his return and by no means to refuse a liberal Constitution to his re-captured country; the Constitution, in short, that had received the sanction of the Senate. Almost at the same moment Fouché, having returned to Paris from Illyria, where his term of governorship had just expired, eagerly involved himself in public affairs; not openly, for he had not the right—to his great regret—but clandestinely, by addressing a memorial to the King. Lubis, in his history of the Restoration, has given us the most important passages in this document.

"It is because we genuinely wish for the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France," wrote Fouché, "that we must wish them to be deaf to those stupid or false advisers who urge them to become the centre of a party rather than the fathers of an entire nation, to demolish the work they find accomplished and oppose the ideas they find established, at the risk of re-kindling the passions of the people, of irritating and embittering their self-

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esteem, and of diffusing an atmosphere of distrust whose consequences would be incalculable."

"It will certainly be the fault of the advisers in question if the nation be once more plunged into a state of bewilderment, agitation, and distress, and it will not be owing to them if these misfortunes do not soon arise. The shops are papered with their lampoons and constitutions. Bonaparte, who was not noticeably liberal in the matter of concessions, left us none the less two consolation prizes: trial by jury and national representation. Our modern purists will have none of them. Happily the King will be less royalist than these folk. His mind is too much cultivated and his soul too lofty for such views. His studies and his taste for science and literature have brought him so closely into contact with educated men that one need have no fear lest his reign should have a reactionary influence upon the nineteenth century. The war that will be waged in our day against liberal opinions will certainly cost the country more than the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and in any case will be more dangerous for the aggressors than for those who are attacked."

Lubis adds that this paper made a great impression on Louis XVIII; but, in the face of all this contradictory advice, his characteristic indecision prevented him from making up his mind.

The provisional government, of course, was at this time the only legal and official authority, the only authority invested with sovereign power. But it was upon the Comte d'Artois, though he had as yet no authorised position, that the eyes of the ambitious were fixed. This was an equivocal state of things, from both points of view. The authority of the men whom the Senate had entrusted with the supreme power was now really nominal. It was therefore necessary that this power should be conferred upon the King's brother; and that the Senate should make some official recognition of his claims. Now, between the Comte d'Artois and the Senate stood the Constitution that the prince refused to accept. He had returned to France as a "legitimate" prince; he was the representative of the King, and the King, like himself, was "legitimate," and not a constitutional King. Both sides stood upon their dignity. The Senate entrenched itself behind the Constitution: it had abstained from paying its respects to the prince, and the prince did not show the least desire to receive it.

The Emperor Alexander watched these skirmishes disconsolately, and even irritably. He was well-disposed towards the

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Senate, whose protector he had tacitly constituted himself. It was to him that this political body had announced the completion of its labours; and he had accepted the compliment without any further remark, or indication of his own opinion. In his eyes the Constitution was the corner-stone on which the dynasty must lean. He hesitated no longer. He felt it his duty to intervene, and reconcile these two rival powers. He visited the Comte d'Artois at the Tuileries, and gave him two alternatives: to return to London, or to submit, at all events ostensibly, to the decisions to the Senate. He spoke loudly: he spoke firmly. The Comte d'Artois yielded without a struggle, and the Senate, on being received at the Tuileries, gave him the title of Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. From that moment the recently-formed government acted only in the name of the Lieutenant-General. A provisional Council of State was created, by the addition of Marshals Moncey and Oudinot to the members of the Government, with General Dessolles, commandant of the National Guard of the Seine, and de Vitrolles as Under Secretary of State. The next step was to despatch special commissioners to the provinces, with instructions to soothe the prevailing anxiety, to carry the hope of better days into the devastated districts, and to atone for past injustice by removing certain unpopular officials. "Take Hope to the people," said the Lieutenant-General to the commissioners, "and bring back Truth to the King." The Duc de Doudeauville was sent to Mézières; Marshal Kellermann to Metz; Roger de Damas to Nancy; the Chevalier de Lasalle to Strasbourg; the Marquis de Champagne to Besançon; Auguste de Juigné to Grenoble; the Comte de Boisjelin to Toulon; the Vicomte d'Osmond to Montpellier; the Comte Jules de Polignac to Toulouse; the Comte Dejean to Bordeaux; Gilbert des Voisins to La Rochelle; the Comte de Ferrières to Rheims; de Begoulx to Rouen; the Duc de Plaisance to Caen; Marshal Mortier to Lille; General de Nansouty to Dijon; de Noailles to Lyon; General Marescot to Périgueux; Otto to Bourges; Mathieu de Montmorency to Tours.

Most of these men, however, were aristocrats imbued with all the prejudices of their order, and had little influence to boast of. They had never lived among the people, and the majority of them had recently returned from exile. Yesterday they had been private citizens of no account; to-day they were all-powerful. As they travelled through the country they must have seemed to the

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people to be brilliant creatures, indeed, to be stared at and envied, but not to be trusted. They returned, having done more harm than good ; having aroused the royalist passions in the districts where they slumbered, and excited distrust among the undecided.

It was too early for a step of this kind. In these first weeks of chaos, when every heart was disquieted and the whole country was trembling with misery or passion, the interests of the State were subordinated to the interests of the individual. Every district thought only of its own concerns. Bordeaux had declared for the monarchy because the cellars of her merchants held the fruits of five harvests still unsold, and the Bourbons promised peace, which meant the opening of the trading-ports, and had also promised the suppression of the *droits réunis*, which were a source of much annoyance to the owners of wine-estates. The merchants and shipowners already, in imagination, saw the trading-vessels once more taking their flight towards the high seas, laden with enormous casks full of the delicious wines of Médoc, and returning with a cargo of wool, and timber, and sugar, and the colonial produce that the blockade had made so rare. It was for this reason that the streets and buildings of this splendid town were decked with white flags. The neighbouring town of La Rochelle had an equal number of reasons for accepting the ancient dynasty. For the last ten years her harbour had been blockaded by English ships. When the news of Napoleon's abdication came from Paris, the crews of the English ships landed and fraternised with the French. There were fêtes on board the English ships for the ladies of La Rochelle, who returned the compliment by sending fresh provisions to the sailors. For English and French alike, it was a day of jubilation. Past hostilities were forgotten in unanimous cries of *Vivent les Bourbons !* Lyons had escaped bombardment by opening her gates to the Allies. Augereau, who was in command there, had declared against Napoleon, and the reassured townfolk rallied round the white flag. Marseilles, which had always been neglected by Napoleon, lost no time in throwing down all the statues of the Emperor ; and in response to the salutes and fluttering white flags of the English vessels the people of the Canebière crowded into little boats and boarded the ship of the officer in command, whom they carried ashore in triumph. The mob shouted : *Vive Louis XVIII ! Vive le roi Georges !* In the theatre that evening the actors sang a song set to the air of *O Richard, ô mon roi* ; the words being *O Louis, ô mon roi, l'univers te couronne !* The same

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state of things prevailed at Nantes, and in every place where personal grievances had aroused violent political feeling.

In Burgundy, on the contrary, which had been terribly devastated by the invasion, there was still a passionate desire to wreak vengeance on the Allies; and as it was felt that none but Napoleon was capable of thus retaliating upon the invaders, the whole province remained faithful to imperialism. So also did the districts that were traversed by canals, where the barges had been in full work ever since the beginning of the blockade. Here Napoleon's popularity was undiminished, and the cheers for the Bourbons met with no response. In Paris, too, in the quarters inhabited by working-men, the first feeling of surprise had worn off, and the foreigners were regarded with the liveliest hostility. The prisoners who had returned from Germany or England told their friends in the little cafés and taverns that the defeat of the French armies was entirely due to treason. They gave a heart-rending account of their sufferings in the wretched gaols where they had been imprisoned; and if any of the foreign soldiers ventured alone into the more remote places of entertainment they were attacked, and often killed. Every evening someone was missing when the roll was called. The French officers, moreover, found it intolerable to have heavy Germans and long-haired Russians elbowing them at their tables in the restaurants, and constant provocations arose, which always resulted in deadly duels.

Much ridicule, too, was aroused by the pious habits of the Lieutenant-General, who went to Mass every day attended by his almoner the Abbé Latil. The Abbé carried the prayer-book, presented the holy water, and took the prince's hat, which he held throughout the service. And there was another sign of the times. The *bourgeoisie*, while well-disposed towards the Bourbons, were still somewhat unsatisfied and inclined to Jacobinism, and gave an enthusiastic reception to a brochure recently published by M. de Durbach, a member of the Legislative Body, and a brother-in-law of General Mortier. The author demanded a fresh contract; a contract between the Bourbons and the nation. This was a reflection on what the royalists called the "the legitimacy"; it was a recognition of the need for a Constitution; it was practically saying to the Bourbons: "The nation is the sovereign power. You are to reign, not in virtue of an innate right, but in virtue of the people's consent. Your princely title gives you no rights whatever."

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However, all the journals in Paris were royalist in sentiment, and overpowered these premonitory sounds with their songs of triumph. The imperialist press had disappeared, owing to the bold action of Morin the police officer, who had placed all the newspapers under the supervision of a strict censor. And a torrent of lampoons aimed at the fallen Emperor diverted attention from the Bourbons and saved them from unduly penetrating eyes, by making Napoleon the most common subject of discussion and disagreement. The royalist papers used every means for the aggrandisement of their princes.

Every evening at the theatres, they declared, the least episode bearing on the history of the dynasty was made the occasion of an outburst of cheers. Three days after his arrival in Paris the Comte d'Artois attended a performance at the Opera, which was also honoured by the presence of the two allied sovereigns. The imperial box, transformed into a royal box, was draped with blue velvet with a pattern of golden fleurs-de-lys. When the orchestra played the national anthem the Comte d'Artois uncovered; and a voice cried: "Stand up, stand up! The King is there!" The whole house rose, said the newspapers with much emotion on the following morning.

Lieutenant-General the Comte d'Artois assumed the responsibility of all the actions of the provisional government, accepting it with a light heart. Never was there a more useless prince, nor one who served his country less, than this returned exile who had brought all the prejudices of Versailles back with him. He could talk of nothing but white plumes and white cockades, and his ancestor Henri IV, whose heart he claimed to possess, if not his talent. He signed all the ordinances and decrees that were set before him; signed them blindly and trustingly, nor ever asked how much good or evil might result from his signature on a piece of paper. He never reasoned, nor asked for information; and he postponed every serious decision to the morrow. His whole time was spent in receiving congratulations. It was on April 23rd, ten days after his arrival in Paris, that the prince was asked by Talleyrand—since the treaty of peace between France and the allied Powers was not yet concluded—to sign the temporary agreement that had been made with the foreign plenipotentiaries. By this agreement France was sadly diminished; her frontiers became those of 1792. Fifty-three fortified places occupied by French troops, all the materials of war that they

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contained, everything that was not private property, all the stores of artillery and ammunition, provisions of every kind, archives, inventories, plans, maps, models, all became the spoil of the victors; and by a single stroke of the pen 1,500,000,000 francs were lost to the country. The Ionian Islands, the strongholds of Belgium and the Rhine, of Piedmont and Lombardy, and the great fortified towns of the North, Hamburg and Dantzic, which still contained thirty thousand men, were delivered to foreign garrisons. At Mayence there were five hundred mounted guns: these were lost. The fortified harbours of France contained thirty-two ships of the line, twelve frigates, and many other war-ships. All these men-of-war hoisted foreign flags, and changed their nationality. Nothing was forgotten. "Contemporary writers," says Vaulabelle, "declared that several millions were the price of this egregious surrender, made by Talleyrand to the Allies.¹ Is this a calumny? We do not think so."

Talleyrand had the strongest reasons for being anxious about the future. King Louis XVIII was less complacent and more acute than his brother; and from the King Talleyrand expected no good. Moreover his public honour and his personal reputation had been dragged in the mud. He was treated everywhere with disrespect; indeed, he was not only despised, but hated by the populace. The people would gather round his windows, shouting: "Down with the Bishop of Autun! Down with the renegade!" Was it likely, when the King saw this kind of thing taking place, ~~that~~ he would accept Talleyrand's services? The royalist journals, too, were delighted to strike a blow at the cynicism of this much-discussed individual, and made him feel the extreme precariousness of his position in the Ministry.

They reminded him that he was married, and that his wife was in the habit of going to his house quite openly. Nothing annoyed him so much as the exposure of this disgraceful circumstance. When he betrayed Napoleon and sided against him he had not thought of all this. Feeling himself in danger he took precautions against a possible fall. The change of dynasty had robbed him of the greater part of his immense revenues, and therefore it was only just, he considered, that it should yield him enough to

¹ De Vaulabelle adds (Vol. II., p. 51): "Still more than this was done. The import duties on various commodities, on cotton among others, were reduced at one blow. There were towns and whole provinces, such as Normandy, where the entire commercial world was obliged to go bankrupt. . . . Wherever one turned one's eyes, one could see nothing but ruin, disorder, and confusion."

ROYALIST FEELING IN PARIS

redeem his losses.¹ The giddy, volatile Lieutenant-General was a mere plaything in the hands of the cunning diplomatist.

On the 21st April, two days before the signing of the convention, the Duc de Berry had arrived in Paris, where he had been received very affectionately by his father the Comte d'Artois. He had left Jersey for Cherbourg on the 15th April, accompanied by the Comte de la Ferronays, his first gentleman-in-waiting, the Comte de Nantouillet, his chief equerry, and the Comtes de Clermont and de Menars, his gentlemen-of-honour. As soon as he was installed in the *Préfecture Maritime* all the authorities of the town called upon him, to assure him of their devotion to the new dynasty. The consciences of all these officials, it would appear, were as supple as those of the officials in Paris. The prefect made a point of presenting to the young duke not only his own family, but some ladies of the *noblesse*, Mesdames de Moncas and de Laurency. During the dinner it was impossible to prevent the crowd from invading the room where the prince was sitting at his meal. As they passed they looked at him with a sort of delirious joy. After dinner the town was splendidly illuminated, and a kind of Court was held, to enable this scion of the Bourbons to enjoy the enthusiasm of his new admirers. After this he drove through the streets of the town in an open carriage, which was followed by the enraptured crowd. From Cherbourg he journeyed to Bayeux surrounded by a guard of honour recruited from the department of Calvados, and by the National Guard of Cherbourg. From Bayeux he took the road to Caen, still accompanied by his guard of honour, who refused to leave him. In that ancient Norman city there were some political prisoners whom he set at liberty;

¹ The senators thought their Constitution would save them from the consequences they feared. M. de Talleyrand did not share this illusion. With the price of a house that he had sold to the Emperor he had bought a country house called Saint-Brice, near Saint-Denis. He saw how impossible it would be for him to keep this house, which would entail a considerable annual outlay. He tried to get rid of it. No one offered to buy it; but he was able to secure a purchaser none the less. He sent for the *fermier général des jeux* and suggested to him to buy the house. He rejected the suggestion. But it was pointed out to him that the prince had not sent for him with a view to suffering a refusal: that he must buy the house, and that if the agreement were not signed within twenty-four hours his license would be annulled and given to someone else. The *fermier* was helpless; he was dealing with the head of the provisional government. He asked what price was being put upon the house. The answer was: two hundred and fifty thousand francs. He paid the amount that same evening, intending to reimburse himself out of the pockets of the gamblers. M. de Talleyrand's presentiments cannot have been very reassuring if he found it necessary to use such means as these to get rid of everything that might prove difficult to realise. (De Rovigo's *Mémoires*, Vol. VII.)

THE RETURN OF LOUIS XVIII

and in the theatre that evening the prefect, a shrewd courtier and fatuous official, made them appear on the stage. When the curtain was raised they were seen upon their knees, surrounded by their wives and children, with their hands stretched out in gratitude towards their liberator. The *Journal des Débats* records these facts without wincing; yet the incident was mean and vulgar, and might have pleased a Roman Emperor. From Caen the Duc de Berry proceeded to Rouen, where he entered the town to the ringing of bells, and was welcomed by a new guard of honour, commanded by M. de Slade, of the Norman *noblesse*.

The next day's journey took him to Paris. His elder brother the Duc d'Angoulême was to arrive there later, when there should be no more incense to be had from the people of Bordeaux, among whom he was living in almost kingly state.¹

And now France was awaiting the King—the King who was already called Louis le Désiré.

¹ The *Journal des Débats* recieved the following communication from Agen on the 26th April:—"M. le préfet returned from Bordeaux on the 23rd and left Agen again on the evening of the 24th for Casteljalous, in order to receive Monseigneur le duc d'Angoulême on the borders of the department. His Royal Highness, who is going to Toulouse, on the left bank of the Garonne, slept at Casteljalous on the 25th. He dined to-day at Nérac, where so many memories of the good Henri are still alive in the contemporary monuments of that great king, and in the hearts of the faithful Gascons. H.R.H. will sleep to-night at Condom, will spend part of the 27th at Auch, and will proceed to Toulouse in the evening of the same day. As he is to travel back to Bordeaux, on the right bank of the Garonne, the inhabitants of Agen hope to be favoured with the Prince's presence on the 30th April, or the 10th May at latest. On Saturday last the Comte de Pressac, colonel of the army of his Austrian Majesty, knight of the royal and military order of St. Louis, appointed by H.R.H. the duc d'Angoulême to the special and provisional command of the departments of Gers and Lot-et-Garonne, registered his commission at the Préfecture of Lot-et-Garonne, and also the King's letters patent of the 14th January last, containing the plenary powers of Mgr. the duc d'Angoulême. These letters-patent begin thus: Louis, by the Grace of God King of France and Navarre."

CHAPTER V

KING LOUIS XVIII

I

LOUIS XVIII's chief characteristic was indecision. In forming a resolution he was apt to exercise so much prudence that the matter was indefinitely postponed. During his exile he had often pondered over the form of government most suitable to the kingdom for which he was waiting, but he could not make up his mind on the subject; and when he received the news from France that he was at last about to be King—a real King, recognised by all the European powers—his indecision became greater than ever. He would willingly have left Hartwell at once if he could have been sure of landing on his native soil without being confronted too soon with the conditions of those who were recalling him. For he regarded the authority of the King as a matter that was above discussion. This was his creed, and could by no means be altered. Moreover, Lamartine has told us how M. de Blacas and the Duchesse d'Angoulême, "the one a man of reactionary views, and the other an embittered and strong-minded princess, encouraged him in his superstition that his sovereign power could be shared with none." When he wrote to the town of Bordeaux that he was about to return like a father concerned with his children's happiness he was not employing a figure of speech, nor describing the form of his future government in metaphor; he was stating what he believed to be a fact. He intended his reign to be that of a good, well-meaning monarch, who would refuse to be harassed or argued with, because he knew better than his subjects what was good for them. What more could France desire?

He knew nothing of the changes that had been brought about in France by twenty-five years of war, and imperial administration,

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and the glory of a hundred victories. It was hardly likely that this kind of paternal government would be acceptable to a people who had marched victoriously across Europe, and had made their laws the laws of the world. This nation had broken the yoke of Napoleon: would it accept that of an unknown old man? Between Paris and Hartwell the emissaries of the Emperor Alexander and the Comte d'Artois were running backwards and forwards with urgent despatches in their pockets. The King could not make up his mind. Paris, which was tired of war, was growing angry, and the Comte de Montalembert was sent across the Channel to bring back the King's definite decision and an assurance that he might be expected to arrive shortly.

On the morning of the 19th April Madame de Gontaut, who was staying with a friend in London, heard four post-horses galloping down the street. They were adorned with white cockades, and were bringing back the Comte d'Artois' envoy from the King's house at Hartwell. She rushed out, she writes, and in a moment recognised the noble courier. "I have the King's promise," he said to her. "He has given in. To-morrow he will be in London, and soon afterwards in Paris. He is wanted there." The passers-by in the streets of London, seeing the white cockades of the envoy and his servants, knew that the restoration of the Bourbons was an accomplished fact, and instantly broke out into the wildest manifestations of enthusiasm. The Exchange and the streets in its neighbourhood rang with cheers. The deposition of Napoleon and the recall of the Bourbons meant the beginning of a new era for England, whose treasury had been drained, in the course of the past twenty-five years, in sustaining a Titanic war: it meant the suppression of crushing taxes; it meant peace, and the return to British shores of the merchant fleets that had been kept inactive by the blockade; it meant the development of the interrupted commercial enterprises which this nation of shopkeepers was so unwearied in pursuing. It was the triumph of English policy and English pride—the pride that is so deeply rooted even in the lowest strata of the nation.¹

¹ Lamartine, in his *Histoire de la Restauration* (Vol. I., p. 254), says: "The fall of Napoleon, and the restoration to the throne of France of a brother of Louis XVI was regarded by the English as one of the greatest achievements in their history. . . . The King's entry into London was as solemn and as regal as his entry into his own capital."



*Marie Thérèse
Duchesse*

*Charlotte de France
D'Angoulême
née le 4 Dec 1778*

THE DUCHESS OF ANGOULÊME.

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The Comtesse de Gontaut returned to the house, where she and her friend hastily began to manufacture white cockades, which they threw into the street. The crowd demanded a constant supply, and fastened them to their coats and hats in such numbers that the heart of the old city was soon full of these badges. "In a few hours," says the Comtesse de Gontaut, "as if by magic, the hat of every man, woman, and child, and all the carriages and omnibuses were adorned with the white cockade, and were carrying it away to distant parts of the town."

The Prince Regent heard the news. On the following day he left London for Stanmore, near Hartwell, with three royal carriages, in which the new King and his gentlemen were to accompany him on his return. The Regent's brothers formed his escort, and were followed by a brilliant staff. The postilions were dressed in white tunics, and wore white hats with cockades. The little town was decorated with flags—the *oriflamme* of France—and the inhabitants were waiting impatiently at the windows. A number of distinguished men had formed a cavalcade, and went forward to meet the illustrious traveller, on a road that was almost blocked with foot-passengers, and vehicles full of sight-seers, all eager to watch the unwonted spectacle. Soon the carriage from Hartwell was signalled; the English Regent went forward to help the King to alight, and the two princes embraced each other effusively. After this everyone took his appointed place. In the Regent's carriage were Louis XVIII and the Duchesse d'Angoulême; and in the next were the Prince de Condé and the Duc de Bourbon; and in the first of the others were the Ducs d'Havré and de Grammont and the Comte de Blacas. From Stanmore to London the carriages drove at a foot's pace, amid a crowd that grew larger every moment. They arrived at last at the Hôtel Crillon, where the Regent had engaged the finest suite of rooms. Louis XVIII found the entrance to the hotel lined with a guard of a hundred men, who were there by the English prince's orders, and had white flags in their hands and white cockades in their hats. As the carriages passed through the streets they had been greeted from the windows with the shrill acclamations of young ladies in gala dress. Everywhere the joy was intense, and Louis XVIII was greatly moved. He sat in an armchair in the middle of the hotel's largest room, with the Regent and the Duchesse d'Angoulême at his right side, the Regent's brother, the Duke of York, on his left, and the Prince de Condé and Duc de Bourbon facing him.

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Round him were the French *émigrés* who were his special friends and had been presented by him to his host ; and with them were the English ministers, and the Austrian, Spanish, Russian, and Portuguese ambassadors (Nettement's *Histoire de la Restauration*.)

Silence was requested, and the English prince addressed Louis XVIII :

"Your Majesty will allow me," he said, "to congratulate you on the great event that has always been one of my most sincere desires, and must immensely contribute, not only to the happiness of your Majesty's people, but also to the peace and prosperity of other nations. I can confidently add that my personal feelings and wishes are in accord with those of the entire British nation. The trophies and transports of delight that will mark your Majesty's entry into your own capital can hardly surpass the joy that your Majesty's restoration to the throne of your ancestors has produced in the capital of the British Empire."

Louis XVIII answered :

"I entreat your Royal Highness to accept my heartiest and most sincere thanks for the congratulations you have just expressed. My gratitude is especially due for the prolonged attentions I have received, not only from your Royal Highness, but from every member of your illustrious house. It is *to the counsels of your Royal Highness, to this glorious land*, and to the confidence placed in us by its inhabitants, that I shall always attribute, under Divine Providence, the re-establishment of our house upon the throne of our ancestors, and this happy state of things that makes it possible to heal the wounds and calm the passions of the past, and to restore peace, repose, and happiness to every nation."

Before leaving the hotel the King wished to give the Prince Regent a more tangible mark of his gratitude. He took the ribbon of the Order of the Holy Ghost, which he was wearing himself, and hung it round the prince's neck ; whereupon the latter invested him with the Order of the Garter, and insisted on fastening it with his own hands. Notwithstanding all his goodwill, the Regent said afterwards, maliciously : "When I clasped his knee, it was exactly as if I were fastening a sash round a young man's waist!"¹ The King then enumerated the names of those

¹ The Duchesse d'Abrantès gives, in her *Mémoires*, some interesting details of Louis XVIII's investiture with the Garter. "The moment that the Prince Regent saw Louis XVIII," she writes, "he went to meet him and gave him his arm, and although he (the Regent) was already very fat and had lost the youthful good looks that had justly won him the name of being the handsomest man in

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who were to accompany him to France; an honour that was craved not only by all the *émigrés* who had been received at Hartwell, but also by certain English ladies, of whom Lady Clarendon was one.

The crossing from Dover to Calais was arranged for the following morning, at eight o'clock. In the evening the Comte de Blacas contrived to celebrate his marriage with Mlle. de Montsoreau, sister-in-law of the Comte de la Ferronays, who was the Duc de Berry's first gentleman-in-waiting, and became his *aide-de-camp* after the Restoration. By dint of much haste and effort he had brought from France all the documents necessary for the marriage, which had the King's approval. The Comte de la Ferronays and his wife, who was a de Montsoreau, had been in the habit of accompanying the Duc de Berry when he visited Hartwell; and in the intimacy of the prince's circle, aided by the quietness of the place, the Comte de Blacas had succeeded in making his love acceptable to the girl, who was nearly always with her sister on these occasions. Before midnight, thanks to the foresight and energy of his young friend, all the preparations were made for the marriage ceremony, and the bride was ready in her wedding-gown, with a wreath of orange-blossom on her head. They were married by a priest in a Catholic chapel, and by eight o'clock on the following morning were at Dover with the King, who was about to embark in the *Lys*, a ship that had been sent to him from France. The Prince Regent, and the ministers and ambassadors who had been present on the previous day when the King arrived, were waiting on the quay to give a last farewell to the exile who had recovered the throne of his ancestors. The Regent's brother, the Duke of Clarence, was to go to Calais in the *Jason*, with a fleet of eight large vessels.

The sea was covered with light craft, which surrounded the little fleet, some sailing in the wake of the larger ships and some preceding them. The sea that morning was as gay a sight as the streets of London had been on the previous day. White pennants

England, he did this with so much grace and distinction that every eye was upon him. He took Louis XVIII into another room, where he remained with the two princes (the Duke of York and the Duke of Kent). While the Regent was holding the chapter of the Order of the Garter the chancellor announced to such members of the order as were present that his Royal Highness had a Knight to propose to them, and Louis XVIII was elected. The Duke of York and the Duke of Kent then went at once to fetch the King, who, for a King who could not walk, entered the room with a fairly firm step. He knelt down on a velvet cushion, and the Prince Regent gave him the accolade with his sword and fastened the garter with his own hand."

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were fluttering at every mast-head, and the officers of the fleet were wearing the cockade of the Bourbons. The crossing lasted for two hours. A few moments before reaching the quay the English ships ranged themselves in two lines, and allowed the French ship to pass between them. The beach was crowded with spectators, who demonstrated their joy noisily in cheer after cheer; and in the background were the ranks of the whole garrison of Lille, whom General Maison had brought to Calais, by a forced march, in time to do honour to Louis XVIII.¹ At the head of the regiments the King found Marshal Moncey, whom he embraced. All the most distinguished royalists had hastened from Paris: they came to take up the offices they or their fathers had formerly held at Louis XVI's Court at Versailles—such of them, at least, as were privileged, in accordance with the order of service, to take part in the day's procession. As the royal carriage, drawn by sixteen richly dressed citizens of Calais, passed on its way to the church, where a *Te Deum* was to be sung, a great number of women crowded round it, most of whom were weeping.² The King lifted his hat, and laid his hand upon his heart. The mayor of the town had done homage in his own name and that of the people he represented, and the King had answered "that, since the days of Philippe de Valois, the town of Calais had given endless proofs to its Kings of its love and fidelity. He counted upon its attachment, and the town might count upon his protection."

In these hours of thoughtless enthusiasm and obsequious servility men who in other circumstances were capable of showing pride and strength of mind degraded themselves by actions of the most outrageous sycophancy. For instance, by the mayor's suggestion, a bronze plate was sunk in the ground on the spot where Louis XVIII's foot had first pressed the soil of France. Some time afterwards Reboul saw this plate when he was visiting Calais; and in his anxiety to find an excuse for such undignified servility he reminded himself that Calais, since the Bourbons' restoration, had recovered her commercial activity and prosperity. A short time before, the

¹ *Memoirs of Mme. de Gontaut*. "There was one general who seemed to me enthusiastic in the extreme. He could hardly stand still. This was General Maison, who was in command of the Army of the North at Lille, and had come, from patriotism and without orders, to escort the King. We were told that he would be in command all the way. I did not like him; he had no manners."

² The *Journal des Débats* says: "Forty young ladies were waiting on the quay to receive the Duchesse d'Angoulême. When the King landed on the quay the crowd, with one voice, cried: 'Here he is—it is he—here is the King!' The guns were firing from all the forts."

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harbour had only been frequented by the corsairs who came to dispose of the spoils they had won from the English ships; but since the peace the port had been full of trading vessels and the hotels of the town full of travellers, the streets full of movement and the shops full of merchandise and customers. Formerly poverty and ruin had reigned on every hearth, where now there was enough and to spare.

After the *Te Deum* the King entertained all his courtiers at breakfast. He then retired into a salon where he received petitions—for the petitioners would not allow an hour to go by before they made their desires known. In the evening he dined in public, in accordance with the wishes of the crowd, who are always as anxious to watch a prince eating as if he ate differently from other men.

On the 26th April Louis XVIII slept at Boulogne. As at Calais, the inhabitants unharnessed the horses from his carriage and dragged it to the cathedral. It was preceded by a guard of honour commanded by the Comte de Saint-Aldegonde, and the sub-prefect, the Comte de Castéja. On the 27th he slept at Abbeville, where some flowers were presented to the Duchesse d'Angoulême by young ladies dressed in white. The King's carriage was dragged from one end of the town to the other by the boatmen. He arrived at Amiens on the 28th. At the frontier of the department of the Somme he had been received by the prefect of La Tour du Pin, and the guard of honour that encircled the King and his retinue had been decorated with white ribbons by the Duchesse d'Angoulême. At the entrance to the town the horses were unharnessed, as elsewhere, and the carriage was dragged by boatmen. Marshal Moncey rode beside the carriage, next to the King. At last, on the 29th April, the newly made monarch arrived at the Castle of Compiègne; and here he paused, as much to recover from the fatigue of all this pomp and ceremony to which he was unaccustomed, as to consider what his first actions were to be in relation to the government of Paris and the Senate.

II

When it became known at Compiègne that the King's arrival was imminent the whole town was astir. Every hour a courier rode in to give the latest news of his progress. Suddenly the

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drums began to beat a salute, and a carriage drawn by six horses drove into the court of the castle, where the Swiss and National Guards were drawn up, wearing white scarves. The carriage stopped at the peristyle, and out of it stepped the old Prince de Condé, supported by his son, the Duc de Bourbon. The Condés' old retainers, who had hastened to Compiègne, recognised their former lord and master, and crowding round him seized his hands and kissed them. Some of them kissed the skirts of his coat, and many burst into tears. Soon the rolling of the drums began again. It was the King. As soon as his carriage and its eight horses came into sight a confused uproar arose on every side. There were no articulate cheers, for everyone was weeping. But after this first moment of surprise and emotion the whole crowd cried : *Vive le roi ! Vive notre père !*

The King, helped by his gentlemen-in-waiting, alighting from his carriage with difficulty, dressed in the costume we have already described—a cloth coat with little gold-lace epaulettes, and upon his legs the red velvet gaiters bordered with gold-lace. He entered the castle. His gait, says an eye-witness, was touching and dignified. It was touching, no doubt, since walking gave him pain ; but that being the case it can hardly have been dignified. His glance, says the same witness, was that of a King, and at the same time that of a genius ; but he omits to tell us how we may distinguish the glance of a King from that of any other man. That genius can be detected in the expression of the eyes is still more wonderful ! And was Louis XVIII indeed a genius ? He was certainly endowed with intellect, and with a biting wit that was almost spiteful. He had a good memory, too, and a sense of appositeness, which are qualities that imply mental capacity ; but this is the most that can be said for the old Bourbon whom the chances of fate were bringing back to France. All these observations are intended, not to disparage this monarch who was at last restored to the throne of his ancestors, but merely to call attention to the servility of the courtiers, who were incapable of preserving their dignity and self-respect. From the same source we learn that when Louis XVIII was seated in his armchair, with his hands resting on his stick between his knees, he was exactly like Louis XIV at fifty years of age. It is quite possible ; and there is no flattery in the observation. Louis XIV was his ancestor, and the two Bourbons may very well have resembled one another. But there was nothing surprising nor extraordinary in this, neither was there any merit !

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The Duchesse d'Angoulême walked beside her uncle, exclaiming aloud : " Oh, how glad I am, how glad I am, to be surrounded by good Frenchmen ! " This unfortunate exclamation was often repeated by the princess, who seemed to regard Frenchmen as being divided into two classes, the good and the bad. The latter were those who were not royalists. She apparently expected the presence of the Bourbons, by some kind of magic, to awaken a feeling of devotion for the returned exiles in the hearts of the whole nation.

Talleyrand, when he heard of the King's departure from Hartwell, did not feel altogether at ease with regard to the Senate. The King's reticence in the matter of the Constitution disturbed him considerably. As the royal procession, stage by stage, approached Paris, he despatched couriers to Louis XVIII with memoranda and notes urging the King to capitulate, and accept the Constitution that had recently been drawn up. This was really necessary, wrote Talleyrand, as a means of keeping a hold on public opinion. To accept the Constitution and fix a day for the taking of the oath would bind all classes to him, and especially all ranks of the army, among whom much opposition to the monarchy was observed, and even symptoms of mutiny. At the same time the writer did not forget his own interests. His notes contained many protestations of personal devotion to the Bourbons, and referred to the pleasure it would give him to serve them ; and he even offered himself for the post of Foreign Minister, an office for which he thought himself more fitted at that time than any other man. Moreover, he begged a personal favour ; the office of lady-in-waiting for his niece the Comtesse Edmond de Périgord, upon whose piety and excellent behaviour he enlarged. The behaviour of this lady had certainly shown her devotion to the Bourbons ; for it was she who rode in the procession of the allied armies on the crupper of the Cossack's horse, with a white flag in her hand. As for her piety we need only recall the fact that she earned considerable notoriety as Duchesse de Dino. Talleyrand was wasting his time. He obtained no answer whatever from Louis XVIII, who was firmly resolved to refuse the Constitution of the Senate. He wished to make his own concessions ; to give a constitution, not to receive one ; for the sovereign power was vested in his person, not in the nation. The nation was subjected to him ; he was King, King

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by the Grace of God, King of France and of Navarre, like his ancestor Henri IV. This title had been his for nineteen years, and his reign had begun on the death of Louis XVII. The royalists who came to Paris to pay their court to him thought as he did, and his impracticability was strengthened by his intercourse with them. Moreover he very accurately remembered the substance of the letters he had received from Montesquiou at Hartwell, on the subject of the Senate. The only form of government he considered worthy of him, and suitable for France, was that of the old Bourbon Monarchy. His favourite, the Comte de Blacas, encouraged his infatuation.

Full of himself, and more than ever in love with his kingly title, he occupied himself entirely in giving a theatrical reception to every fresh arrival at Compiègne. His visitors were many. Lyons, being jealous of Bordeaux, sent a deputation composed of the mayor of the town, the Comte d'Albon, and three aldermen, MM. de Cazenove, de Laurencin, and de Varaz, with four retired officers. Then the marshals arrived, led by Berthier, who came to bear witness that his companions in arms were full of beautiful devotion for the most ancient dynasty in Europe. He did not forget to recall the generosity of Henri IV, who fed the Parisians when he was besieging them. This allusion was inevitable. In all the speeches of the period the name of this ancestor appears. Berthier ended his oration as if he were addressing Napoleon: "Your armies, Sire, whose marshals are representing them to-day, consider themselves happy in being called upon to second your valiant efforts with their devotion and fidelity." Louis XVIII then requested that the marshals should be presented to him one by one: Macdonald, Ney, Moncey, Serrurier, Brune, and Marmont. He only knew one or two of them, but their names enabled him to address a flattering word to each. To Marmont he said: "You nearly lost your arm in Spain, Marshal."—"True, Sire," answered the Duc de Raguse, "but I found it again to serve your Majesty with." These servants of the Emperor, these men who had so often bowed before the genius of the great soldier, were heard repeatedly muttering: "He will see how we shall serve him; there shall be no more hesitation; we are his for the rest of our lives." (*Journal des Débats*, May, 1815.) How sad it is to recall these words—a tragic revelation of the weakness of the human heart! Presently the King wished to rise from his chair, but his sufferings made him totter. His gentlemen-in-waiting sprang

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forward to support him, but he seized the arms of the two marshals who stood nearest to him, saying: "It is upon you, *Messieurs les Maréchaux*, that I shall always wish to lean. Come here and stand round me. You have always been patriots. I hope that France will need your swords no more. If ever we are forced—which God forbid—to draw them, I shall march with you, gouty as I am."

He kept them for dinner that evening, and invited them to his own table, where he conversed with them pleasantly and kindly, interested himself in their adventurous lives and exploits, and grew very sympathetic over their wounds. The dinner, it is true, was conducted with all the etiquette that was usual at the table of the Bourbons,¹ but at all events the marshals were not treated with open contempt by the representatives of the old nobility who had returned with the King. The *grands seigneurs* mingled with the marshals, and the conversation between them soon became cordial and pleasant, every man making it a point of honour to smile and look pleased, and to forget the past in thoughts of the future. In accordance with the custom at the King's dinner when he was on a journey, the people of the place were allowed free access to the dining-hall. To the marshals, who were unused to this custom, the greatest diversion of the evening was the expression of amazement and admiration on the faces of the townsfolk, and especially of the young women, as they passed silently round the table. (*Journal des Débats*, May 1814.)

After the presentation of the marshals the first gentleman-in-waiting had introduced to the King a deputation of twenty-five members of the Legislative Body, headed by the Chevalier Bruys de Charly, of Saône-et-Loire. In his oration the head of the deputation tried to make it plain to the new monarch that he was only to exercise such rights as were necessary for the maintenance of the royal authority. Louis XVIII pretended not to understand this allusion to a parliamentary government, founded on an accepted Constitution. He answered in vague terms, insisting on the necessity for union between the King and the nation's representatives. The meaning of his words was plain to everyone: the will of the nation was to yield to the will of the King. The Senate abstained from visiting Compiègne, being unwilling to welcome a prince who affected ignorance of his duty as a constitutional King,

¹ At this dinner the King was the only person who had an arm-chair. The other princes—both Bourbons and princes of the Empire—had ordinary chairs.

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when the acceptance of that position had been the chief condition of his recall. His answer to the deputation from the Legislative Body brought the agitation of the senators to a head. They appealed to the Emperor Alexander, who was as much interested as themselves in the Constitution, whose liberal and wise spirit had earned his approval. The Emperor determined to go to Compiègne at once, to insist upon Louis XVIII's submission; and on the following day he set out, accompanied by a single aide-de-camp, General Czernicheff. On his arrival at the castle he was received at the foot of the stairs by the Prince de Condé, who escorted him to the King's rooms. The two monarchs embraced each other, and had a long conversation without witnesses. Of the substance of this conversation nothing transpired at the time, except that Louis had consented to conciliate the Senate who had secured his return to France by voting Napoleon's deposition.

When Alexander went to Compiègne he had only expected to find a feeble old man, who would be easily convinced, and ready to sacrifice his personal dignity for the sake of acquiring power. But Louis XVIII was filled with a sense of the supremacy of his race over all the royal races of Europe; was very conscious of the right that had been transmitted to him by his ancestors; was convinced that the throne of France belonged to him unconditionally, because his sovereignty was vested in him in virtue of an unbroken tradition of eight centuries, and he had been King by right, by the grace of God, since the death of Louis XVII, the son of Louis XVI. This being the case he expressed his lofty views and majestic feelings with the greatest eloquence, and gained over the Emperor all the advantage that is the natural result of superior intelligence and a strong and unalterable conviction. His opponent, not knowing what to answer, remained silent. Lubis, Nettelement, and de Vaulabelle, in their histories of the restoration, have all described this almost dramatic scene in the same way.¹

¹ The Comtesse de Boigne in her *Mémoires* (Vol I., p. 383) describes the discomfiture of the Emperor of Russia when he visited Louis XVIII at Compiègne. "He was received with chilling etiquette. . . . He was shown through three or four magnificent rooms on the ground floor of the castle, which were being kept, he was told, for Monsieur, and the Ducs d'Angoulême and de Berry, who were not there. After a regular journey by corridors and back-staircases his guide paused at a little door that led into a very modest suite of rooms. It was used by the governor of the castle, and was quite separated from the principal apartments. This was assigned to the Emperor. . . . He made no comment, but merely said, curtly: 'I shall return to Paris this evening. Have my carriages ready as soon as dinner is over.' Pozzo led the conversation round to this sin-

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Alexander asked what the King's scruples could possibly be. Was the theory of Divine Right comprehensible to his subjects? Modern ideas being what they were, did the words *by the Grace of God* add anything to the dignity of royalty? Why should he wish to antedate his reign? Would not history record that the Convention, the Directory, the Consulate, and Napoleon had reigned over France? Why would he not recognise what he owed to the Senate? Had not that body decreed the deposition of Bonaparte and the recall of the Bourbons?

Louis XVIII answered that the members of the Senate had no kind of right to dispose of the crown of France; that it would not have been to him, in any case, that they would have offered it if they had the power to bestow it according to their good pleasure; that the right called *divine*, in accordance with the religious spirit of the old monarchy, was only the natural consequence of the law of the country; a law that had been made for the general good of society and had already given the French monarchy more than eight hundred years of glorious life; a law in virtue of which, since the death of Louis XVII, he was King of France. "If my right to the throne," continued the King, "were not altogether founded on that law, what claim should I have to it? What am I, apart from that right? An infirm old man, a miserable outlaw, reduced to begging, far from his country, for shelter and food! That is what I was only a few days ago; but that old man, that outlaw, was the King of France. That title alone sufficed to make the whole nation, when at last it understood its real interests, recall me to the throne of my fathers. I have come back in answer to the call, but I have come back King of France."

It had been arranged that Talleyrand should draw up the declaration which the King was to sign on the following day, before entering Paris. Talleyrand, possibly in obedience to the Emperor Alexander, or else with a view to pleasing the Senate, laid before Louis XVIII a kind of manifesto containing these words: "*Convinced of the necessity of preserving at our side the Senate to whose inspiration we partly owe, as we are aware, our return to our kingdom.*" Louis threw down the paper and refused to sign. The matter was urgent, and fresh negotiations were set

gular accommodation, and attributed it to the King's invalidism. The Emperor answered that the Duchesse d'Angoulême was sufficiently like a housekeeper to be able to attend to such matters. This little witticism, of which Pozzo made the most, cheered him up, and he returned to the salon in a more contented state of mind. But the dinner did not compensate for the accommodation."

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on foot between Paris and Saint-Ouen. The Emperor Alexander, who was already annoyed by his visit to Compiègne, where he had suffered all the bitterness of a defeat,¹ made it known at Saint-Ouen that the King should not enter Paris the next day unless he signed the Constitutional Act whose acceptance he, the Emperor, the head of the coalition, had guaranteed. This threat, and this threat only, induced the King to yield. With Talleyrand's help the fundamental contract of the monarchy was drawn up afresh, with a preamble containing certain restrictions intended to soothe the pride of the King. None the less Louis XVIII subscribed to the following conditions: the government to be representative and divided into two bodies; taxation to be voluntary; public and individual liberty to be maintained; the press to be free; religious liberty to be maintained; the rights of property to be sacred; the sale of national goods to be irrevocable; ministers to be responsible; the office of judge to be permanent and the judicial power independent; every Frenchman to be eligible for any office; the National Debt to be guaranteed; all pensions, ranks, and military honours to remain *in statu quo*, as well as the old and new nobility; the Legion of Honour to be preserved; the opinions and votes of every individual to be respected. And, as words always impress the human mind more than facts, the Constitution of the Senate, which was thus laboriously pulled to pieces and converted into a few short articles, received a new name in order that neither Senate nor King should take offence. It was called the Declaration of Saint-Ouen.

¹ Pasquier's *Mémoires* (Vol. II., p. 401). "When Alexander arrived at Compiègne he could not help seeing that. . . he was no longer the indispensable, unique person, upon whom everything hinged and everything depended. There was another influence that rivalled his. . . He had come with an idea that he had long cherished, the idea of a close union between Russia and France, cemented by the marriage of his sister with the Duc de Berry."

² A letter written by the Abbé de Pradt in 1836 throws some light on the troublesome negotiations between the Senate and Louis XVIII. ". . . M. de Talleyrand conducted this affair as he conducted every other: to arrive at great results he used none but petty means, petty intrigues, petty abilities. One day when Alexander went to the window of the house in the Rue Saint-Florentin a crowd gathered at once, and cried: *Vive l'Empereur de Russie! Vive Alexandre!* But when M. de Talleyrand appeared on the balcony some of them called out: *A bas le Sénat! A bas l'évêque d'Autun! A bas le renégat!* M. de Talleyrand, who left the balcony quickly and was much disturbed, assured the Russian Emperor that this had been schemed by the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and was the first step towards the subversion of all they had achieved. . . The Emperor Alexander tried to calm him with promises, and at last said to him in desperation; 'I will put thirty thousand men at your disposal, to stop him (the King) as soon as he lands; and he shall not be allowed to go until everything has been arranged, and he has consented to do everything that is desirable.' The truth of this story is known to many people who are still alive."

The following extract is from the *Mémoires of La Fayette* (Vol. V., pp. 309-311)

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Before parting from Talleyrand the King, who lost no opportunity of indulging the mocking spirit that was so often irritating, though always polite—his way of showing, when he yielded, that he was right after all—said to the diplomatist with genial malice: “Well, M. de Talleyrand, was I not right? If I had accepted a Constitution from my subjects, on the occasion of my swearing to observe it you would be seated, while I should have to stand. Whereas now it is for me to say: sit down and let us have a talk!”

As the Emperor Alexander had left Compiègne, so Talleyrand left the Château de Saint-Ouen—bewildered and irritated. It was no longer Napoleon’s garrulous fury that he had to contend with, the fury that he could baffle by his mocking silence; the King’s light words, whether ironical or caustic, could only be successfully met by superior wit or more scathing irony. In the art of biting repartee Talleyrand was less skilled than the King; and to be humbled and reduced to a sense of inferiority made him feel dissatisfied with himself. He was conscious that, even if his good fortune were not at an end, he would never gain the influence at this Court—sacred to the memory of the old monarchy and the old traditions—that his reputation for ability had won for him at the imperial Court of Napoleon. He would always be checkmated by the King—the King whom, in his vindictive jealousy, he privately called *King Richard*, or the King of Tricks. He was no longer the great Talleyrand of the Consulate and the Empire. The King could easily do without him.

On his return to Paris he summoned the Senate. There was no longer any reason to postpone the journey to Saint-Ouen; and that every evening at nine o’clock, the chastened negotiator conducted the whole body of senators to pay their respects to the King. He read an address composed of stereotyped compliments,

“In May 1814 I spent in Mme. de Staël’s house an evening of which I must here record a few details. Alexander’s simple, dignified manner in his intercourse with this select circle pleased me very much. . . . He signed to me to follow him into another room. . . . He complained. . . . that the Bourbons were entirely given over to the prejudices of the old régime, and when I merely answered that in the course of their misfortunes they must have learnt something, he cried; ‘Learnt? They have learnt nothing, and they are incapable of learning! There is only one of them, the Duc d’Orléans, who has liberal ideas—as for the others, you need have no hopes of them.’ ‘If that is your opinion, Sire, why did you bring them back?’ ‘It was not my fault; they were forced upon me from every direction simultaneously. I desired at least to keep them away till the nation had time to make them accept a Constitution; but they gained on me like a flood. . . . The affair is a failure, and I am going away in great distress.’”

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to which the King responded in a single laconic phrase: "I am gratified by the expression of the Senate's sentiments." Then, with a movement of his head he dismissed them. They deserved the humiliation only too well. It was a well-merited consequence of the shameless intrigues of these men, who had thrown no light upon anything but their own degradation.¹

III

The Château de Saint-Ouen, where the King broke his journey, had formerly belonged to the Duc de Nivernais and afterwards to Necker, and at the time of which we are writing it was owned, says Pasquier in his *Mémoires*, by a Polish lady. On the morning of his departure Louis XVIII received the members of the provisional government; and Pasquier and Beugnot are loud in their praises of the new King's apposite questions. Everyone was determined to think him clever; and according to his courtiers in this first hour of his reign there was never a prince possessed of such tact, such perspicacity, or such gracious cordiality. They all declare he had a sonorous voice and expressed himself easily and well; the truth being that they were hypnotised by the charm of the man, who was after all merely an unwieldy invalid, always chained to his chair, and dressed incongruously in a cloth coat, red gaiters, and a hat with white feathers—a costume so strange that it was almost grotesque. Ney had sent for his three sons, and presented them to the King. "Be brave like your father," said Louis when he saw them, "and love the Bourbons well."

At ten o'clock the procession left the gardens of the château. The Prince de Poix, who was formerly captain of the guard, and the Duc de Duras, first gentleman-in-waiting, took possession of the places that had been theirs at the old Court of Versailles. The King was seated in a carriage with very low seats, and beside him, by his own wish, was the Duchesse d'Angoulême, wearing a simple high white gown, embroidered with silver spangles, and an English toque, trimmed with white feathers. Facing them sat the Prince de Condé and the Duc de Bourbon. Not a single jewel was to be seen on the duchess's austere toilette: she saw no need for

¹ See Chateaubriand's *Mémoires*, Vol. III. "... The ungrateful conduct of those who owed their elevation to the Revolution, towards the man whom they now pretend to regret and admire, was abominable."

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such things. There was nothing attractive in her style of dressing, and her carelessness in this respect accentuated the ungracefulness of her figure, her short waist and long legs. A white parasol sheltered her from the sun. In the carriages that followed were the Court officials, who had come from London with the King; and after these, separated from the royal procession, came the carriages of those who had arrived from Paris that morning to do homage to their new master. The eight white horses that had been taken from the Imperial stables for the King's carriage were led by grooms who were still wearing the livery of Napoleon. The roadway was crowded with people, among whom the carriage could only move at a foot's pace. The windows of every house were filled with young women, while the young men were perched on the trees or clinging to the roofs. Far away, on the hills overlooking Sain-Ouen, masses of spectators were watching the stately procession.

The faces of the two chief actors in the scene were grave to the point of severity, and by no means encouraging. They were expected to smile and look sympathetic, to be joyous and pleased; and any sign of graciousness on their part would have been greeted with cheers. As for the Prince de Condé and the Duc de Bourbon, they were gazing in amazement at the altered appearance of the crowded capital, which had been changed from end to end since their emigration. It may perhaps have been with the view of impressing their new subjects that the King and the Duchesse d'Angoulême, throughout their slow progress to the Tuileries, remained absolutely unbending, with faces of stone. When the Comte d'Artois had arrived a month earlier, the enthusiasm had been universal and almost delirious; whereas, though the crowd on this occasion was equally large, it was by no means equally excited nor equally joyous. In the words of Pasquier, the chancellor, "there was no heart in it." There were some whose indignation was roused at the sight of Berthier, Napoleon's favourite, heading the procession in front of the King's carriage, and with him Clarke, the Duc de Feltre, late Minister of War, who had organised the defence of Paris so badly. "As long as one village remains in the Emperor's hands," he had said to Marie Louise at Blois, "it is there that I shall be found, rallying round me all the troops that are still faithful." And now he was escorting his former master's enemy to the Tuileries. There were voices raised in the crowd to protest against the shamelessness of these

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two men in appearing among all these royalists. "To Elba, Berthier! Go to Elba!" they cried; for the people have more sense of propriety than they are credited with, and they showed by this exclamation that they respected the misfortunes of their fallen idol more than they respected the courtiers. If they crowded into the streets to see the princes pass it was because they loved sight-seeing above all things, and delighted in anything new. They were not there to give an ovation to the Bourbons, but to form an opinion of their behaviour and appearance. They wished to be able to express that opinion later on, in the tavern; and, as the King did not smile, they abstained from cheering the imposing procession. This first ceremony was certainly not calculated to weaken the love of the people for the Emperor. As for the middle-classes, they seemed to be satisfied and hopeful. The Declaration of Saint-Ouen, which had been made public in the morning, had fulfilled their desires for liberty, and set at rest all their fears with regard to their possession of national property.

In the commercial quarter of the town the streets through which the procession passed were decked with hangings and garlands. At the barrier a portico had been raised, and covered with festoons and emblems. Near it there was a band, and military bands were placed at intervals along the route, playing bellicose airs. On the pediment of the Porte Saint-Denis were the arms of France, and the royal crown was hung beneath the vaulting, with the words *Ludovico Magno*. At the Marché des Innocents the market-women and charcoal-burners claimed their immemorial privilege of addressing the King.

Like his brother the Comte d'Artois Louis XVIII drove first to Notre Dame, where the Cathedral Chapter congratulated him and the clergy sang a *Te Deum* and *Domine salvum fac regem*. The procession then went on its way, but paused before the statue of Henri IV, which Houdon had re-erected in plaster on the *terre-plein* of the Pont Neuf. Beugnot does not forget to inform us in his Memoirs that the Latin inscription on the pedestal was evolved from his brain on the spur of the moment: *Ludovico reduce, Henricus rediivivus*. The statue stood between two temples, one dedicated to Concord and the other to Peace, which had been raised under the eye of Bellanger, the architect who in the old days had been employed by the Comte d'Artois to design the house and gardens at Bagatelle. As the procession passed the Conciergerie the Duchesse d'Angoulême was overpowered by the terrible memories

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of the past ; she grew pale and began to tremble convulsively, and was on the point of fainting.

There were others who were suffering that day, suffering, no doubt, as much as she: the grenadiers of the Old Guard, who were drawn up in line before all these distinguished personages. The crowd relieved their indignant feelings by cheering the heroes in their humiliation. On this subject Chateaubriand wrote a passage that can never be forgotten: "I remember, as vividly as if it were still passing before my eyes, the scene I witnessed when Louis XVIII, on his entry into Paris on the 3rd May, was about to alight at Notre Dame. With the view of sparing the King the sight of the foreign troops the Quai des Orfèvres was lined, from the Pont Neuf to Notre Dame, with an infantry regiment of the Old Guard. I do not think that human faces can ever have expressed so much that was menacing and terrible. The grenadiers covered with wounds, these conquerors of Europe, who had seen so many thousands of bullets fly over their heads, who reeked of fire and powder, these men who were robbed of their leader were forced to salute an old King whose infirmities were those of age, not those of war—for they were under the eyes, in Napoleon's invaded capital, of an army of Russians, Austrians, and Prussians. Some of them contrived, by wrinkling their foreheads, to shake their large bushies over their eyes so that they could not see; others drew down the corners of their mouths to express their scorn and rage; others, through their moustaches, showed their teeth like tigers. When they presented arms it was with a movement of fury, and the noise of the weapons made one tremble. Never, it must be admitted, were men subjected to such an ordeal; never did men suffer such a martyrdom. If at that moment they had been called upon to take their revenge it would have been necessary to exterminate them to the last man, or they would have laid everything waste before them. At the end of the line was a young hussar on horseback: he was holding a drawn sword and was making it jump and dance, as it were, by his convulsive movements of rage. He was pale; his eyes were rolling; his mouth opened and shut alternately, his teeth chattered, and he stifled the cries that he could not altogether repress. He caught sight of a Russian officer, and the glance he shot at him cannot be described in words. When the King's carriage passed him he made his horse prance, and there is no doubt that he was tempted to fling himself upon the King."

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It was not till six in the evening that the procession drew up at the Tuileries. The drive through Paris had lasted for three hours. The crowd was denser here than anywhere else. Everyone who professed to be a royalist had come to welcome his King: not the people, but the lesser *bourgeoisie*, the merchants and clerks, and the Knights of St. Louis, the obscure nobility who had come up from their castles in the country and would by and by be hurrying noisily into the salons to make their bow to the restored monarchy. Such of the spectators as were not in the first row pointed out to one another that, near the King's carriage, there was an empty but very splendid coach drawn by a pair of horses. This coach, which was gilt all over, had three windows on each side. The Regent had presented it to Louis XVIII when he left London.

The old monarch took possession of the state apartments in the Tuileries; the Duchesse d'Angoulême occupied the Pavillon de Flore; the Pavillon de Marsan was assigned to the Comte d'Artois and the Duc de Berry; and the little Bourbon Palace to the Prince de Condé and Duc de Bourbon. The twelve municipal bodies of Paris had each chosen twelve distinguished and attractive ladies belonging to the most important families of their respective districts, to receive the Duchesse d'Angoulême and present her with baskets of flowers. But the duchess was so much upset at the sight of the palace from which she had gone, with her parents and her brother, to the Temple prison, that she fainted away. She sent her excuses to the ladies who were expecting her, by one of her ladies-in-waiting. She had been a mere child when she left the Tuileries long ago on the day of a riot; but she had never forgotten her sensations when the palace was invaded by men with bare arms and mouths full of curses, who dashed from room to room with loaded weapons, seeking the King as he fled to the Assembly. This vision terrified her still. She had not the strength to put away from her the memory of this long-past revolt of the people.

Meantime the crowd round the King's chair was so dense that the gentlemen-ushers found it impossible to maintain etiquette. Everyone, without distinction, without being presented, without being even announced, insisted on seeing the new idol, bowing to him, receiving a gesture of acknowledgment, and then retiring. People were hustling one another in the doorways, says Mme. de Gontaut in her *Souvenirs*. The rooms were invaded by women,

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both distinguished and obscure, and by all the men who could force an entrance—by the people at large, in short. Mme. de Gontaut who had returned from England in the royal suite, wished to thank the King and pay her respects to him; but on the first day she gave up the attempt. On the second day she waited for an opening in the ranks of the impatient mob; but it was as dense as on the first day. At last, she tells us, an amiable lady spoke to her. "If you wait so patiently," she said, "you will never get there. If you don't push, you stay where you are. If you follow me I will take care that you see the King and the Princes." Whereupon, by dint of pushing the stubborn to left and right, and making themselves as thin as possible, and squeezing themselves between any two persons between whom there was a gap, they both succeeded in reaching Louis XVIII's chair. The lady turned to Mme. de Gontaut. "Curtsey, curtesy!" she commanded. Mme. de Gontaut could not tell whether she obeyed or not. She passed on, bewildered and disconcerted, and left the Tuileries with her mind a blank.¹ It is no wonder that the Bourbons, seeing how they were idolised, thought they could act as they chose.

In the evening many of the principal houses were illuminated, and some of them exhibited transparencies with three fleurs-de-llys shining in the middle and the crown of France above. On the following day the ladies were wearing rings with this inscription: *God has given them back in answer to our prayers.* The Parisian theatres, too, did honour to the King's return by announcing plays that celebrated the virtues and glory of Henri IV. The following quotation will show, more plainly than anything else, how great was the excitement that found expression in all this enthusiasm for the princes. Charles Nodier, when describing the play at the Variétés, *Le Retour des Lys*, wrote: "These houses adorned with hangings and garlands, these harvests of flowers, this music, these perfumes, these eager, impatient, reverent crowds, who flung themselves before these magnificent steeds and envied them the honour of drawing the paternal chariot,—of all this no artist's brush, nor poet's pen, nor orator's genius can give even the most imperfect idea." These words, doubtless, were written in the first heat of the

¹ Ducis, who had never consented to accept a favour from Bonaparte, contrived to be presented a few days after Louis XVIII's arrival at the Tuileries. "I hope, Sire," he said, "that you have not forgotten one of your oldest servants, at one time secretary to His Royal Highness *Monsieur*."—"Here is a proof that I remember him very well," said the King to the author of *Othello*; and recited, without hesitation, some apposite lines from *Edipe chez Admète*. . . . See Marqo Saint-Hilaire. *Vie de Louis XVIII.*

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exiles' return, and were published in the journals that were read by none but the Bourbons' friends, to whom the description did not seem exaggerated, since the writer only expressed their own sentiments. But we cannot help thinking that Nodier's imagination added a good deal to the demonstrations of welcome. The royalists saw enthusiasm everywhere, and reported events as they wished them to be. But we have, on the other hand, Chancellor Pasquier's words: *There was no heart in it.*

It might be imagined that the most ardent royalists, during these first weeks, were the partisans of the Bourbons. From Chateaubriand we learn that this was not the case.

"Imperialists and liberals," he exclaims, "it was you that had the power in your hands, you who bowed down before the sons of Henri IV. It was only natural that the royalists should be glad to recover their princes, and see the reign of the man they considered a usurper brought to a close; but you, who are the creatures of that usurper, were more exaggerated in your sentiments than the royalists themselves. Ministers and high officials vied with one another in vowing fidelity to the legitimate King; all the civil and judicial authorities trod on one another's heels in their eagerness to vow hostility to the proscribed dynasty, and devotion to the ancient race that they had a thousand times condemned. Who was it who inundated France with proclamations and flattering addresses full of insults to Napoleon? The royalists?—No: the ministers and generals and officials whom Napoleon had chosen and supported. Who schemed and intrigued for the Restoration? The royalists?—No: M. de Talleyrand. With whom? With M. de Pradt, the almoner of the god Mars, the mitred mountebank. With whom, and in whose house, did the lieutenant-general of the kingdom dine when he arrived? In the house of royalists, with royalists?—No: in the house of the Bishop of Autun, with M. de Caulaincourt. Where were fêtes given to the *infamous foreign princes*? In the châteaux of the royalists?—No: at Malmaison, in the house of the Empress Josephine. To whom did Napoleon's dearest friends—Berthier, for example—give their most zealous devotion?—To the legitimate princes. Who spent their time with the autocrat Alexander, with *that savage Tartar*? The members of the Institute, the men of learning, men of letters, philanthropic philosophers, theophilanthropists, and the like, who came away charmed, and laden with compliments and snuff-boxes. As for us poor devils, us legitimists, we were

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received nowhere, we were of no account. At one time we would be told in the street to go home to bed; at another we would be advised not to shout *Vive le roi!* too loudly. It was reserved for others to do that. Far from forcing anyone to be a legitimist the authorities declared that no one would be obliged to change his behaviour or manner of speech; that the Bishop of Autun would find it quite as unnecessary to say Mass under the Bourbons as he had found it to attend Mass under the Empire. I saw no chatelaine, no Joan of Arc, proclaiming the sovereignty of right, falcon on fist or lance in hand; but Mme. de Talleyrand, whom Bonaparte fastened to her husband like a label, drove through the streets in an open carriage, singing hymns about the pious house of Bourbon. Some draperies hanging from the windows of the familiars of the imperial Court made the good Cossacks believe that the converted Bonapartists had as many fleurs-de-lys in their hearts as they had white rags at their casements. Contagion is a marvellous thing in France, and any man would cry *Off with my head!* if he heard his neighbour crying it. The imperialists even came into our houses, and made us—us Bourbonists—use, as spotless banners, everything white that was left in our linen-cupboards: that is what happened at my own house. But Mme. de Chateaubriand would not hear of it, and defended her muslins valiantly."

IV

Three weeks before these events the Emperor of Austria had arrived in Paris and established himself at the Hôtel de Charost, near the Élysée Bourbon. The house had belonged to Princess Pauline Bonaparte when she returned from San Domingo, after the death of her husband General Leclerc; and before her second marriage, with Prince Camille Borghese, she had decorated and furnished it magnificently. The Emperor of Austria—the Emperor Francis, as he was called familiarly—lived a life of great retirement, almost of isolation, in this house. He never left it except for expeditions that had some scientific interest, for his accurate and inquiring mind was much attracted by science. It was considered that his misfortunes gave him a right to guard his privacy in this way, seeing that his daughter Marie Louise had shone in this town as the wife of the most illustrious potentate of Europe, and was now on her way to Vienna, to live

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there in forlorn insignificance, like a poor widow. This exile of hers, however, had been brought about by himself. He had used all his paternal authority to separate the young Empress from her husband, and to dissuade her from following him to Elba: employing for the purpose every vulgar scandal that was likely to alienate her affection from the man who was the father of her child. If Napoleon were deserted by everyone, even by his wife, the Emperor of Austria hoped that he would the more easily reconquer his Italian provinces, and possibly Flanders. He excited the jealousy of the young wife by telling her she had been betrayed—that at Fontainebleau, while she was sadly travelling from Blois to Orleans and writing to him every day, her faithless husband had been visited by one of his mistresses, Countess Waleska.

This vengeance of the conquered upon his conqueror had begun from the moment that the former had entered France and reconciled himself with the Bourbons, whom he had never been willing to receive in his domains during Bonaparte's rule as First Consul or his reign as Emperor. It was for this reason that he sent to the Comte d'Artois at Nancy, at the beginning of the French campaign, a hat adorned with a white cockade; it was for this reason that he made his troops wear the cockade in Paris—the ubiquitous cockade that had become the emblem of the Restoration, that every shop and every commercial prospectus placed at the head of its advertisements, that every ballad-singer on the stage celebrated in his verses.

The Emperor of Austria was well aware that the fall of the Napoleonic empire was likely to make him unpopular in Paris, and did his best to be forgotten. The papers only alluded to him on the occasion of his visits to public buildings. The *Journal des Débats* reported that he had been seen at the Museum of Arts and Crafts, where he was especially interested in the valuable specimens of clockwork by Ferdinand Berthold; in Vaucanson's bran-mills; in the machines for making chains of iron-wire invented by the same famous mechanician; and in all the other useful inventions pointed out to him by M. Mollard, the curator. His second expedition was to the Museum of the Petits-Augustins. A few days later he went to the Mazarine Library, where he admired the fine globe in polished bronze that Louis XVI had ordered for his own use, and examined with much emotion and respect a copy of Lapeyrouse's sketch of his projected

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voyage, with Louis XVI's manuscript notes in the margin. Palissot, the curator of the Library, who was then eighty-five years old, came to make his bow to the Emperor. He received the distinguished old man very graciously, and showed by certain remarks of a very detailed nature that he was by no means ignorant of the writer's fame. He then visited the catacombs, his guide for this subterranean excursion being the chief engineer of mines, Héricart de Thury.

Reboul in his *Souvenirs* gives us a very pleasing portrait of this monarch. "I saw him," he writes, "in the conservatories of the Jardin des Plantes, surrounded by MM. Desfontaines, de Jussieu, and Thoin, professors of botany. He was talking to them as any ordinary student of botany might talk, who had a theoretical and practical knowledge of the subject; and he congratulated the professors in the most flattering terms on the order and method with which they had classified these countless plants. He spoke of his superb garden at Schönbrunn as though it were before him at the moment; mentioned the rarest of the plants he had put in it; described his conservatories and the way they were heated and lighted; and even entered into the details of the methods of cultivation. He knew all that botany owed to Bernard de Jussieu, and enjoyed talking to his nephew de Jussieu of his classification of plants in families, the system that had been adopted by nearly every school. The interest I took in this extraordinary meeting became still greater when I heard the Emperor say, with an air of secret satisfaction: 'I have a private little garden and a little conservatory that I take care of myself. I have my own spade and rake, and when I can get enough leisure to exercise my arms there, I am nearly as happy as you.' He begged, but only in exchange for others, that he might have some plants and shrubs he did not possess to take with him to Vienna."

When his master came to Paris Prince Schwartzenberg had moved to Saint Cloud; and early in May this superb and powerful diplomatist gave a fête at that delightful spot to the allied sovereigns and princes. There are accounts, in contemporary journals, of the magnificence and taste of this fête, at which the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia were present, though not the Emperor of Austria, who avoided all social gatherings of the kind. And moreover the entertainment was almost, in a sense, given by himself, since it was arranged by the prince and generalissimo who had been his substitute all through the French campaign,

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The grand dukes of Russia, the Prussian princes, and the Duc de Berry attended it, in the hope of amusement. The generals and principal officers of the French and allied armies were invited; as were also the aristocrats of the Faubourg Saint-Germain and all the great ladies—especially the English ones—who happened to be staying in Paris. At eight o'clock the company of the Théâtre Français played *Le Legs* and *Les Suites d'un bal masqué* on a stage that had been erected in the course of the day at the end of the great gallery. After the play there was a ball, in which the Emperor of Russia and the Duc de Berry took part very energetically; for both these young men loved pleasure and enjoyed the society of young women, whose smiles they found altogether irresistible. During an interval they had supper in a huge hall, full of shrubs and flowers, the general effect of which, say the memoirs of the day, was like that of the hothouses in St. Petersburg. After supper dancing was resumed. It was one of those fêtes, said de Vitrolles, "at which one elbows kings, hustles princes, and spits on ministers."

During this month of May there were a great many sovereigns and princes of royal blood in Paris: thirty-one, according to the *Journal des Débats*, which gives a list of them: the King of France; Monsieur (the Comte d'Artois); the Duc de Berry; the Duc d'Orléans, the Prince de Condé, the Duc de Bourbon; the Emperor of Austria; the Emperor of Russia and his three brothers, Constantine, Nicholas, and Michael; the King of Prussia and his two sons, the Crown Prince and Prince William; his brothers, Henry and William, and his nephew Prince Frederic; his cousin Prince Augustus Ferdinand; the Crown Prince of Bavaria; the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg and his brother Prince Paul; the reigning Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar and the reigning Grand Duke of Baden; the reigning Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; the three brothers-in-law of the Emperor of Russia, the Princes of Holstein, Oldenburg, and Mecklenburg-Strelitz; and the Prince of Saxe-Coburg.

After Louis XVIII's arrival, the Emperor of Russia, who was waiting for the treaty of peace to be actually signed, took no further part in politics.¹ He declined to sign the treaty or to

¹ See the sketch of Alexander in Chateaubriand's *Mémoires*, Vol. III. "There was an air of calmness and melancholy about Alexander. He went about Paris on horseback or on foot, quite simply and with no suite. He seemed to be surprised at his own success; he looked at the people with eyes full of feeling,

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allow his troops to withdraw from Paris until the Constitution that he had guaranteed to the French nation was really secured. He had given his word, and his resolution was not to be shaken. Louis XVIII did not hurry himself, and Alexander was patient.

In the meantime his house was open to the *grands seigneurs* with whom the affairs of France had brought him into contact, to men of letters, both royalists and liberals, and to the philosophers. It was at this time that he fell so completely under the influence of Mme. Krudener, whom he used to visit at the Hôtel de Montchenu, the dilapidated and scantily furnished old house in which she lived. It gave him pleasure, too, to spend the lovely days of that radiant spring of 1814 with the Empress Josephine at Malmaison. This genial Emperor had grown very friendly with the ex-Empress, who still was full of grace and charm ; and they were often to be seen walking and talking together, with no thought but of themselves, along the flowery paths of the park where Bonaparte had spent the happiest years of his life. Alexander saw little of the Bourbons. His character and theirs were not congenial. Intoxicated as he was by his own omnipotence he found himself opposed, in Louis XVIII, by a still greater pride, and by an inflexible stubbornness that irritated him. He was perpetually made to feel that Louis thought himself his superior, both in intelligence and ancestry. All these Bourbons, said the Russian monarch, were egoistical, narrow-minded, and suspicious. He believed his own views to be wider, and he was certainly more free-and-easy with his inferiors. He went to the Tuileries as seldom as possible. La Vallette describes (Vol. II., pp. 126 and 127) the difficulty with which Alexander obtained the title of Duchesse de Saint-Leu for Queen Hortense, to whom he had promised it. It was only by repeatedly sending his aide-de-camp to importune the Comte de Blacas that he secured this modest boon ; and indeed he found it necessary to instruct his messenger to spend the night at the Tuileries rather than return empty-handed. On the day of his departure he said to Prince Eugène, who happened to be in Paris : " I am not sure that I shall not be sorry some day for having put the Bourbons on the throne. Believe me, my dear Eugène, they are worthless folk. We have had them

and seemed to think them his superiors. . . . Possibly he may have been thinking, too, how these same Frenchmen had been seen in his burnt capital. . . . " In another passage Chateaubriand says : " It was suggested to him that the name of the Pont d'Austerlitz should be changed. ' No, ' he said, ' it is enough that I have crossed that bridge with my army. ' "

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in Russia, and I know just how much they are to be relied on."¹

The King of Prussia's chief care was to fill his coffers, by removing from the fortresses that Talleyrand had surrendered, at the time of the armistice, all the munitions of war they contained—guns, muskets, shot, and powder. Some of these he sold for ready money, but the most portable he packed into carts that had come from the plains of Silesia for the purpose, and sent them off to replenish his own fortresses. He wasted no time in social amenities. He filled his own pockets, and enriched his country.

Simple and unassuming as all these princes were, however, and proud as the Bourbons were, especially the King, no mere exhibition of pride was the sort of retaliation that could console the French for their country's abasement. Since the capitulation of Paris the heart of every true patriot had been suffering the most overwhelming sorrow and depression, at the sight of these foreigners amusing themselves in the capital. They shut themselves up sadly in their own houses, in their determination to share nothing with their conquerors. The only people who took pleasure in the existing state of things were the little shop-keepers, who were chiefly concerned with money-making, and the lawyers, who are always liable to be callous to the sorrows of others. Both these classes had suffered grievously under the imperial government. The former were able to feather their nests by selling the little knickknacks in their stock at exorbitant prices; while the latter were at least free to say as much as they wished on any subject—which was some compensation. As they pointed out, moreover, the foreigners would not stay for ever. But it is worth while to read Mme. de Staël's account of what proud and courageous hearts like her own had to endure from the sights that were to be seen in

¹ Nettement, in his *Histoire de la Restauration* (Vol. I., p. 346), gives other instances of Louis XVIII's pride. "This powerless, disarmed monarch," he says, "who had no troops and whose capital was occupied, made himself so formidable to the Emperor Alexander, the head of the European Coalition, that the latter went twice to the Tuileries without daring to ask for a seat in the Chamber of Peers for the Duc de Vicence, whom he had promised to befriend in this matter. . . . Those who sometimes made him (Louis) feel they were his conquerors, were sometimes made to feel that his was the oldest of the royal houses. Thus, when the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Prussia dined with him, he was the first to enter the room and take his place. On another occasion, when he and the foreign sovereigns were watching the troops march past his balcony, he had an armchair provided for himself and ordinary chairs for them. This was his way of treating conquerors. He would have treated ordinary guests otherwise. This distinction has been overlooked by those who have criticised his conduct."



THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

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France during these first weeks of the occupation. After ten years of exile she arrived at Calais from England, and her eyes were instantly offended by the sight of Prussian uniforms. It seemed to her, she writes, as though she were living in those long past ages when the conquering tribes of ancient Germany oppressed our country, and forced the owners of the soil to cultivate it for their advantage. As she approached Paris, she saw Germans, Russians, Cossacks, and Bashkirs at every turn: our roads, our public buildings, were guarded by barbarians. She went to the Théâtre de l'Opéra. Alas, the staircases were lined with Russian grenadiers! The opera was *Psyché*. The graceful ballet was danced with the same lightness and spirit as in the glorious days of the Empire, and the music seemed to her as sweet and full of feeling as ever. But the boxes and all the best places in the house were filled with foreign uniforms, while in the pit she saw a few lonely old Parisian *bourgeois* who could not do without their favourite pastime. "Oh France!" she cries, "you who were once so great, so powerful—did you think then that it would ever be your lot to amuse your conquerors?" At the Théâtre Français, where, as at the Opera, swords and moustaches were the most prominent objects, she sought in vain for a face she knew, for some members of the social set to whom her salons had once been open. She heard the beautiful lines of Corneille and Racine recited before this heterogeneous crowd, who were more inclined to be jealous of our literary glory than to admire the genius of our authors, and it made her miserable. "One hardly knew," she writes, "how to keep oneself from blushing as one listened!"

She was full of sympathy, too, for the French officers who shunned these places of amusement, where the sight of their triumphant enemies filled them with rage and despair. They hid their speechless humiliation under the disguise of plain-clothes, "Oh," she cries, "to see Paris occupied by them (these barbarians), to see the Tuileries and the Louvre guarded by troops from the confines of Asia, to whom our language, our history, our heroes, are all less familiar than the last Khan of Tartary, was an insupportable sorrow! If this was what I felt, I who could never have returned to France while Bonaparte reigned, what must have been the feelings of our warriors, covered as they were with wounds, and all the prouder of their military glory because it was so long since they had been able to gain another wound for France?" No one could better describe the nameless, indefinable chagrin that

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oppressed the people of Paris during the desecration of their country than this noble woman, Mme. de Staël. She returned from her exile full of hope, after reading the Declaration of Saint-Ouen, in which her own ideas, her own views of liberal government, were incorporated. She believed that the King of France, who was being restored to his kingdom like Charles II of England, was going to govern like William III. She founded her belief, her confidence in the good faith of the Bourbons, on the fact that they had endured a severe ordeal during their years of exile. It was possible that their promises might be kept; and so she dreamt of a France that should be free, a France in which talent, and the artistry of words, which meant so much to her, should exercise the greatest influence; a France in which mental development should no longer be hindered by the censorship of the press. But when she stood at last upon her native soil it was not the breath of liberty that fanned her cheek; the first sight she saw was the uniform of a foreign nation; the first sound she heard was the clanking of iron—she who abhorred all such manifestations of brute force. At that moment she must indeed have suffered, as she said, from a cruel sense of oppression.

Even the King himself, haughtily as he bore himself towards the allied sovereigns, must have suffered a severe blow to his pride when the monarchs who were staying in Paris—professing, forsooth, a desire to do him honour—insisted on riding past him and saluting him with their swords at the head of eighty thousand men, drawn up in order of battle from the Quai de l'Arsenal to the Tuileries. A military fête, it was called, and a mark of the greatest courtesy. A mark of disdain, rather, for the King who had no army. These demonstrations, far from calming popular feeling, made it all the more hostile; and the presence of the unemployed officers who had returned from foreign prisons, and were living obscurely in poverty-stricken rooms in Paris, added fuel to the fire. Russians who wore the Moscow medal had it torn from them savagely by our discharged soldiers; and whether these differences resulted in duels or some other form of quarrel there was not one of them but ended fatally.

The journals and memoirs of this period pass lightly over an event that was recorded in the *Moniteur* on the 2nd May, two days before the King's arrival: the departure of Bernadotte for Sweden. On the 29th April he had left Paris, whither he had hastened with all possible speed as soon as he learnt of the

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capitulation of that town to the Allies. His motive in coming was not disinterested, for he was relying upon the Emperor Alexander, who had promised to put him forward as a candidate for the throne of France. As is well known, no one would consent to take the suggestion seriously. He was regarded with suspicion by the marshals, his former companions in arms, who were jealous of him and considered him a turncoat; by the leaders of the allied armies, who blamed him for his two months of inertia in Holland; and by the princes, in whose eyes he was simply a *parvenu*. He was greeted with the cold shoulder everywhere; and soon left Paris. "If ambition does not kill a man's conscience," writes de Vaulabelle in his history, "Bernadotte's remorse when he returned to his adopted country must have been very keen!" Remorse! To believe that Bernadotte was capable of that sentiment is to know him very little. Throughout his life, from the day that he won the rank of sergeant to the day that he was created Crown Prince of Sweden, he had no motive but ambition. In him that quality did indeed overpower everything, even conscience itself.

V

The first orders signed by the King's hand in this unhappy land of France, while the Cossacks with their horses and tents, their munitions of war and all their paraphernalia, were posted threateningly round the Tuileries, related to the constitution of his Court and not to the formation of a ministry. This is a very characteristic fact. Nothing was so important to the King as the dignitaries who were to be in his immediate circle. His Almoner was to be the Archbishop of Rheims, M. de Talleyrand-Périgord; his Gentlemen in Waiting the Duc de Duras, the Duc de Richelieu, the Duc de Villequier, and the Duc de Fleury; his Captains of the Guard the Duc d'Havré, the Prince de Poix, the Duc de Grammont, and the Duc de Luxembourg. His Grand Marshal of the Royal Palaces was the Marquis de la Suze; his Grand Master of the Ceremonies the Marquis de Dreux-Brézé; his Grand Master of the Wardrobe his favourite the Comte de Blacas; and his Master of the Wardrobe the Marquis d'Avaray, a relation of his old friend. They all came of the most illustrious families in France: their ancestors had all been marshals, governors of

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provinces, or academicians. The family of Duras was a branch of the distinguished house of Durfort, one of the oldest in Guienne. One of the duke's ancestors had married a niece of Pope Clement V, and through her had become possessed of the Duras property, which was made into a dukedom. Louis XVIII's gentleman-in-waiting had been married in England during the Emigration, to the daughter of Admiral de Kersaint, who died on the scaffold. The duke had been a member of Louis XVI's household during the years 1790 and 1791, and was not likely to influence Louis XVIII in the direction of liberal measures. His father, who was a marshal and had succeeded du Belloy in the Academy, was attacked on one occasion in the journal of the lawyer Linguet, and having abstained from making an answer was addressed in the following quatrain :

*Monsieur le maréchal, pourquoi cette réserve,
Lorsque Linguet hausse le ton ?
N'avez-vous pas votre bâton ?
Au moins, qu'une fois il vous serve !*

For he had never been in command of an army.

The Duc de Richelieu was a grandson of the marshal who had been so famous in Louis XV's time for his frolics and visits to the Bastille ; and his oval face, prominent Bourbon nose, fine, highly developed forehead, and sagacious intellectual expression made him extremely like his grandfather. He had been an officer in Condé's army, and had then offered his services to Russia. The Emperor Alexander made him Governor, first of Odessa, whose fortunes he founded, and afterwards of New Russia. At the Restoration he returned to France with a view to serving Louis XVIII, but he found it impossible to infect him with liberal views among so many uncompromising royalists. The Duc de Villequier¹ and the Duc de Fleury were two *émigrés* who had no recommendations but their ancient blood, and their faithful service to the King in all the

¹ The Duc de Villequier, who was born in 1736, bore this title till 1799, when on his brother's death he became Duc d'Aumont. He was the only person who was in the secret of Louis XVI's projected flight. The illustrious fugitives left the palace through his rooms. The duke emigrated after the 21st June and went to Brussels, where he became the secret agent of the King's brothers. When Belgium was invaded by the French he retired to Munster, and after Louis XVI's death joined Louis XVIII. He became one of the King's first gentlemen-in-waiting, went with him to Blankenburg, and Mittau, and returned with him to France in 1814.

(Lenotre says that the Duc de Villequier emigrated before the 21st June, and that his rooms were unoccupied when the royal family escaped through them. See *Le Drame de Varennes*, p. 39. *Translator's Note.*)

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dwellings of his exile, from Verona to Hartwell. In the salons of Paris they were merely regarded as antique caryatides supporting the Court.

Great personages, too, were the Prince de Poix and the Duc de Grammont. The former, originally Duc de Mouchy, belonged to the family of Noailles ; the latter had married a daughter of that house and had thus become La Fayette's brother-in-law. The Prince de Poix had been attracted by the liberal theories of the National Assembly in 1789 ; but being alarmed by the excesses to which that body was urged by its leaders he retired to Coblenz, and afterwards emigrated to England. During the Consulate he returned to France, but had no dealings with the Imperial Court. At the Restoration he was rewarded for his self-denial and fidelity to the Bourbons by being restored to the post he had occupied, as captain of the guard, before the Revolution. The Duc de Grammont did not emigrate, but he had never accepted any favour from Napoleon. He had been one of the first of the aristocrats to acclaim the Bourbons on the entry of the Allies into Paris, and in acknowledgment of this action he was given the command of a company of the guards. In spite of his connection with the Court he preserved his independence, and as a member of the Chamber of Deputies sided with the opposition. His biographers describe him as being of a kindly and loyal nature, with a character of great sincerity and generosity. The Duc de Luxembourg was a Montmorency. I have already given an account of the Duc d'Havré.¹ The appointment of these four captains of the guard showed that there were to be four companies. Later on there were six ; but at present these officers had no men under them. Notices were published inviting such as felt themselves in a position to serve in this aristocratic and privileged corps to send in their names to the four officers in question.

Another of the King's first cares was to arrange the details of his receptions. He was anxious to lose no time in exacting for his person all the respect that was due to the majesty of the Crown, and in resuming the habits of the old Court of Versailles. The Duc de Duras, first gentleman-in-waiting, made it known through the press that the King would admit the great dignitaries of the Court, but no one else, to the throne-room at half-past twelve ; all others would be received in the Salon de la Paix. The

¹ In the first chapter of this volume.

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evening was to be reserved for the wives of dukes who were *grandees* of Spain, and these also would be received in the throne-room; which meant that the duchesses of the Empire, whose husbands were not *grandees* of Spain, were to be relegated to the *Salon de la Paix* with the wives of generals and senators.¹ Every woman who was presented was to wear a train;² the men were to be in uniform or court-dress. Perukes and powder were prohibited—a concession on the King's part to his nephews the Duc d'Angoulême and Duc de Berry, who had acquired a taste for simplicity during their exile in England.

The King and the royal family began at once, too, to attend the daily celebration of Mass in the chapel of the palace, where the ceremonial was exactly the same as it had been in the old days at Versailles. To reach the chapel the King passed through the outer gallery that led to it, between two lines of French grenadiers (the Old Guard), and as soon as he was in his seat the doors of the chapel were closed and the service began.

A miracle of speed and sycophancy was performed by the artist Callet. He had formerly been in the employ of Louis XVI, and had kept in his portfolios several sketches for a portrait of the Comte de Provence, who was now King. With the help of these sketches the artist painted a full-length portrait of Louis XVIII, which was hung the instant it was finished, in the state apartments of the Tuileries. The intention, no doubt, was to efface the memory of Napoleon, and wipe out the twenty-four years of exile. At the same time a bust of Pichegru, the traitor general, was exhibited in the Rue des Fossés-Montmartre. Then a public subscription was opened, with the object of substituting bronze for the plaster of Henri IV's statue, lately replaced on the Pont-Neuf. The company of the Théâtre Français subscribed twelve hundred francs. The Duc de Laroche foucauld obtained the right of using the title of Duc d'Estissac, which belonged to his family;

¹ "I do not think I ever heard," writes Mlle. de Chastenay, "anything to equal the outcry that was made at that time, and the insulting way that the King was abused."

² See *Mémoires de la Comtesse de Boigne*, Vol. I., p. 394. "A court-dress had to be fixed upon. Madame wished to revert to the *paniers* that were worn at Versailles, but there was such a general revolt that she yielded. But all the accessories of the old style were added to the imperial fashions, which made a strangely incongruous costume. . . . At first Madame insisted on the strict observance of these rules. A model that was sent to the shops she dealt with had to be copied exactly, and she showed her displeasure to anyone who varied from it. Later on Mme. la Duchesse de Berry emancipated herself from this slavery, and others followed her example. . . ."

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and by the 8th May the Opéra Comique was able to announce the play *Les Héritiers Michau*. On the subject of this play Charles Nodier wrote as follows: "The family of the worthy Michau, who gave shelter to Henri IV when he lost his way in the chase, and had the honour of receiving him under his own roof, has always remained in the same spot, and in the same condition of life. The Michaus still own the mill, the land, and the patrimony of their ancestors. All the furniture and utensils that were used for the King's repast are still kept religiously and used on the anniversary of the memorable occasion. The party gathers round the table at which the King sat; they speak of his virtues, drink to his memory, and repeat his songs. A young man sings the famous air:

*Si le roi m'avait donné
Paris, sa grande ville.*

A girl sings the entrancing melody:

Charmante Gabrielle!

And it is Mlle. Regnault who has the good taste to sing it without any artificial ornaments. The meal ends with the air:

*J'aimions les filles
Et j'aimions le bon vin;*

which is answered by a chorus outside the house, a chorus of the entire people, who acclaim the descendants of Henri IV, and express their own joy in the hallowed words of

Vive Henri IV!"

The next measure was to change Bonaparte's effigy on the cross of the Legion of Honour to that of King Henry. As it was advisable to pay some attention to the Old Guard, whom it was desired to imbue with royalist sentiments, the King, from his balcony overlooking the Carrousel, held a review of them; and, when the colours were lowered to salute him, he rose, and said in a loud voice: *Honour to the brave!* The newspapers were very enthusiastic on the subject of the King's words, but said nothing of the Old Guard. The latter had made no response to the King's act of courtesy.

These details of the King's first actions are all very trivial, no doubt; but they formed an unmistakable prophecy of the retrograde measures that were to be expected from this government of the Restoration, on which the liberal party had founded all their hopes. The prophecy was fulfilled.

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VI

For ten whole days Louis XVIII revelled in his happiness in the Tuileries, and thought more about himself than about France. His study was inundated with addresses from municipal bodies, swearing eternal fidelity to him. He was enjoying the privileges of kingship without its cares. He was obliged, however, to sacrifice this unmixed delight, for France was demanding peace, which was not yet actually concluded; and not only was France demanding it, but the Emperor Alexander, who declined to leave Paris till this satisfaction had been granted to the Parisians. Moreover, the sovereign power was still in the hands of the provisional government under Monsieur the Comte d'Artois, who had not yet lost his post of lieutenant-general. On the 13th May, this abnormal situation came to an end, and the first ministry was formed. Thenceforward the King not only reigned but governed.

The signing of the treaty of peace being dependent on the acceptance of the Constitution—since this was Alexander's will—the ministry began by giving their entire attention to the preparation of that document, which was to be called a Charter, though Louis, to spare his kingly pride, preferred to name it an Ordinance of Reformation. After the publication of the Charter, Alexander would sign the treaty of peace with France, and, after the signing of the treaty, Louis XVIII would open his Parlement. This was the first stage in the journey of the government of the Restoration, which, having set out upon so dark a road, could not fail to end in an abyss.

M. Dambray¹ was appointed Chancellor of France, but his father-in-law M. de Barentin, the last chancellor of Louis XVI, kept all the honours of the office. Talleyrand, as he desired, kept the Ministry for Foreign Affairs; the Abbé de Montesquiou received the portfolio of the Interior; General Dumont became Minister of War; Baron Louis, Minister of Finance; Malouet, Minister of Marine. Beugnot was transferred from the Ministry of

¹ De Barante's *Souvenirs*, Vol. II., p. 44. "M. Dambray had no personal dignity. He was ugly in a vulgar, insignificant way, and his manners were those of the middle classes. . . . He had no conversation, and he had lived in such seclusion that he never knew what was being talked about. . . . If not actually devout he at least had pious habits. . . . but when he was in good spirits he delighted in unsavoury stories. . . . a sure way of succeeding with the King. . . ."

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the Interior to the lower office of Director-General of Police, and Ferrand¹ became Postmaster-General. As for the Comte de Blacas the King created a portfolio for him. He became Minister of the Household, with a seat in the Council.

For a country as grievously burdened as France these were very inadequate minsters. This Dambray, for instance, who was made chancellor, was a poor man who had been living in oblivion since the beginning of the Revolution in his father-in-law's château in Normandy. When he returned to Paris he seemed to be awakened from a heavy slumber, for he knew nothing of any laws but the old ones that had been abolished twenty years before, nor of any procedure but that of the Parlements he mourned. He was upright and honest, no doubt, but intellectually he was frivolous, weak, and indolent, unenlightened and illogical; and as he sat dozing on the president's seat in the Chamber of Peers it was very evident that he was quite unequal to directing the important debates of that critical time. The new chancellor, like many another worthy man, succeeded in nothing because he had not the courage to form any strong resolution; was amusing in society because he had an endless supply of gossip—which is not at all the same thing as conversation; and knew nothing of his neighbours' characters because he was not acute enough to discern them. He was poor, as I have already said, and had no personal dignity. His appearance was insignificant and *bourgeois*. Chateaubriand, who met him at Ghent on his way to see the King, during the Hundred Days, writes: "I met M. Dambray wearing a green coat and a round hat, with an old novel under his arm." It is thus that one always pictures him; in these unattractive garments, with nothing to distinguish him from any other man in the street, on his way to play the courtier. Such was the man who replaced Bonaparte's great judge, Régnier; such was the grotesque and retrograde lawyer who sat in the seat of L'Hopital and Séguier.²

The Abbé Louis, who had been raised to the rank of Baron under the Empire, had a certain amount of right to keep the port-

¹ De Barante's *Souvenirs*, Vol. II., p. 51. "His book *L'esprit de l'histoire* had been much spoken of. This work had a great reputation, though thoughtful men as a rule regarded it merely as a big pamphlet in four volumes, containing no evidence of historical study. . . . In 1804 he was insignificant and ridiculous to the last degree. The poor man was deprived of the use of his legs by paralysis, but in spite of this he had a mania for being taken everywhere. . . ."

² On the subject of Dambray see the *Mémoires de Fleury de Chaboulon* (Vol. I., p. 18), of Pasquier, of Lamoignon-Langon, and of Mlle. de Chastenay.

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folio of Finance. He had been a member of the provisional government after working very energetically for the deposition of the Emperor, and had then been Minister of Finance under the lieutenant-general of the kingdom, the Comte d'Artois. His intelligence was equal to the duties of the office. Not that he was to be compared with Gaudin or Mollien, who had conducted Bonaparte's financial affairs. His reputation was exaggerated. He was considered at that time as something very *special*; but Chateaubriand declares he was by no means unique, and might easily have been replaced. But he seemed very surprising to people who were not accustomed to find a knowledge of business in a member of the ministry; for Baron Louis' ability was that of a banker; he was skilful in using credit as a means of procuring money for the needs of the government.¹ Moreover, he overawed all his opponents by his savage, crushing, callous manner in discussion. He triumphed by sheer violence of speech, for no one had the force to oppose his resolutions. Chateaubriand could not endure him. He declares that the Abbé, before beginning to speak, shook his great jaw as if he wished to bite; and certainly the engraving by which we know the face of this cross-grained, irascible, obstinate man does a good deal to confirm his reputation. The nose is long, and very large, with wide nostrils—two fiery caverns dividing the eyes, which are deeply sunk beneath the eyebrows and have a concentrated piercing expression of anger. The forehead is prominent at the top: the bump of obstinacy. As for the mouth the lips are large; the lower one is enormous, and closes fiercely over the upper one—a sign of resolute will. He had been a deacon under Talleyrand, who treated him without ceremony; and he was on intimate terms with Fouché under the Empire. We may judge of him by these two friends: like them he was hard and heartless. But there was rough work to be done just then in the Ministry of Finance. It was necessary to provide for the needs of the allied troops, and for the exactions of the penniless courtiers who had returned from their exile with very large appetites. The baron's unyielding will was by no means out of place.

I have referred elsewhere to the Abbé de Montesquiou; but

¹ Vitrolles describes him in his *Mémoires*, Vol. I., p. 34. "While he was in England he studied the financial methods of that country. But he learnt nothing but the machinery of administrative operations. . . . On returning to France, almost penniless, he accepted some trivial post as a means of livelihood, obtained promotion, and became Maître des Requêtes. . . ."

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there is more to be said. At the time of Napoleon's deposition he had a reputation in society for statesmanship. He expounded his theories of government in soft and dulcet tones that won the hearts of all the old dowagers. If he were to be believed his methods of administration, should he ever become a minister, would produce miracles; and the women he had cajoled and courted forced him upon Talleyrand. Now that the Bourbons had been brought back, where could a more suitable man be found than this ardent royalist? So the old Abbé—for he was sixty years of age—was appointed Minister of the Interior. His reputation as a great man was altogether undeserved, and his incapacity became apparent at once. He was unable to work quickly, and when he found that his subordinates were outstripping him he ordered them to be less energetic. His character changed, too, either from illness¹ or because power had a deteriorating effect upon it. In private life, says Fleury de Chaboulon, he had been gentle, simple, and modest, but as soon as he was a member of the government he became contemptuous, irascible, and intolerant. No one could gain his favour who had ever had the least sympathy with the principles or the men of the Revolution. He conceded nothing to any but the staunchest royalists, nor indeed to any except those who were obsequious enough to overcome his inertia. Far from the promised miracles being performed the department of which he was the head was unequalled in its chaos of contradictory measures, and business delayed by negligence. He would refuse in the evening what he had promised and authorised in the morning. In his offices, says Mlle. de Chastenay, no questions were ever answered and nothing was ever despatched in time. Everything, she adds, was in a regular *muddle*. If he were hurried he forgot the most important facts; and Mlle. de Chastenay finally admits that "the

¹ Reboul, who obtained an interview with him, describes him in his *Souvenirs*: "I was shown into his Excellency's presence through a back door. It was at the time of his *lever*, and he was still in his dressing-gown and night-cap. I hoped much from this piece of good fortune, and my hopes were raised still further by the simple and gracious way he received me. . . . He seemed to me to have lost the brilliant faculties that he showed in his noble and courageous opposition at the beginning of the Revolution. . . . One would have thought he had made a great sacrifice to his country in accepting office. . . . Summer was at its height and the heat was intense; yet I found Monseigneur poking a fire, to hasten the boiling of a jug in which some kind of drink was being prepared. I briefly described my position to him. . . . He listened to me with one ear, was silent for a moment, and then, with his eyes fixed on the decoction on the fire, to which he was paying far more attention than to my words, he answered irritably: 'I am besieged by men of intellect and merit, and I don't know how to escape them!' At these words I fled."

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very attitude of inflexibility assumed by the late government gave an idea of capacity that might be vainly sought in this one." It was this government, however, whose views prevailed when the Charter was drawn up.

As for the other ministers it is hard to find any reason for their introduction into this government, at a time when even the great statesmen of the Consulate, who had had to reorganise France after the cataclysm of the Revolution, might have found it hard to disembroil the chaos that resulted from the presence of the Allies in Paris. In the War department everything had to be created anew, and organised methodically and impartially. General Dupont had a cultivated mind, but no character, and he was obsessed by the disgrace that had been brought upon his name by the capitulation of Baylen. He was in his present position because he hated the Emperor, who had removed his name from the army list, and deprived him of all the privileges of his rank, and even of the right to wear uniform; he hated, too, all those loyal servants of their country who had been deputed to inquire into his conduct. In this much-coveted office all his favours were for the courtiers of the Bourbons. If an *émigré* came to him with some story of imaginary claims he neither investigated nor disputed them. He merely answered: "What rank do you want?" and his visitor departed, satisfied. Beugnot obtained nothing more important than the police department; but even that was too great a responsibility for his special type of mind, a mind that was nimble and witty enough, but exercised itself chiefly in stinging repartee, and charades, and riddles. He said of himself, writes de Vitrolles in his memoirs, that all he needed to make him a man of mark was to have a character equal to his intellect. "M. Beugnot," adds de Vitrolles, "accorded to no one, not even to the King he served, the respect that he denied to himself; and yet in all the outward forms of it he was extravagant, and never did so tall a man make such profound bows." But he had seen the birth of the Monarchy; he had witnessed the baseness of the great dignitaries of the Empire and the indecent behaviour of many of the royalists; he had been a member of the provisional government; and he remained in office under the Monarchy because it was safer for the ministry to have him with them than against them. Ferrand, an old man whose frequent attacks of gout made him almost an invalid, and whose hands were so helpless that he could not even unseal a letter with them,

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was ironically made Postmaster-General. On the fall of Napoleon, whom he never served, he had shown great enthusiasm for the Bourbons, and had been one of the little band of aristocrats who perambulated the boulevards crying *Vive le roi!* He had served in Condé's army, and he came of an old parliamentary family. In the eyes of the royalists these were serious reasons for granting him honours and favours. Moreover, he had published numerous political brochures, and even composed operas, it is said; and Louis XVIII was a patron of letters. This was why he was chosen, with the Abbé de Montesquiou and Beugnot, to represent the King in a discussion, with a commission of senators and deputies, on the articles of the long-desired charter. As for the Comte de Blacas he was the favourite, and the King, being chained to his chair and anxious to be informed of all that occurred in every department, found him indispensable as a witness. Talleyrand had forced himself into office by exaggerating the difficulties that were to be expected at the initiation of the new régime. The difficulties were great, no doubt; but as we follow the course of events we shall see how unconcernedly this egoist, this covetous, ambitious libertine, sacrificed the interests of France.

VII

After a week's delay Louis XVIII, being greatly harassed by the Emperor Alexander's determined will, was induced to appoint a commission to inquire into the Charter. The Chevalier Dambray was chosen to preside, and the King's three commissioners, as we know, were the Abbé de Montesquiou, M. Ferrand, and M. Beugnot. The senators were MM. Barthélemy, Barbé-Morbois, Pastoret, Sémonville, Vimar, and Marshal Serrurier. The deputies were MM. Blancard de Bailleul, Bois-Savary, Chabaut-Latour, Clausel de Coussergues, Duchesne de Gillevoin, Duhamel, Faget de Baure, Félix Faulcon, and Lainé.

The King's representatives brought with them an incomplete draft of the Charter. It was ill-constructed and full of omissions, and was subjected to a very lively discussion; first, with regard to the method of election to the Chamber of Deputies, and secondly, on the liberty of the press. In the end these matters were amicably settled. The liberty of the press was definitely established by this Charter, in the first draft of which it was specified that laws should

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be passed to *prevent* and *suppress* all abuses of that liberty. If the word *prevent* had been left it would practically have restored the censorship. The word was erased. The affair was carried through very hurriedly, after all, and the deliberations curtailed as far as possible; for Alexander was adjuring the ministry to conclude, without further delay, this business upon which all the subsequent political negotiations were dependent. In five days it was finished, on the 27th May, 1814.

It has been frequently believed that all the merits of this freely-conceded Constitution were due to Louis XVIII. A certain artist who painted him when he was King represented him sitting at his writing-table at Hartwell, with his head in his hands, meditating profoundly on the rights that should be granted to his people, and the liberties necessary for his future government. Nothing was ever further from the truth. The Charter was imperfect, no doubt, but, such as it was, it was the work of the commission whose members were so strangely chosen. They were all men of the Empire, all nourished on Napoleonic ideals; and with the possible exceptions of the Abbé de Montesquiou, and MM. Dambray and Ferrand, were altogether ignorant of the obstinate and autocratic views of the Bourbons. The Charter was the product of current events, and of the ideals that obtained among the politicians of the day. Liberty had too long been denied to the press by Napoleon, and freedom of expression was passionately desired by every enlightened Frenchman. When it was granted there was universal joy.

Three days later, on the 30th May, the treaty of peace between France and the European Powers that had combined against her was definitely concluded. The treaty between France and Austria was signed on the part of France by M. de Talleyrand, and on the part of Austria by Counts Metternich and Stadion. On the same day, and in the same terms, treaties were signed with England, Prussia, and Russia, the representatives of England being Lord Castlereagh, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Cathcart, and General Stewart; those of Prussia, Prince von Hardenberg and Baron von Humboldt; and those of Russia, Counts Nesselrode and Razumowski. There were four supplementary articles. The first was in favour of Austria, and referred to the annulment of the treaties of 1805 and 1809. The second concerned England, and in it France engaged to carry out the following three measures: the abolition of the "slave-trade"—the payment of the French prisoners' debts in

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England, without reciprocity as regards English prisoners in France : the restoration of all real and movable property of individuals of both nations, which had been sequestered since 1702 : and the conclusion of a commercial treaty. The third article annulled the engagements into which Prussia had entered with France at the Peace of Bâle ; and the fourth, which concerned Russia, related to the claims of the Duchy of Warsaw on the French government.

This was not all. There were some secret articles making it obligatory upon France to sanction *in advance* : first, any distribution which the Allies might make among themselves of the territory France was surrendering ; secondly, the enlargement of the kingdom of Sardinia ; and thirdly, the free navigation of the Rhine and the Scheldt. France further engaged to give up all the endowments and grants accruing to the Legion of Honour, and all the senatorships, pensions, and other charges with which the allied powers had been burdened during Napoleon's reign.

Even this was not all. France surrendered to England her colonies of Tobago, St. Lucia, l'Île de France, Rodrigues Island, and the Seychelles ; left Malta and its dependencies in the hands of the same power ; and gave her the Ionian Islands as well, which had been garrisoned by 14,000 French soldiers for many a long year. General Lemarrois and his garrison of 20,000 were to leave Magdeburg, and Marshal Davout and his 40,000 men were to retire from Hamburg and its neighbourhood and return to France.¹ These enormous sacrifices were the disastrous consequences of the Convention of April 23rd, which Talleyrand had submitted to the Comte d'Artois. "Disgraceful inadvertence on the part of the minister," says Stein in his memoirs. "The loss of the securities France still possessed made the conditions of peace less favourable for her." These words of Baron von Stein were charitably

¹ In the *Lanterne Magique* of the Restoration a certain naval officer wrote as follows : "Nothing but repeated orders and the desire of saving bloodshed induced the Prince d'Eckmül to leave Hamburg and hand over his command to General Gérard, after defending it so long against a large army. . . . This fine defence would have been enough to make another man famous, but added very little to the fame of Marshal Davout. . . . The other fortified towns of Germany were surrendered. . . . Cristin, Stettin, and other fortresses had already been evacuated; and also Dantzic, beneath whose ruins the intrepid Rapp would have preferred to be buried. The Belgian fortresses were also handed over to the Allies. . . . Maestricht was surrendered by General Merle to the English, who took possession of the whole of Belgium. . . . In Italy, too, the troops evacuated all the fortified towns and strongholds, and returned to France. Prince Eugene would of course have been out of his element at the Court of Louis XVIII. He preferred to return to that of his father-in-law."

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euphemistic. Talleyrand knew very well what he was doing on the 23rd April, for most of the historians, notably de Vaulabelle, accuse him of having secured a substantial commission by his *inadvertence*. And it is certainly a fact that Talleyrand reciprocated—and did it quite openly, it must be owned—when he signed the treaty of peace on May 30th, by consenting to draw a sum of eight million francs from the national treasury to be divided among the foreign plenipotentiaries. Four days earlier an unfortunate wretch had been executed in the Place de Grève for making false coins worth ten and fifteen sous apiece. Such is human justice !

Who can wonder at the mingled anger and despair with which all the patriots of France read clause after clause of this treaty that the French minister had signed ? Who can blame them if they cursed him—this degraded aristocrat, this unfrocked priest, who had defended the interests of his country so badly, and his own so well ? Not for a single year, not for a single day, had this man ever served his country, or thought of anything but himself. There was never a government that owed him gratitude. He had betrayed the Directory to become Bonaparte's minister ; he had betrayed Bonaparte to win the Bourbons' favour and secure a place in the government of the monarchy ; and he betrayed the Bourbons to support the house of Orleans. Yet, in his Memoirs, he declared he had always worked for his country. He lied : he had never any motive but his own interests. If at any time he seemed to be profound, and able, and bold in action, it was when he was receiving advice from Mme. de Staël or orders from Bonaparte. What a miserable exhibition he made of himself at the time that the Allies came into Paris ! How he changed his mind every day, negotiating at the same time with the enemy and with the Bourbons, and keeping on good terms with everyone, even with Napoleon ! How he kept his counsel to the last, and waited for some definite success before he would declare for the stronger side ! Fortunately for him he was at Vienna during the Hundred Days, and was able by his intrigues to rouse the allied powers against France once more. How he would have fallen in fragments from his pedestal if Napoleon had won the Battle of Waterloo !

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VIII

Two days after the signing of the treaty the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia left Paris, where they had been living for the past two months, and went to England, where an academical honour awaited them. They were both to receive, at Oxford, the degrees of Doctor of Civil Law and Doctor of Divinity: not very overwhelming honours for such great monarchs, but valuable in their eyes none the less. Three days earlier they had sent their aides-de-camp to represent them at the funeral of the Empress Josephine, who had died at Malmaison of inflammation of the throat. She had been ill when the Emperor Alexander, in the course of the week before her death, had paid her one of his frequent visits; but she had insisted on receiving him, and walking with him in her lovely garden, where the flowers had just been copiously watered and the ground was damp. When the walk was over she retired to bed, and no efforts on the part of her doctors or her children—Queen Hortense and Prince Eugène—could check the progress of the malady. She died on the 30th May, and was buried in the church of Rueil. In spite of the recent upheaval of society and the prevailing sense of uneasiness the ceremony was very imposing; for all Josephine's friends hastened to Malmaison, remembering the many kindnesses of this good-hearted woman who was never deaf to an appeal. The crowd of carriages that followed one another along the main avenue to the château was so great that those who were approaching on foot could hardly reach the gateway of the court. "One would have thought," says an eye-witness, "that it was some great reception-day at the Court that no longer existed." There were marshals and generals there; there were senators, deputies, ambassadors, learned men, artists, officials of every degree, and ladies wearing deep mourning to show their grief. The young Empress Marie Louise, in all the heyday of her youth and power, had lately left Paris with a few old men, and unconcerned officials, and women whose chief care was the preservation of their gowns and jewels: this woman who lay in her coffin and could grant no more favours left her home amid the regrets of a multitude, and was followed by the most distinguished men in the country. Josephine had a warm heart; Marie Louise was never anything but hard and selfish.

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On the day following the departure of the allied sovereigns the foreign regiments that were encamped in the boulevards and quartered in the barracks of Paris packed up their baggage and departed likewise, leaving their vermin behind them. It was one of those dark, hazy mornings that we so often see at the beginning of June, when Pasquier, the late Prefect of Police, came out to see the noisy departure of the guns, horses, and armed men that had been keeping Paris constantly on the alert, though they had given no cause for alarm. He took up his position on the Pont de la Concorde, and thence, leaning on the parapet, watched the measured tread of the soldiers as they marched away to the shrill sound of the fifes. All the surrounding streets and quays were as much deserted as if nothing unusual were going forward : Pasquier was almost the only witness of the final scene in the great historical drama that had begun on the 31st March. He felt as if he could breathe more freely as he saw the last ranks of the enemy disappearing ; he was happier, and the weight lifted from his heart ; for it seemed to him that the great town was her own mistress again, now that the guardians of her palaces and museums were her own troops. He feasted his eyes upon the scene. He could look wherever he chose : the conquerors' uniforms were gone. Gone were the Cossacks with the bushy beards, and the nervous little horses picketed among the trees of the Champs-Élysées. However hard the terms of peace might be, deliverance had come at last.

The Duc d'Angoulême had been in Paris since the 28th May. He had spent the month in the south, living like some feudal prince, travelling from one department to another and being received in all of them with immense pomp by the prefects, who were everywhere zealous in preparing ovations for the duke, and in fanning the ardour of the people. In this way he visited Agen ; then Casteljalous ; then Nérac, where, as the *Journal des Débats* expressed it, "so many memories of the good Henri were to be found in contemporary monuments of the great king, and in the hearts of the faithful Gascons." From Nérac the duke went to Condom, where he spent the night ; thence to Auch ; and then to Toulouse, where he stayed. Here the walls of the houses were draped with magnificent hangings, and decorated with lilies and garlands. A triumphal arch had been erected at the entrance to the Rue Nazareth. The prince repaired first to the cathedral, where the clergy offered prayers in his name. In the evening there was a ball at the Capitol ; and four hundred ladies,

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according to contemporary journals, were presented to his Royal Highness, who was seated in an armchair on a platform, near a bust of Louis XIV. The town was splendidly illuminated, and the crowds in the streets cheered the duke incessantly. The rejoicings were really delirious; the royalist demonstration was carried on with the ardour that the people of the south always exhibit in their popular festivities. But if the duke attended the balls that were given for him by the various municipal bodies, he also attended Mass daily. This was a rule with all the Bourbons.

In virtue of his plenary powers he made a few appointments during his stay, which were recorded in the Parisian gazettes. For instance, he gave the command of the departments of Gers and Lot-et-Garonne to the Comte de Preissac, "a colonel," said the *Débats*, "in the service of His Very Christian Majesty, and a Knight of the royal and military Order of St. Louis." At Toulouse the prince received a visit from the Duc d'Albufera (Souchet), who said when he was presented: "Monseigneur, my army and myself are at the service of the Bourbons, for life or death." Not one of the marshals who owed their fame and their titles to Napoleon had the courage or decency to be faithful to him.¹

At last, when the prince had had his fill of these almost royal honours, he decided to proceed to Paris; for nearly four months had passed since he parted from Louis XVIII at Hartwell. At two o'clock the Duchesse d'Angoulême drove out of Paris to meet him at Bourg-la-Reine, in a carriage drawn by eight white horses. The Duc de Berry left Paris an hour later, followed by an escort of marshals. By five o'clock the duchess had returned; and it was barely a quarter of an hour later when the duke appeared at the head of an imposing procession, riding a white horse, with his brother the Duc de Berry at his right hand, and at his left the Duc d'Orléans, who had arrived from Palermo ten days earlier. They were followed by a little army of twelve thousand men, and from Montrouge to the Tuileries the duke was escorted by a vociferous crowd. After dinner the King and the royal family appeared at the windows of the palace, and were greeted with cheers. The refrain was the same at all these royal exhibitions.

Throughout this month of May Paris had been crowded with foreigners, of whom the greater number were English. They made a point of visiting the great palaces whither Napoleon had

¹ It is still more surprising to learn from the Parisian papers of this time that General Carnot and Admiral Verhuel were presented to the King.

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been in the habit of retiring for rest : Saint-Cloud and Compiègne : and those that were famous on account of their associations, such as Trianon, where the splendid furniture was much admired. It was during these first weeks of the Monarchy that the town of Lyons resolved to restore Louis the Great's statue to its position in the Place Bellecourt ; and that there were some riots in Nantes to protest against the *droits réunis*, or indirect taxes, which were still levied, in spite of many promises to the contrary. On May 14th a service was held in Notre Dame de Paris to commemorate the death of Louis XVI, Queen Marie Antoinette, and Madame Elizabeth. In the centre of the choir a catafalque of chastened splendour had been set up, enclosing a single coffin. The Duchesse d'Angoulême was present in deep mourning, entirely enveloped in a very thick black veil. After the reading of the gospel the Abbé Legris-Duval preached the funeral-sermon of Louis XVI, which lasted for an hour and a half.¹ Three orders of missionary priests received permission at this time to resume their ministry : the order of Foreign Missions in the Rue du Bac, the priests of Saint-Lazare, and the priests of the Saint-Esprit. The Abbé Desmazures was set at liberty. For four years he had been confined in the Château d'If, having been arrested at Toulon after paying a visit to Pope Pius VII, who was at that time a prisoner at Savona. The following appointments were made : the Marquis de Champcenetz, an old *émigré*, was named Governor of the Tuileries ; Monsieur (the Comte d'Artois) Colonel in command of the Swiss Guards ; the Prince de Condé, Colonel in command of the infantry and of the line ; the Duc d'Angoulême received the command of the light cavalry and lancers, the Duc d'Orléans that of the hussars, and the Duc de Bourbon that of the light infantry. And during this same month the King and the royal family visited the Opera and the Théâtre Français more than once. On one of these occasions the audience were surprised to see the Duke of Wellington—recently appointed English Ambassador—in a box with Lord Castlereagh, and behind them, half hidden in the shadow, the fair Grassini. These two cynical Englishmen were evidently not afraid of scandal.

¹ De Vitrolles in his *Mémoires* (Vol. II., p. 34) says : " Marshal Soult, being the last to arrive, felt obliged to do more than the rest. I saw him for the first time in Notre Dame, where we had all assembled to hear the panegyric of Louis XVI. The marshal was so much touched by this discourse that tears, real tears, streamed from his eyes, and he repeatedly turned round to speak to me in broken accents, lest the depth of his emotion should escape my notice. . . A kind of deliberate roughness took the place of frankness in him. The fox's skin was hidden under a few lion's hairs. . . "



THE DUC D'ANGOULÊME.

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IX

As soon as Paris was free of the foreign troops the King convoked the Chambers, which met on the 4th June in the Palais Bourbon. The Senate was no more. The Charter had replaced it by a Court of Peers, of a different constitution from the imperial Senate. The regicides were excluded from it, and there were only a few members of definitely republican opinions, chosen from among those who had brought about the fall of the Emperor—the price of their ingratitude. But all the members of the Legislative Body were summoned, except M. Bonnet de Treyches, the regicide, who had sent in his resignation.

When the King, preceded by his family, entered the hall where this assembly was seated, all the members rose to their feet. Without uncovering, Louis seated himself on the throne that had served Napoleon for so long, and with a sign invited the members to sit down. Then, slowly but clearly, he read his speech. He congratulated himself, he said, on being *the dispenser of the benefits that Divine Providence had deigned to grant to his people*. He congratulated himself, moreover, on all the recent events: on the peace signed with the great European Powers; on the position that France had succeeded in keeping among the nations; on the untarnished glory of the French army; on the revival he foresaw in the art, commerce, and industry of the country. In his opinion all the clouds had passed away. The time had come to sing Hosanna. He ended his speech by saying that his only ambition was to carry out the wishes of King Louis XVI, as expressed in the immortal testament written by that monarch when he was about to die. Such were his *paternal intentions*. Louis XVIII had been using this expression for twenty years.

When the King had finished speaking M. Dambray, the chancellor, read a verbose commentary on the origin and spirit of the Charter known as the Ordinance of Reformation, graciously granted by Louis XVIII to his kingdom. He then fixed the date of the King's accession in accordance with "legitimate" views, that is to say at the time of Louis XVII's death. The current year was therefore the nineteenth of Louis XVIII's reign. "The breath of God," he added, "has overthrown the formidable colossus of power that was a burden to the whole of Europe, but

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under the ruins of that gigantic structure France has at least discovered the immovable foundations of her ancient Monarchy. The King, being in the full possession of his hereditary rights over this noble kingdom, will only exercise the authority he holds from God and his fathers within the limits that he himself has set." The sense of these words was clear. The nation had no rights but such as were conceded by the sovereign; and having become an infant in the eyes of the law was to be guided according to the good pleasure of the paternal authority.

Mme. de Staël was present at the opening of the Chambers, and in her graphic description of the scene tells how the men who had once served Napoleon applauded these speeches as enthusiastically as if they had been uttered by the Emperor. "The difference was," she adds, "that the audience bowed towards the east instead of towards the west. The whole Court was in the galleries, shouting itself tired in the King's honour. The members of the Imperial Government, the ex-senators who had become peers, the marshals and the deputies, were surrounded on all sides by these transports, and were so much accustomed to submission that the smiles with which their faces were habitually wreathed served the usual purpose of admiration for the powers that be."

M. Ferrand, following M. Dambray, read the official text of the Charter that had been so laboriously produced under the lash of the Emperor Alexander's threats. But the excitement of the audience was so great, and their joy so profound, that it is certain not one of them was struck by the reactionary expressions used by M. Dambray and M. Ferrand. The members of the excluded Senate, who were present at this first sitting, were as much carried away and as prodigal of cheers as the rest of the spectators. It might be worth while, they argued. Perhaps their good will and quick conversion might be observed, and they might some day reap the benefit. Ambition, it would seem, leaves no room in a man's heart for anything but hypocrisy and servility.

When the assembly had become calmer M. Ferrand read the royal ordinance that named the new peers, of whom there were one hundred and fifty-four, though their numbers were not limited by the Charter. The survivors among the old ecclesiastical peers were the first to be named: the Archbishop of Rheims, M. de Périgord; the Bishop of Langres, M. de la Luzerne; and the

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Bishop of Châlons (Marne), M. de Clermont-Tonnerre. The peers who sat in the Parlement of 1788, or their direct descendants, took rank after these three in the order of the creation of their peerages. There had been thirty-six of them in 1788, but in 1814 there were only twenty-six, namely: 1572, the Duc d'Uzès; 1582, the Duc d'Elbœuf; 1595, the Duc de Montbazou; 1599, the Duc de la Trémoille; 1619, the Duc de Chevreuse; 1620, the Duc de Brissac; 1631, the Duc de Richelieu; 1652, the Duc de Rohan; 1662, the Duc de Luxembourg; 1663, the Duc de Grammont; 1663, the Duc de Mortemart; 1663, the Duc de Saint-Aignan; 1663, the Duc de Noailles; 1665, the Duc d'Aumont; 1710, the Duc d'Harcourt; 1710, the Duc de Fitz James; 1716, the Duc de Brancas; 1716, the Duc de Valentino; 1736, the Duc de Fleury; 1757, the Duc de Duras; 1759, the Duc de la Vauguyon; 1762, the Duc de Praslin; 1770, the Duc de Laroche-foucauld; 1775, the Duc de Clermont-Tonnerre; 1787, the Duc de Choiseul; 1787, the Duc de Coigny. The next to be named were the Prince de Talleyrand and eleven hereditary dukes who were not peers; the Ducs de Croy, de Broglie, de Laval-Montmorency, de Beaumont, de Lorges, de Croi-d'Havré, de Polignac, de Lévis, de Maillé, de Saulx-Tavannes, and de Laforce; six *ducs à brevets*, which meant that their titles were personal, the Duc de Castries, the Duc de Noailles (Prince de Poix), Duc de Doudeauville, Prince de Chalais, Duc de Sérent, and Duc de Montmorency; then the Duc de Plaisance (Le Brun); and after him six general officers in the royal armies, the Comte de Viosménil, Comte de Vaudreuil, Bailli de Crussol, Marquis d'Harcourt, Marquis de Clermont-Gallerande, and Comte Charles de Damas. These were the great nobles of the old monarchy. After these came fourteen marshals of the Empire; the Prince de Wagram (Berthier), the Duc de Tarente (Macdonald), the Prince de la Moskowa (Ney), the Duc d'Albufera (Suchet), the Duc de Castiglione (Augereau), the Comte Gouvion-Saint-Cyr, the Duc de Raguse (Marmont), Duc de Reggio, (Oudinot), Duc de Conegliano (Moncey), Duc de Trévis (Mortier), Duc de Dantzic (Lefebvre), Comte de Pérignon, Duc de Valmy, (Kellermann), and Comte de Serrurier. Ninety-one senators represented the illustrious men of the modern world. Among them appeared the name of the Comte Volney, in the handwriting of the King himself. Twenty-three senators had ceased to be French subjects, and were therefore disqualified. Thirty were eliminated: Camba-

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cérés, Chaptal, Chasset, Cochon de Lapparent, Curée, Demeunier, Dubois-Duboy, Dizez, Fallette-Borel, Cardinal Fesch, Fouché, François de Neufchâteau, Garan de Caulon, Garat, Grégoire, Guéhéneuc, Jacqueminot, Lagrange, Lambrescht, de Laville-Lejeas, Rigal, Roger-Ducos, Roederer, Rousseau, Saint-Martin-Lamothe, Saur, Siéyès, Villetard, and Véry. To these last a pension was granted of 36,000 francs for life, with a reversion of 6000 francs to their widows.

The next thing to be done was to govern the country. The above nominations and exclusions showed the tendencies of the restored monarchy, and the probable goal of its efforts in the making and administering of the laws.

CHAPTER VI

THE REIGN OF THE ÉMIGRÉS IN 1814

THE rivalry between the King and his brother was hardly perceptible to the casual observer, but to the discerning, and especially to the members of the two princes' households, its existence was obvious. Louis XVIII could not forgive the Comte d'Artois his graceful figure, his exhibitions of horsemanship, his success with pretty women, nor all the personal charms that gained him spontaneous admiration—the kind of admiration that Louis, with his bulky figure and helpless invalidism, could never hope to win. Moreover he feared the effects of his younger brother's frankness and thoughtless speech, and would not allow him to take any part in the deliberations of the government. Both of them detested the Charter, of course; but the King was skilled in hypocrisy, cunning, and prudence; he could talk without making promises, and listen, agree, and smile, without conceding anything; whereas Monsieur was perfectly open in his hatred of liberal ideas. The good effects of the King's deliberate and cautious conversation were counteracted by his brother's self-assertion. Their object was the same—the restoration of the old régime; but the elder proposed to spend years in accomplishing it, whereas the younger wished to revert to the old state of things at once.¹

Finding it impossible to agree they had separated. The Comte d'Artois had established himself in the Pavillon de Marsan with the Duc de Berry, and the gentlemen who composed his Court and shared his political zeal. These were: first, the oldest of his intimate friends, who had never left him since the time of the

¹ Chancellor Pasquier relates in his *Mémoires* (Vol. III., p. 40) that the Comte d'Artois said to him at Court one day; "They insisted on it, and the experiment must be made; but the result will soon be seen, and if, at the end of a year or two, we find it does not work well, we shall revert to the natural order of things." By which he meant the old régime.

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Emigration, the Comte François d'Escars; secondly, the Duc de Maillé, who came of one of the oldest houses in Touraine, and prided himself on the distinguished marshals and gallant admirals figuring in his family-tree; the Duc de Fitz-James, the great-grandson of James II's natural son the Duke of Berwick, a man of warm heart and ardent imagination, who had cried *Vive le roi!* with the other royalists on the boulevards at the entry of the Allies; and the Marquis de Rivière, who had followed the prince to Turin, had fought with Charette in La Vendée, had taken part in Pichegru's plot against Bonaparte, had been condemned to death, pardoned and deported—the noblest-hearted man, wrote Hyde de Neuville, that he had ever seen. Among Monsieur's courtiers, too, were Sosthène de La Rochefoucauld, and the two Polignacs, Armand and Jules, who had both been favourites of the prince at Versailles, where they were brought up. Another of the aristocrats that habitually figured at this little Court—an *ultra*, according to the expression of the times—was the Comte de Bruges, who had often been employed by Louis XVIII while at Hartwell, in his negotiations with foreign Courts. This interesting diplomat, having been welcomed very effusively by the Comte d'Artois, was more frequently seen in the Pavillon de Marsan than in the King's state apartments. He had emigrated in his youth from his native province, and joined Condé's army; and on the disbandment of the latter, had sailed to San Domingo, where the English gave him a regiment of negroes to lead against the republican troops of the Consulate. He became exceedingly rich in this colony, but the sources of his wealth were never known. That he could spend it generously on occasion is shown by the fact that he put 100,000 crowns at the Comte d'Artois' disposal, when that prince was returning to France in 1814. Being energetic, intelligent, and brave, fluent with his pen, skilful in business, and proficient in reading the minds of men, he was very useful in matters of diplomacy, though he was rough and even violent, and was liable to fits of obstinate silence, with no apparent cause. Monsieur thought very highly of him and his counsels, which corresponded with his own views; but he did not as a rule receive him at the same time as the more worldly and frivolous courtiers, whose memories of Versailles were the prince's delight. (De Chastenay's *Mémoires*.)

These were the dignitaries of the little Court, and the prince's habitual associates. They all belonged to the old nobility, and

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were related to most of the families of the Faubourg Saint-Germain; and they took with them to the Pavillon de Marsan the spirit of the *émigrés* they met in society. Every department of the administration, they declared, ought to be purged; and the nobles who had been despoiled by the Revolution should have restored to them as much of their property as had not been sold, and should receive an indemnity for the rest of their lost fortunes. The latter scheme was carried out later. The laws, according to these counsellors, should be inspired by the clergy, who would thus recover the influence over the people of which they had been robbed by the Jacobins. Thus the royalist opposition, which took its rise among the Comte d'Artois' friends, was created and cultivated.

There was also the Little Bureau. There, in the rooms where the Emperor's maps had once been stored, a little band of *émigrés*, by their united efforts, condensed all the intelligence that reached them from various parts of the kingdom. Baron de Vitrolles, who had been the moving spirit of the lieutenant-general's provisional government, was the organiser of this bureau, whence there issued encouraging words to the royalists of the provinces, and instructions as to the guidance of public opinion. In short, this bureau was the soul of the restored monarchy.

The Baron de Vitrolles had two colleagues in this work who were by no means to be despised: the Marquis de la Maisonfort, and M. Terrier de Monciel.¹ The Marquis de la Maisonfort, who was a native of Berry, and had the subtle intellect of a Rivarol or a d'Antraygues, was perfectly suited to his duties. He had had rather a chequered career, having been at one time connected with Fauche-Borel's printing-house in Germany, and associated with all the somewhat dubious undertakings of that enterprising Swiss. The latter introduced him to Louis XVIII., whom he persuaded to intrigue with Barras for the restoration of the monarchy. The attempt might perhaps have succeeded had it not been for the *coup-d'état* of Brumaire; after which the marquis took refuge in England with the Comte d'Artois, whose careless spirit of adventure seemed to him likely to lead to fresh political intrigues. The composition of countless manifestoes, memoranda, and reports was

¹ It was then, when he had all the State papers in his possession, that de Vitrolles wrote: (*Mémoires*, Vol. II., p. 112) "We were able to refer to all the secret documents (of the Empire). . . . Everywhere we found contempt for the human race, and for all the principles of justice and of political morality. . . ."

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an easy matter to him, and whenever a negotiator was required between London and Mittau, or later between London and Hartwell, it was always the marquis who was called upon to act. De Blacas sent him to the Courts of European sovereigns on missions for the King, who, as we know, never wearied of corresponding with foreign ministries. To sum him up in a few words, de la Maisonforte was an adventurer, a ruffler, an unquiet spirit, an agreeable conversationalist; he was clever and amusing, but not sufficiently sound to inspire confidence in others. At St. Petersburg he had become intimate with the Comte de Maistre, and had imbibed his ideas. His royalist convictions, therefore, were passionate and dogmatic, and if the correspondence with the officials of the provinces reflected Monsieur's intentions, it must certainly also have been tinged with his own. The constitutional government that the Charter had promised, and the liberty of the press, were necessarily represented in very dark colours; and this laboratory of ultra-royalist policy could not fail to hinder the establishment of a moderate monarchy such as the nation desired. Terrier de Monciel, who helped la Maisonfort in his work, was a man of more balance and discretion than himself. He had been one of Louis XVI's ministers during the last months of the old Monarchy; a member of Lameth's party, that is to say, a constitutionalist;¹ but he was not a man of sufficient weight to make a successful stand against his colleagues in this questionable agency, where the tendency was to listen to the denunciations and countless lies that are always aimed against new governments, rather than to the advice of loyal opponents.

Monsieur would not admit it, but he was often greatly embarrassed in his relations with the King by this secret correspondence, in which the measures that it was his duty to support ostensibly were opposed by stealth.² For good or evil, however, this little bureau

¹ On the 10th August, fearing for his life, he thought it best to go to the Jardin des Plantes, to which, during his ministry, he had appointed Bernardin de Saint-Pierre as director. The latter received him very coldly. Monciel then left Paris for his own department, where he lived in seclusion till the invasion of the Allies in 1814.

² To understand fully the antagonism between the two brothers the reader should refer to Hobhouse's memoranda on the Hundred Days, in which he gives a portrait of the Comte d'Artois. . . . The Comte d'Artois won a momentary popularity, but on closer acquaintance he exhibited absolute ignorance of affairs and hopeless incapacity; the illusion that had deceived those whom his engaging manners had captivated, vanished in an instant. . . . A little separate government, it is said, was formed in his private rooms: a government with its own ministers, and officials, and judges, and agents in France. It paralysed the

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continued to exist until it was made the dupe of various fictitious conspiracies and so became a menace to the public peace. It was then suppressed by order of the King, to whom this hot-bed of discord appeared dangerous.

It was not regretted by the Baron de Vitrolles. Autocratic as he was he had a wiser and more generous conception of politics than this: he aimed at higher ideals. He had desired the Monarchy, and had been the chief agent in restoring it; but his object had been to benefit France, not to satisfy the vanity of a royal family whose only wish was to return to the past, to rebuild a structure that had long ago crumbled into dust. Louis XVIII's speech at the opening of the Chambers seemed to him very commonplace and very narrow. It merely announced what had already occurred and was very reticent as to the future. The government seemed to have no fixed plan of campaign, no schemes for increasing the prosperity of the country; nothing but fine sentiments beautifully expressed, and frank self-satisfaction, and hereditary good-nature, and—already—restrictions of liberty. De Vitrolles groaned, but continued to hope for the best.

In order to hide from the public the domestic differences that divided the Tuileries into two camps Louis XVIII heaped favours upon his brother, begged him to surround himself with all the pomp of a great military household, and made him commandant of all the National Guards of the kingdom, leaving to General Dessolles the command of the department of the Seine.¹ He wished Monsieur's position as a great prince to depend on his personal magnificence: he meant him to occupy himself with his pleasures, but to have no share in the government. On the subject of the government the King brooked no criticism.

The Duc d'Angoulême, when he settled in Paris with the duchess, arranged his life on a plan that showed the influence of his years of exile and solitude. His wife, too, was entirely absorbed by her sad memories, and it was very rarely that they held recep-

administration of the King's authority, preventing, or at least retarding by its secret influence the execution of published orders, and blaming the concessions that Louis XVIII had felt himself obliged to make to the nation."

¹ In his memoirs (Vol. II., p. 37) de Vitrolles gives the following notes on General Dessolles. "The remarkable capacity he had shown, as Chief of the Staff of Souhéer's great armies, and especially under Moreau, seemed to dominate his reputation as a soldier. He had shared with General Lecourbe the glory of the splendid expedition that checked the success of Souvarow. . . ." After saying a great deal in his praise, however, de Vitrolles adds:—"He fixed his eyes on a point so distant that it was almost out of sight; his observations were microscopic; his calculations were concerned with the infinitely little."

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tions. This royal couple lived after the fashion of the *bourgeoisie*, quite simply, quite quietly, without any ostentation. The duke rose at half-past four in summer, at five in winter, and immediately applied himself to his studies. He wished to appear well-informed when talking with his household, and indeed he really was so. Those who had heard and believed the legend of his ignorance and lack of intelligence were surprised, when they talked with him, to find how much he knew.

He was by no means rich with an income of a million francs, of which one-fifth was devoted to the districts that had suffered most from the invasion ; and his personal expenses were extremely small. His greatest extravagance was his stables, which were the finest in Paris and contained some magnificent horses. His personal attendants were three valets called Gouverna, Mosquart, and Bresson, to whom he was always kind and gentle, the youngest of them having served him for fifteen years, while Gouverna had been with him for twenty-five. The expenses of his household were regulated as carefully as those of a commercial house, in proportion to his resources, and he never owed the smallest sum. There is some reason, therefore, for saying that the life of this prince resembled that of the *bourgeoisie*. His two aides-de-camp had been his companions in exile. The Duc de Damas, who had followed him everywhere—to Mittau, Warsaw, and England—was a man of dignified and gracious manners and very perfect tact, but was much older than the prince. So too was the Duc de Guiches, of the house of Grammont, who had been a captain of the guard before the Revolution, and was held in great affection by the prince, being not only a splendid rider and a person of many attractions, but also a man of principle and honour. He had the charge of the duke's stables, and his knowledge of horses ensured the exclusion of all but the finest animals. (Théodore Anne, *Souvenirs*, Vol. II.) Sometimes, after dinner, the prince would go down into the court of the Tuileries and stride to and fro by himself ; then, when he grew tired, he would return to the palace and have a chat with the sentinel on duty, asking him about his battles and exploits and the marches of his regiment. On leaving the man he would give him a coin or two. Indeed his gifts and charities occupied a very large place in his budget ; and his generosity was due, not to ostentation, but to natural goodness of heart, for, of all the Bourbons, he was the most sympathetic with the sorrows of

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the poor. He would have been still more so, it is said, if his mind had not been engrossed by the observances of his unenlightened and bigoted form of religion.

The duchess was equally compassionate, and spent much in charity; but her generosity, which was often exercised in secret, was mainly prompted by the piety that she carried to excess. She sacrificed nothing to the world, but everything, even her leisure, to religion. Those leisure hours were spent rather childishly. At her request the blank sheets that enveloped the letters received at the chancellor's office were handed over to her, with the wax that sealed them; and having melted the wax, and made the paper into little note-books, she sold them for the benefit of such *émigrés* as were still in poverty. In her eyes there was no title that carried such claims with it as this word *émigré*! She received them all with kindness, sympathising with their poverty and entering into their ambitions, for she knew the bitter suffering entailed by adverse fortune in a foreign land. And the little pieces of embroidery and woolwork with which she occupied her hours of relaxation were destined for the lotteries that were organised for their benefit. They and the clergy! She knew of no needs more urgent than theirs. All her sympathy was given to families who had suffered from their long exile in England or Germany, to churches and parsonages that had cracks in their walls, and to chapels whose ornaments were incomplete or mean. Her reward for all this devotion was her great influence in the nomination of bishops, and even cardinals.

Her equerry was the Vicomte Mathieu de Montmorency. He had been succeeded as the Comte d'Artois' aide-de-camp by the Marquis de Vibraye, who spent all the years of the Emigration in foreign lands, and returned to France in 1814. The Duchesse de Sérent, who had shared with the princess all the hardships of exile, kept the post of lady-of-honour, which had been hers since the days of Mittau. The Duchesse de Damas succeeded her in this much-coveted office. This young duchess, who had been quite a child at the time of the Emigration, had brought back with her to France the fashions, deportment, and habits of the English, which gave to her splendid beauty a peculiar air of distinction and to her expression a charming piquancy that never palled. Her voice was so sweet and so full of variety that it dwelt in the ear as a delightful memory long after she had ceased to speak. Her slight figure and delicate complexion gave her the appearance of a woman of weak will; but as a matter of fact her moral strength

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was inflexible, as she showed very plainly a few months later at Bordeaux, whither she accompanied the duchess after Napoleon's return from Elba. The princess's lady-in-waiting was the *émigrée* Mlle. de Choisy, a good, pious, charitable woman who afterwards became the Vicomtesse d'Agoult. The Comte d'Agoult, a man of noble character, was the duchess's chief equerry, had been one of the King's musketeers before the Revolution, and had afterwards served in the bodyguard. He had emigrated with all the princes and had been in their suite through all their wanderings. The duchess, in appointing the members of her household, was careful to choose men who had taken part in the great drama of Versailles and Paris at the beginning of the Revolution. Acting on this principle she had chosen for her private secretary the Baron Charlot, the son-in-law of a guardsman who had defended the Queen's door during the night of the 5th October and had been seriously wounded. And if she honoured those who had been faithful to her house she would have no dealings with any one who had injured it. She declined to make any response to the courtesies of Fouché, Duc d'Otrante, who had become one of her uncle's ministers. She abhorred and avoided him, and forbade him to enter her rooms. With this political rancour she combined a dislike for the reformed religion that almost amounted to aversion. One day she received at the Tuileries a deputation of protestants who came to pay their respects to her, but her manner was so repellent and haughty that they never came again.

Her dress was always plain and commonplace. On state occasions she was obliged, to her great regret, to be more ceremonious; but she never wore diamonds nor any kind of jewellery except when it was absolutely unavoidable, and then she used the jewels of the Crown. She often walked through the streets of Paris accompanied by only one of her ladies, and would pass unnoticed by the crowd on her way to a distant suburb, to relieve the wants of some poor family. In spite of all her good intentions and good deeds and charities she was never popular. She was greeted with cheers because the people are generous with their salutations, but she had no charm. Her expression was too constantly severe for so young a woman. The pride she had inherited from her mother was plainly to be seen upon her brow and in her eyes; and her hard metallic voice and stern curt speech were more surprising than pleasing. Among her friends she openly showed that she had forgotten nothing of the past violence of the populace, and the word *revolution*

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aroused in her all the hatred that a woman's heart can feel.

The Duc de Berry, in Paris, kept up the habits he had adopted in exile. He was too old to change either his character or his style of speech, and being still a bachelor he persisted in paying attentions to every woman who attracted him. Even in public, even at balls, he cared so little whether his partners were compromised by his tactlessness that he nearly always danced with the same ladies, who on the following morning would be mentioned in the gazettes as having received attentions from him. It was his ambition to look and behave like a soldier, and to frequent the society of generals, though he never scrupled to annoy the heroes of the Empire by his coarse and insolent speeches. Stories of his insulting manner to the most distinguished officers were passed from mouth to mouth. He asked one of them what campaigns he had been through. "All the campaigns of the Empire, as aide-de-camp to the Emperor," was the answer; whereupon the prince shrugged his shoulders contemptuously and turned upon his heel. To another soldier, who said he had served for twenty-five years, the duke retorted: "Twenty-five years of brigandage!" Being dissatisfied with the Old Guard on one occasion he shouted out to them that they ought to have been drilled in England. When a colonel was being degraded he actually tore off the man's epaulets with his own hands; and he would strike a private on parade. He exhibited all these incongruous traits within the first few weeks after his arrival.

II

It was thus that the royal family began their life in France. Matters became still worse when the ante-rooms of the Tuileries and the salons of the ministers were inundated by the *émigrés*.

On the 29th May, 1814, the *Débats* published a letter which purported to be written by a lady in the provinces to her cousin in Paris.

It is only a satire, and is full of exaggerations; but it is a clever and amusing picture of the inmost thoughts of a royalist of the day. "How delighted I am, *mon ami*," writes the lady to her cousin, "at the events that have restored our illustrious princes to the throne! What a joy it is! You have no idea of the

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importance these events and your stay in Paris have invested me with in this place ! The prefect is afraid of me, and his wife who never used to bow to me, has twice asked me to dinner. But no time must be lost, and we are counting on you. Would you believe that my husband has not yet taken a single step towards getting himself reinstated in his post, and gives as his reason that the post no longer exists and that he received compensation in assignats ? He is the most apathetic man in France. My brother-in-law has taken the Cross of St. Louis. It would have been due to him in nine years when the Revolution broke out, and it would be unjust to refuse to count, as years of service, the twenty years of unrest and misfortune that he spent at his place in the country. He depends on you to see that his patent is sent to him promptly. I enclose in my letter a memorial in favour of P. F., my eldest son. He had the right of succession to his uncle's office. You can easily obtain it for him. I should like his brother, the Chevalier, to enter the Navy, but it must be with a rank worthy of his name and the long services of his family. As for my grandson G. he is just the right age to become a page, and a word from you will be enough to secure the position for him. We are going to Paris early next month, and I shall take my daughter with me. I should like her to have a post at the Court. You will not be refused that favour if only you are a little persistent, and really do your best. Give a thought to poor N. It is true that he was rather conspicuous in the days of the Revolution, but I assure you he has quite changed his views during the last month. As you know, he is absolutely destitute, and is ready to sacrifice everything for our royal family. Such is his devotion that he is willing to serve them in the position of a prefect, and he would fill the post well. You may remember the pretty songs he wrote for me. M. de B., the son of the former intendant of our province, is going to see you. Do what you can to be useful to him. He is a friend of the family. If the intendants are not re-established he will content himself with a receiver-generalship. That is the least that could be done for a man who is so devoted to his sovereign and was in prison for six months during the Terror. I must not forget to say a good word for B. He has been accused of serving every party, because he has been employed by all the governments that have ruled in France during the last twenty years. But he is a good fellow ; you can take my word for it. He was the first person here to

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wear the white cockade. And besides, all he asks is to keep his place as postmaster. Be sure you write to me under cover to him. I am herewith sending you my father-in-law's papers. The States of Languedoc owed him a sum of forty-five thousand francs, which has never been paid. I hope you will not be kept waiting for the payment of the money, and that you will not refuse to make use of it, if you should be temporarily embarrassed; though that is hardly probable in the position to which you have doubtless attained.

"Farewell, dear cousin. I embrace you in the name of the whole family, and am looking forward to the pleasure of seeing you soon in Paris."

Every royalist, whether a recent convert or no, every failure, every malcontent who had been out of favour with the imperial government, was suddenly seized with a kind of mania for demanding posts, offices, and honours; and leaving his ancestral towers, sent his big wooden trunk to the nearest town, where he climbed on to the coach or diligence that would take him, stage by stage, to Paris. Being short of money he lodged in some wretched little hostelry in the great town, and on the following day, having uncorded his trunk, he took from it the suit of clothes that had been packed with such tender care—clothes of the fashion of twenty years' before—and the little lieutenant's or captain's epaulets that had been obtained so long ago, through interest, in a regiment of cavalry. Dressed in these ancient garments, with his powdered hair arranged in side-curls, and his rapier thrust through the skirts of his coat, he started off to make his bow to one of the princes or ministers, and beg for some new post in the army, or some decoration or pension.¹

¹ *Interrègne des Bourbons*, by Baruel-Beauvert (Vol. II., letter XIV.). "A countless flock of gulls from all the provinces has come to Paris, not merely to see the King and the royal family, but to block up the ante-rooms of all the ministers and beg for employment. The greater number of these royalists of to-day or yesterday have every right, according to themselves, to the favours of the government. Every one of them, if he be treated with justice, will shortly be appointed to an important post. And these gulls think, too, that everything they say should be believed, and that places should even be created for them. They have presented at least 200,000 petitions in the course of six weeks. They do not know that every lunatic in the Petites Maisons takes the opportunity of his first lucid moment to write to the King. . . . The southern provinces, it must be admitted, have furnished their share of the simpletons. One hears them muttering their rustic French everywhere; and they seem greatly surprised that in Paris the quails do not fall ready roasted from the sky."

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There were hosts of such men. There was no end to them. They came from the depths of the tiniest villages; they came from the heights of the everlasting hills: they came from every decrepit manor-house that possessed a ruined dovecote. Their poverty had made them practically peasants; but now they began boasting of all their aristocratic alliances, in their eagerness to share the privileges of the most intriguing and powerful of their rivals. Having lost their little fortunes in the Revolution they were treated with contempt by the *bourgeoisie*, who respected nothing but wealth, and they had come to be the most exacting section of the nobility. They loudly bewailed their lot and, after the restoration of the Monarchy, highly approved of the reactionary spirit of the King's ordinances and the ministerial decrees, because they hoped this return to the old conditions would give them back all they had lost. They imitated the exclusiveness of the princes and the great nobles of the Court, and cared for nothing but their own interests. The sorrows of France were of little moment to them; they thought only of themselves; they were unconscious of everything that was external to themselves, of everything that was going on under their eyes. On all sides the great manufacturers were lamenting their troubles, and the great merchants bemoaning the cessation of their sales. The French ports being now open to foreign vessels the articles of commerce—especially those of England—that had been so rare of late were being unladed on the quays with feverish haste, and offered in the markets at a reduction. It mattered little to them. The holders of colonial wares were suffering considerable losses; the manufacturers of beetroot-sugar were being ruined by the arrival of heavy cargoes of cane-sugar; the cotton-weaving industry, iron-works, and in short all the important manufactories that had depended for their support on the continental blockade, had been brought to a sudden standstill by the peace. The unemployed artisans were living on charity. It mattered little to the unsatisfied *émigrés*. Their demands never ceased.

Some of the more reasonable, whose lands were their chief concern, merely wished to recover the price of their sold property, both capital and interest, to the uttermost sou; others claimed the money they had spent abroad in the service of the princes; others again, of the vainer sort, begged that the mayor of their commune (they called it *parish*) might be instructed to burn

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incense before them at Mass, after the reading of the gospel.¹ There was a gentleman of Carcassonne who—say the journals—demanded of the government the instant restitution of his rights of the bakehouse, the chase, and the dovecote, which had all been abolished by the Revolution.²

The spectacle of these gentlemen mincing along the streets on tiptoe as though treading the parquet of a drawing-room, with their short breeches showing the calves of their legs, moved the satirical journals to hold them up to ridicule as the *Messrs. Gull*, or the *Light Infantry of Louis XIV.* But they were so much absorbed by their wishes and claims and all-important thoughts, and their expeditions from their hotels to the minister's house or to the Tuileries, that they took no heed of these jests. Caustic journalism made little impression on men who carried in their pockets the list of their services, drawn up in their very best handwriting. In their eyes their business was of the greatest importance, and it was the only thing that was so. Here is one of the lists in question, taken from a contemporary brochure.³

	Years.
1. Emigrated with his parents, Jan. 26th, 1791; M. le Comte joined the regiment of the French Guard; one year of service in time of peace: viz.	1
2. Served in the campaign of 1792, to the satisfaction of his superior officers, in the capacity of aide-de-camp to M. the Marshal de Broglie; one year of active service: viz.	2
Carried forward	3

¹ De Vaulabelle, in his *Histoire de la Restauration*, Vol. II., p. 131, relates this anecdote. “. . . . On All Saints' Day, in the parish church (of Darnac) during Mass, at the very moment of the Elevation, the beadle was approaching the municipal pew to offer the *pain bénit* to the mayor, in accordance with custom, when M. de Blons, the former seigneur of the commune, who was in his pew with his brother-in-law M. de Fornel and several other relations, rose to his feet and called out loudly: *Sacristan, bring the pain bénit here, bring it here, bring it here!* The embarrassed beadle hesitated. The mayor, who was on his knees, said: *You know quite well, sacristan, that you ought to give the pain bénit to the mayor before anyone else.* Accordingly the basket was about to be handed to him, when M. de Blons in a fury left his seat, seized the sticks of a villager who was near him, and struck the pew repeatedly, still calling for the sacristan. The latter, horrified, came forward with his basket at last; whereupon the ex-seigneur snatched it from his hands, and only returned it when he and all his relations had helped themselves largely. The basket was then handed to the mayor, who pushed away the *pain bénit*. . . .”

² *Mémoires de la Comtesse de Fausse-Landry*, by Lamotte-Langon, Vol. III., *passim*.

³ The *Lanterne Magique* of the Restoration.

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	Years.
Brought forward	3
3. Served in the campaigns of 1793, 94, 95, 96, 97, in the army of Condé. Aide-de-camp to his uncle ; years of war ; five years of active service : viz.	10
4. Served in Prussia and England, from 1798 to 1806 inclusively ; nine years of service in time of peace : viz.	9
5. Four extra years granted by the King for distinguished service, and for being wounded when in Condé's army, in the famous battle of Oberkamelach, Aug. 13th, 1796 : viz.	4
<hr/>	
Total of years of service	<u>26</u>

"The King at this time gave M. le Comte de — a captain's commission in a cavalry regiment. To his twenty-six years of service, his eighteen years as captain of cavalry, and his wound, must be added the fact that the extremely profound knowledge of military tactics and the art of war acquired by M. le Comte de — secured him the post of instructor to the regiment raised by Marshal de Broglie at the expense of the English, and to the regiment in which he served in Prussia. As his brave comrades can testify, this post was so arduous that he was spitting blood for three days."

It was always, if possible, to someone who had held a position of command in the army of La Vendée, or else to some officer who had served in Condé's army, that the applicant appealed. He presented his paper at the bureau of the officer in question, who noted its contents.

Having read it—"You wish for the Cross of St. Louis?" he would say to the noble supplicant. "You must have four chevaliers' signatures. Three will do, because I will sign it myself. See if there are any of them in the ante-room, and beg them to put their names to your application." Another man wanted a pension, perhaps, on the grounds that he had always openly expressed his desire for the return of the Bourbons. A third wished for a higher rank than he had held before the Revolution. The Vendean general, after a few minutes of thought, would ask his visitor :

"Have you any money? Did you make a rich marriage?"

"So-so! Fifteen thousand francs a year" was the answer.

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"That's not so bad! Well, we shall see. There are so many applicants to satisfy."

A fourth would come in jauntily, as though nothing could be refused him, and would say in a tone of complete assurance: "There is my petition: there is the list of my services. I have been to X——, I saw the Comte de X——, and the Marquis de T——, and they told me to come and see you. Did they not mention me to you?"—"No. And what is it you want?"—"I want a place in the King's household, or else to be attached to one of the princes."—"That is no easy matter, monsieur," the Vendean general would answer. "His Majesty has so many faithful subjects to reward that it is almost impossible to find a place that is not filled. Do you know M. le Comte de ——?"—"No, general."—"He is the person you ought to apply to."—"I will take steps."—"Ah. Make your position as strong as possible. All the places are so much sought after that it is almost necessary to take them by assault, and no one can succeed without a great effort."—"Well, I'll make a great effort then, for if I succeed, I shall go far." Then the man in power, overcome by all this confidence and fluency, would say to the applicant: "Come to breakfast with me to-morrow. We'll talk your business over."

This is very much what occurred at all the audiences on the official reception-days. But the audiences that were private, and almost friendly, often produced an immediate result. The favoured petitioner, being free from the crowd by which the minister's doors were beset, was able to enlarge at length upon his alleged exploits in the royalist campaigns. If he were old he would draw himself up, and stand motionless with his shoulders back and his chest forward, and say to the prince or minister to whom he was appealing: "You see I am as vigorous as ever, and still able to face a sword-thrust in the King's service." And off he would go with his appointment in his pocket.¹

¹ De Rougemont, in his *Rodeur français* (Vol. I., p. 199) gives us an amusing picture of a group of petitioners in a ministerial ante-room of the day. "Hardly had I entered the room when I perceived myself to be the object of my neighbours' criticism. Each was trying to hide from the rest the anxiety he was feeling at the apparition of a new candidate. One man saw fifty years engraved upon my face, which prevented me from being a soldier; another detected an internal malady that kept me from travelling. One judged of my patrons by my language, and another judged of my merits by my clothes. I held my peace, and my toilette was by no means alarming. However, though these gentlemen's observations by no means tended to reassure them, they could not resist the desire to find out from myself the object of my visit. . . . 'Ah, yes, of course, I see what it is! Monsieur is a member of the household.' 'That is quite possible,' I said,

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There were undoubtedly more candidates than available posts, and bureaux were established where it was possible, with the help of a certain amount of money, to secure a favourable answer. There were men who held important offices at the Court, indeed there were even great ladies, who did not blush to carry on a trade in places and honours of all kinds, sheltered by the name of some subordinate who acted for them. It is recorded in the papers of the time that there were more than a hundred secret bureaux in Paris, engaged in this infamous traffic.¹ The petitioners whom chance threw together in the ante-rooms were in the habit, among themselves, of referring to Napoleon as the *usurper*, in imitation of the Bourbon princes; the chamberlains of the Imperial Court were merely servants; the equerries were outriders; the prefects of the palace were head cooks. To speak otherwise would have been to disregard the feelings of those who were now filling these offices at the Court.

The demands of the great nobles were of another kind. They required titles of distinction without delay, and moreover made a point of their being ancient. Thus the old Comte de Viosménil, who thought he had a right to a marshalship, insisted that the appointment should be dated as though it had been made abroad instead of quite recently, in order that he might take precedence of the marshals of the Empire. Another of these *grands seigneurs*, the Marquis de Brézé, Grand Master of the Ceremonies, was so sad at being denied the finery that had

smiling. At these words everyone rose, and looked at me in the most benevolent way. . . . The man next me pushed forward a chair, which I was obliged to decline in favour of an armchair that was offered me by a lady who would be glad to have a few words with me, before the arrival of my friend the count. The matter concerned her son, a charming young man of the most brilliant promise, with whom she did not know what to do. . . . 'When you have finished,' whispered a lean, dried-up man who had again drawn near, 'you can do me a great service, monsieur.' He had three orders of the *Lys*, and wanted the Legion of Honour."

¹ De Vaulabelle writes (Vol. II., p. 156): "A traffic in places, titles, and decorations was carried on at this time on the largest scale. . . . The value of places was assessed in accordance with what they produced. Every title of nobility, too, had its market-price. The Order of the Legion of Honour was listed at 250 or 300 francs. . . . One need only refer to the *Moniteur* of 1814 to learn that during the months of August, September, October, November, and December, there were more patents of nobility and more titles of count and baron granted than during the last two centuries of the monarchy. During the same time more crosses of the Legion of Honour were distributed than Napoleon had given in twelve years of his reign. . . . It was given so lavishly that the public regarded the profusion of decorations as a deliberate attempt to belittle—to the advantage of the order of St. Louis—the order of knighthood founded by Napoleon: which, by a strange confusion of ideas, had been placed under Henri IV's patronage by an ordinance dated July 5th, 1814."

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pertained to the office at the Court of Versailles that he begged for military rank equivalent to his official rank, and was made lieutenant-general.

Juste de Noailles, ambassador to the Court of Russia, obtained the rank of brigadier-general; the Comte de Sabran—because he was a Sabran, says de Vitrolles in his memoirs, and was very assiduous in giving information to the government—received first the rank of lieutenant-general, then the cross of St. Louis and the title of duke, and shortly afterwards the emoluments attached to that rank.¹ And whenever any servant of the Empire, such as Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angély, passed by a group of the old *émigrés*, these nobles who were rich and pampered, whatever their degree, would sneer at him and insult him. "Away with the rascal!" they would cry.²

This invasion of place-hunters, impatient to exchange their mediocrity, their nameless obscurity, for posts that would bring them both money and honour, produced great changes in the army list and in every department of the administration. Excellent officers were forced to retire to make room for the country squires who had emerged from their village homes. Men who had been mere captains in Louis XVI's time, and had lived in obscurity in the country for twenty years, suddenly found themselves colonels or lieutenant-generals, in command of a brigade or a regiment. In the navy, where, before the Revolution, nobles were to be found in every rank, the scene was changed indeed. The service, which had already been brought very low by the great naval disasters under the Empire, was still further injured by this sudden influx of pretentious officers, whose insufficient and incomplete training in no way fitted them to deal with modern tactics. Long years of idleness had killed their energy and initiative—but this was the least of their cares!

In society, at this time, all these men who had emerged from oblivion to be decorated with epaulets, and honoured with ranks that not only enriched them but gave them a fine title as well, were sought after, and flattered and made much of. They represented the resurrection of the old *noblesse*, who had disappeared under the Empire, but were now shining with renewed lustre. Thenceforward no one else was of any account. All the old princes, dukes, marquises, counts, barons, and chevaliers resumed the titles of which, until lately, they had been bereft, and disdain-

¹ Vitrolles' *Mémoires*, Vol. I., p. 204. ² *Chancelier Pasquier*, Vol. II., p. 424.

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fully took precedence, in the drawing-rooms of society, of the imperial nobility whom they had assiduously courted a few months earlier. The women introduced an element of malicious spite into these petty insults, and insisted on addressing duchesses and princesses of the Empire, whose husbands' merits had raised them to that position, by the *bourgeois* family-name, or even the Christian name, by which they had formerly been known in the Queen's service. The Prince de Poix never called the Prince de Wagram anything but Berthier, and even said to him on one occasion: "It's funny, all the same, Berthier, that just because of the Revolution you should be able to call yourself a prince like me." This contemptuous chaff was accepted by Berthier as a compliment. A countess of the Empire wrote to a friend: "My dear, I never really felt like a countess till the King came to the throne."

This being their point of view the nobles of the Empire were themselves responsible for much of the humiliation they endured, for they lent themselves to the folly of the old courtiers of Versailles whenever they were in the same room with them. The dignitaries of the Monarchy held forth to their hearts' content on the laws of etiquette and the prerogatives of rank, and on the tact, fine manners, easy bearing, and dignified gait that were hereditary in noble families. These families alone, according to themselves, had preserved the traditions of perfect manners, the manners of the Court of Louis XIV and Louis XV, which were so charming, so dignified, so attractive in their simplicity. They related how the great nobles of those days were classified according to their rank and dignities. Théodore Anne repeats their gossip in his *Souvenirs*. They enumerated those who were privileged to hand the King his shirt, and those who were entitled to give him his napkin; they told how many steps a duke might take in the royal bedroom, and how many were allowed to a marquis, and how many to a count; and what clothes had to be worn if the King were going out shooting, and what clothes if he were going to hunt; and what title would secure for a courtier, when on a journey, the honour of having his name prefaced by the *fourrier des logis*¹ with the glorious prerogative of the peers. They pointed out, too, what a good thing it would be if the Court were to revert to the old custom of carrying a comb in the

¹ (It was the business of the *fourrier des logis* to find accommodation for those who travelled with the King. *Translator*.)

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pocket, to serve the double purpose of tidying the hair and of scratching on the King's door, seeing that it was indecorous to knock. And the heroes of our great wars, who had faced powder and shot twenty times over, these marshals of the Empire for whom death had no terrors, stood listening, open-mouthed, to these childish details, which were as interesting to them as a fairy-tale.

The *bourgeoisie* were treated with still greater disdain.¹ The nobles, full of pride and boasting, had forgotten the difference shown to them in the past by the old families of the middle-classes, and the services rendered to them during the darkest and most terrible days of the Revolution. They forgot that an ancient, if modest line, whose members had always been honest and widely educated, was at least as respectable as one whose only glory was its title, too often won by shameful services or guilty compliance. It was to the middle-classes that the nobles attributed the initial impulse of the Revolution and the excesses of the Terror, and they could not forgive those classes for having enjoyed all the resulting benefits while they themselves had had only sorrow for their share.

So it became a common thing, in the villages and little towns, for the nobles to mix with the people and rouse their hostility against those they called *le Tiers*. Meetings were held, to which the poor people, who are easily cajoled, came to voice their grievances, tell the tale of their struggles, and recount the vexations and injustices to which they were subjected. The recruiting *émigrés* then cross-examined them with regard to the prefects, sub-prefects, mayors, and all heads of departments appointed under the Empire, who were still in office and were mostly of *bourgeois* extraction. The people gave any answers that were required of them. "That is all right, my friends," said the lordlings working in their interests, or rather in the interests of the Parisian politicians who were seeking an excuse to revive the conditions of the old Monarchy. "Do not be uneasy; the

¹ "Never," says Théodore Anne in his *Souvenirs*, "was the contemptuous class-feeling of the aristocracy better exemplified than in the following anecdote. A young man entered a drawing-room in the district frequented by the nobles. He was well and carefully dressed, and his manners were excellent. This being the case the duke, and the two counts, and three marquises who were paying court to the lady of the house were about to rise and return the young man's bow. But the lady stopped them with a gesture and, without lowering her voice, said: 'Do not move, messieurs; it is nothing; it is the drawing-master.'"

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King is your father ; these people here are low rascals ; they shall be dismissed—on the faith of a gentleman.” The influence of which they boasted was no illusion, for very few of the functionaries of the Empire remained in office. They were removed, and replaced by men who prided themselves on their titles of nobility and their insolence.

After all, can we blame these men who were demanding the reward of their fidelity ? They had sacrificed everything, in the past, to their princes : peace, fortune, and happiness. They had left their homes and their country at the summons of the Comte d’Artois and the Comte de Provence ; and when they returned from exile, bereft of everything, not only of fortune but even of kinsfolk, their devotion to the Bourbons remained unaltered. They spent all their energy in keeping alive the memory of the time-honoured Monarchy to which France owed her greatness. They had always stood in the breach. Under the Empire they had suffered terrible persecutions at the hands of Napoleon. It was thanks to them, and them alone, that Louis XVIII, the leader of the Emigration, had recovered the throne of his ancestors. He had recovered his palaces, his civil list, and all the privileges of kingship ; while they who had served him with untiring devotion received nothing, recovered nothing, except perhaps some slight compensation for their great losses.¹ “ Ah ! ” said some of them, who were still looking in vain for some acknowledgment of their services. “ Ah, if we had only known ! ” They accused the ministers of the Restoration of having taken as their motto : *Forgetfulness of services*, and as their principle of action : *Ingratitude*. So wrote the Comte de Marcillac, who was one of them. (*Souvenirs de l’émigration*.)

In their indifference to the prevailing distress they relieved their feelings by threatening the men who had bought their property. They demanded that it should be restored to them, and accused the new owners of stealing, on the grounds that they had paid for

¹ See Théodore Anne’s *Souvenirs*. “ The Vendéans were scantily rewarded. So many people had received such large rewards that there was no money left. So pensions of 30, 40, 50, or 80 francs at most, were all the King’s delegates could find for the men who had sacrificed everything for the legitimate line. . . . ” And d’Allonville wrote (Vol V., p. 298) : “ While the Noailles were overwhelmed with honours, and Blacas, forgetful of his humble past, received an accumulation of offices that gave him an income of more than 400,000 francs, the heroes of the Vendée were dying of hunger. . . . ” And again : “ The Emperor Alexander never forgave the King for neglecting to give him his Order of the Holy Ghost, and his officers the decoration of Saint-Louis. . . . ”

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their lands with assignats that did not represent the price of a pair of turkeys, at a time when a louis was worth twenty-seven thousand francs in assignats. The whole country was disturbed, and there seemed to be no way of appeasing all this rancour and recrimination and wrath. From the Pavillon de Marsan came the suggestion that a large military household should be formed on the old model, as a means of reducing the number of malcontents by giving them a place in this privileged body. The dissatisfied young idlers of the provinces would gather round the King like the young soldiers years before at Coblenz; those whose elation had of late been making them aggressive would become more reticent; and the Monarchy would acquire a new prestige and a new element of splendour. The scheme met with approval and was adopted.¹

III

In addition to the four companies of bodyguards commanded by the four captains already appointed, two others were raised, the two new captains being the Prince de Wagram (Berthier) and the Duc de Raguse (Marmont). There were also two companies of Monsieur's guards; one of a hundred Swiss; one of gendarmes; one of light-horse; two of musketeers; one of mounted grenadiers; one of Gardes de la Porte; and one of Gardes de la Prévôté de l'Hôtel. The musketeers were commanded by two generals, the Marquis de Lauriston and the Comte de Nansouty; the gendarmes by the Marquis de Lagrange; the light-horse by the Comte—afterwards the Duc—Charles de Damas; Monsieur's guards by the Comtes de Puysegur and d'Escars, who were succeeded by the Duc de Rivière; the mounted grenadiers by the Marquis de Larochejacquelein; the Hundred Swiss by the Duc de Montemart; and the two remaining companies by the Marquis de la Suze.

The ordinary bodyguard was composed of cavalry lieutenants; Monsieur's guards and the Gardes de la Porte were second-lieutenants; the Hundred Swiss and the Gardes de la Prévôté were sergeants; and the mounted gendarmes were cavalry sergeants.

The bodyguard was posted inside the rooms of the palace;

¹ "And then," adds the Chevalier Pasquier in his *Mémoires* (Vol. II., p. 418), "... they flattered themselves that they could make this measure acceptable by giving the command of some of the companies to general-officers of the national army . . ."

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the Hundred Swiss guarded the head of the staircase near the entrance; the Gardes de la Porte stood under the inner archways, and the Garde de la Prévôté kept watch in the gardens. The gendarmes, musketeers, and light horse had no fixed posts. Every day at twelve o'clock an officer of each of these companies intercepted the King as he went to Mass, and received the orders of the day from him in person. It was the special privilege of these three corps. Louis XVIII always said to them: "Nothing fresh." He said this even on the morning of the 19th March, 1815, the day he left Paris for Ghent. It was a grand sight, cries Théodore Anne, to whom we owe these details, to see all these bodies of men drawn up in order of battle. The splendour of the uniforms, the fine proportions of the men, the strength and beauty of the horses, all combined to delight the eye and make a deep impression on the people.¹

The bodyguard presented arms to no one. In the capacity of sentinels they had to stand with shouldered arms; and when certain great dignitaries of the Court passed by it was their duty to give three distinct blows on the floor with one heel, to inform the people in the next room of the approach of an important personage, such as a minister, a cardinal, a knight of the Holy Ghost, a peer, a marshal of France, or a high official of the Court. Those who were thus warned had time to assume an attitude of respect.

When this military household was established the civil household was already in existence, and comprised the departments of the Master of the Ceremonies and Master of the Horse, and the

¹ See Mlle. de Chastenay's *Mémoires*, Vol. II., p. 397. ". . . The provincials who were at first so full of zeal soon became offended at the suggestion that their height should be measured before they were admitted. It was often necessary to disregard this rule, with the result of somewhat disfiguring the companies. They were all determined to be enrolled in none but the original companies, as though the new ones were not to guard the King at all. . . . There was no one now who was contented to serve in the bodyguard for five-and-twenty years for no reward but the Cross of Saint Louis and a little retiring-pension. . . ."

See also the *Mémoires* of Fleury de Chaboulon, Vol. I., p. 25. ". . . The men of the line regiments and the national guards on duty at the Tuileries were most unwilling to consider the bodyguards their superiors, and generally omitted to present arms to them. The bodyguard complained, and an order was issued, to the troops of the line only, to accord them, on pain of punishment, the honours that were their due. Some of the young guardsmen, in their pride at this victory, amused themselves by perpetually passing and repassing the sentries, whom they obliged each time to pay respectful homage to their epaulets. . . ."

De Vitrolles, being a royalist, saw the matter differently: "It is difficult," he wrote in his *Mémoires*, "to describe the pleasure that the restoration of these figures of the past gave to the people. . . ."

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officials connected with the chase, the bedchamber, and the table.¹ For the first few weeks they had no special costume. Those who had served in the army wore full-dress uniform with the epaulets of their rank; the rest wore cut-away coats of any style that pleased them. The appearance of this motley crowd was made the subject of many irreverent jests, for during Napoleon's reign the civil household had been extremely sumptuous. This irregular state of things did not last long, however. The new costume was all magnificence and splendour, with a special colour for each set of officials; and the populace greatly admired the uniforms, whose gold and silver embroideries, and shining gold lace, and brilliant buttons produced a gorgeous effect worthy of the royal dignity.

The officials who had the most trying duties were those concerned with the daily drive. Louis XVIII, like most people who are condemned to inactivity, enjoyed great speed, and he indulged in it every day, between the mid-day meal that took place after Mass, and dinner. He had at first six, and afterwards twelve equerry-outriders, whose duty it was to ride each in his turn before the royal carriage. The outrider was provided with a fresh horse at the end of every ten kilometres, and the two horses of the king's carriage were also changed. They drove out by Choisy, the Forest of Sénart, and Grosbois, and returned by Vincennes. The Comte de Neuilly, who was one of these outriders, says he nearly always tired out six horses, for they were never spared. "The king's horses," he says, "were half-killed, but they were well cared for, and went as fast as ever next time." The difficulty was to get the King into the carriage. Some of the officials of his household supported him, while another held out his hand from the box to help his Majesty into his seat. The Marquis de Lauriston devised another expedient. "The King," writes Théodore Anne, "was seated in a chair with wheels. This chair was pushed through the rooms by a page of the chambers. When they reached the head of the stairs they found a kind of railway arranged on the steps, with grooves into which the chair was fitted. Then the chair, guided all the while by the same page, was gently lowered to the level of the carriage, into

¹ "When we were at Compiègne or Fontainebleau," says the Comte de Neuilly in his *Souvenirs*, "the *bourgeois* of both sexes were allowed to walk round the table. Sometimes we saw little faces that were quite pleasing. We made jokes about them, and that flattered them. They went round at intervals of four feet, without pausing."

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which it was lifted bodily, part of the seat having been removed to make room for it. On the King's return the operation was reversed. Batiste, the page-of-the-chambers, removed the King from the carriage and took him to his room by means of the apparatus on the stairs. When Louis was in a good humour all went well, but when he was in pain he made Batiste suffer for it. He swore like a heathen. 'Batiste, you —— creature, will you kindly not push me so fast! You ——, do you want to kill me?' But Batiste, being accustomed to these outbreaks, continued to go at his own pace.

The King did not join in the sports of his courtiers, although, say the memoirs of the time, he was a good shot. He followed the hunt in his carriage, and in the evening dined at Compiègne or Fontainebleau, where such of his household as were privileged by their rank or office to wear the white-plumed hat and the collar with the golden fleur-de-lys were admitted to his own table.¹ Etiquette was very much relaxed on these expeditions, and the conversation, though carried on in low tones, ranged over a great variety of subjects. Louis XVIII, whose infallible memory was very rich in reminiscences of the past, told charming anecdotes in a delightful way, and had a gift of mimicry that would have done honour to a professional actor. The two first dishes were placed on the table opposite to the King, who offered them in turn to each person present, addressing the courtiers by name according to their precedence. After dinner the attendants on duty carried in two ice-pails of silver containing bottles of very choice wine, of which all the guests partook.²

Louis XVIII would not tolerate moustaches in his circle. He had a horror of them. The Vicomte de Briche, general in command of the 19th division, and the Duc de Guiche, who commanded a company of the bodyguard, were ordered by him to suppress them.³

¹ The King was as punctual as a descendant of Louis XIV might be expected to be. One day, when the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia were to dine with him, he was driving at a great distance from Paris. It was necessary for the whole suite to be back at the palace by six o'clock precisely. The King spoke to the Comte de Neuilly, who was in charge of the expedition that day; and after this the pace was terrific. . . . When driving at such high speed the King was happy, and he arrived exactly at the hour of his State dinner. . . .

² De Neuilly's *Souvenirs*, p. 388. "In Paris the King nearly always dined alone with the members of his family. For all that we were not reduced to dining in a tavern. There was a regular table kept by the King for the high officials (the white plumes), which was presided over by the Comte de Cossé, the Grand Pantler.

³ One of the finest Court ceremonies was the one that took place every year on

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All these domestic concerns, these questions of costume and precedence and etiquette, gave constant occupation to the King and his favourite, the Comte de Blacas. That ever-present friend was lodged in a little *entresol* above the King's great suite of rooms, and thus the two were able to communicate with one another at any hour. The Comte had arranged a kind of office for himself, where he employed as secretary a sickly-looking abbé called Fleuriet, whom he completely dominated. It caused some surprise that an ecclesiastic should have strayed into this mill of politics and Court secrets, for it was a long time since such a mixture of the sacred and profane had been seen. The Comte de Blacas, Minister of the King's Household, was as paramount in Paris as at Hartwell over all who frequented the palace, whether ministers or courtiers. Through the agency of his confidant de Pradel, in whom he had boundless faith, he had, according to his custom, introduced the most rigid economy into the daily expenditure, and a system of constant surveillance over the servants; while from others he received reports of all that went on in the ante-rooms. In the end this jealous interference in all the King's activities and duties became positively despotic. Nothing was of any account in the Tuileries but the will of M. de Blacas. It was not the custom for the ministers to meet together under the presidency of the King: the latter gave private audiences to each of them, usually in the evening, at which the favourite was present and made his great influence felt. It was to him that they presented their reports and memoranda. M. de Blacas read them, annotated them with his own views, and then handed them on to his master.

His devotion to the King being what it was, if he had but been a statesman, or had understood the French nation, the ministers might have congratulated themselves on his omnipotence. But he

Holy Thursday, in commemoration of the Last Supper. The King, followed by the officers of the household who were on duty, presented twelve children representing the apostles with twelve dishes, which we brought to him one by one. We were in full uniform, with a piece of cambric by way of a napkin, and an enormous bouquet; and thus attired we went to a buffet for the food, which was given to us on wooden dishes. The food was all *maigre*, and consisted of Rhenish carp, fresh water trout, gigantic shellfish, water fowl and so on. . . . Before this ceremony the King washed the feet of the apostles, who were young, the children of servants of the household. They were all on a platform wearing red tunics, with their feet bare and well washed beforehand, as may be imagined. The King's first valet-de-chambre poured the water out of a golden ewer upon their feet, and the King wiped them with a piece of cambric. This brilliant ceremony took place in the Galerie de Diane, and attracted an enormous crowd, of ladies especially."

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was in Paris as he had been at Hartwell, a petty provincial *émigré* with a suspicious restless mind, always occupied with the things of the past and absorbed in details that bore no relation to modern life. Nothing seemed urgent to him but his master's interests and his own. He was unaware that hatred of the old Court and nobility, indifference to religion, and derision of the clergy had received a fresh impulse under the Empire.¹ His chief occupation was the search, in second-hand shops, for old medals, cameos, and china, which he collected and paid exorbitant prices for, now that the King's generosity had made him rich. Being engrossed in the little incidents of the domestic life of the Tuileries he paid no attention to the events that were taking place in France, nor to those that were at hand in foreign countries. The gossip of the Court interested him more than the wiles of diplomatists. His sole object in life was his master's ease at the passing moment, for his own depended on it. Under this system of watchful care and cajolery Louis XVIII's life became like that of some fat canon who must be preserved at all costs from anxiety and distress of mind. At Hartwell the favourite had annoyed the King's friends by his intolerable assumption. They had submitted to it because at that time nothing could be changed. But in Paris, when they found that the jealous courtier was always at hand, they absented themselves from the Court; and finally the Abbé de Montesquiou said to the King: "Your Majesty must remember that if the French have always overlooked all their King's mistresses they have never been able to endure a favourite." The King was annoyed by this remark, and determined to part with the abbé-minister on the first opportunity. Beugnot and Dupont made common cause with the favourite, but the Abbé Louis and Malouet both took the side of his opponent. Talleyrand remained neutral.

No provincial royalist was ever admitted to the King's presence without the intervention of the Comte de Blacas. It was necessary to inform him of the object of the visit; and then, if the audience were granted, the favourite proceeded to instruct the visitor. "The King," he said "was a lover of peace and quiet. He had confidence in his loyal subjects. The Monarchy was now unassailable and permanently established in France. It was therefore useless to report to the King such things as a few hostile comments on the part of the Jacobins. These little troubles were inevitable. The ministers were informed of them,

¹ So Lavalette observed.

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and knew their duty. Had not the King suffered enough? It was the duty of the royalists to bring signs of respect, not signs of hostility, to his notice. There was a time for everything." This was the King's own view, moreover.¹ He greatly disliked thinking of serious matters. Whenever he received a visitor he was careful to lead the conversation himself, and spent all the time of the audience in relating one anecdote after another, drawn from his own experiences. The visitor was charmed, and went away without having mentioned the object of his visit. The King was really delightful, he thought. And yet his reason for coming had not been to hear about the little intrigues of the old Court of Versailles. The important business in hand was postponed, it seemed, to another occasion; and he said to himself that though the King was a courteous gentleman, endowed with brains and a wonderful memory, he was not born to be a King, nor yet a statesman. Guizot, who knew him well, and had, as Montesquiou's secretary, and afterwards as under-secretary of State at the Ministry of the Interior, been brought much into contact with him, wrote of Louis XVIII: "He had, as a King, great qualities of the *negative* and *waiting* kind: but few of the *active* and *effective* kind: he had few ideas and no passions; and had too little energy of soul or body to be a ruler of men. He allowed things to drift as they would. The conclusion of the whole matter is that he was too old for a nation full of vigour, full of valour, full of hopes, a nation that had been led in triumph across Europe by a man who was both a warrior and a genius.

The habits of the old King had not changed since he came to Paris. He lived in the palace of his ancestors as he had lived at Hartwell; rising early, reading the papers for the day first of all, then receiving the favourite, who informed him of all the little incidents that had occurred in political and social circles, every detail of which the King liked to discuss. He did not sleep in the room that contained the state bed, but in a little salon next to his study: the room that was occupied during the day by the first valet on duty. Into this room at half past ten at night the valets pulled a little iron bedstead, covered with curtains of green silk; and the King,

¹ The little Abbé Fleuriel was deputed to receive the Comte de Blacas' importunate visitors, and to send them away. "M. le Comte is out! M. le Comte is overwhelmed with work, and can see no one!" Such were the invariable answers of the Abbé to visitors, whatever their office or rank. And if they wrote, the letters were never opened.

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donning an immense cotton nightcap that made his rubicund face look like that of a huge baby, proceeded to cover the entire width of the bed with his enormous person, completely flattening the mattress in the process. When the hour of *déjeuner* arrived, the dishes, wines, and utensils were carried in a basket from the kitchens, through the corridors and rooms, by two valets accompanied by one of the bodyguard with arms at the shoulder, who was preceded by an usher of the palace. The door-porter, says Théodore Anne, waited at the entrance of the room, and threw open both sides of the folding-door as the usher approached. The latter announced in a loud voice: *The King's breakfast, Gentlemen!* whereupon everyone rose and remained standing, in honour of the food that was destined to satisfy his Majesty's appetite. When the procession had passed they seated themselves again. As a rule the royal family were with the King at this hour of the morning, and shared his meal.

After breakfast the King attended Mass, the ceremonial being as follows. The King having taken his seat, the priest and his assistants left the vestry in procession. After having bowed to the altar the priest bowed respectfully to the King also, and the service began. At the end of the service the priest observed the same ceremonial and returned to the vestry. The courtiers attended Mass, and their austere deportment, as they bent over their prayer-books and made the responses in loud tones, was very edifying to all who beheld them. In the evening all these men who were so much absorbed in piety and goodness, and in the reverent performance of religious exercises, were to be seen enjoying themselves in the theatres in the company of pretty "opera-girls"—the fashionable expression—who had no reputation to lose.

In the Court theatre no one applauded: the play was performed in absolute silence. The upper and lower boxes were reserved for those who had not been presented; the principal tier, which formed an amphitheatre round the house, for the ladies who had had that honour. The King's box was in the middle, and on his left was the ambassadors'. The floor of the theatre was occupied by marshals, peers, deputies, generals, and even officers of inferior rank, who had no special places assigned to them. Here the spectators were mingled without distinction.

Since Mme. de Balbi's departure the King had had no favourite of the fair sex. As soon as he was settled in the Tuileries that

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intriguing lady tried to reinstate herself in his good graces; but her efforts were in vain; she obtained no more than a single audience, but was granted a sum of money and a pension that she sorely needed, being in great distress. Her name was finally altogether forgotten. She died in Paris in 1841, so entirely unknown that no mention of her death is anywhere to be found.

During this first year of the Monarchy M. de Blacas' companionship was enough for the King, who sought for no woman's affection. A measure of the royal favour, however, was bestowed on Mme. de Serre, whose husband was Keeper of the Seals. She was ousted by Mme. du Cayla, who obtained admission to the Tuileries with the intention of giving up certain papers relating to the Marquis de Favras. These papers, which were now in Mme. du Cayla's possession, had been carefully preserved by her father, M. Omer Talon, solicitor-general to the Parlement, who had received the last confidences of the unfortunate marquis when he was about to die. Favras, it will be remembered, was sentenced to death in connection with the conspiracy against Louis XVI, in which Louis XVIII, when Comte de Provence, was implicated. The young woman possessed secrets, therefore, that it was necessary to suppress at all costs. She surrendered everything, her papers and herself. She was fairly pretty, too, and still at a very attractive age, having been born in 1785.¹

This life that the King led was, no doubt, very simple and inexpensive. But the same cannot be said for the lives of the Court officials who were provided for in the palace. They compensated themselves amply for all the privations of their exile. These long-

¹ Chancellor Pasquier in Vol. V. of his *Mémoires*, gives some interesting details with regard to this favourite of the King. "... The King's weakness for this woman became more marked every day. When he did not see her he wrote to her—more often twice in the day than once. It soon transpired that a very fine house, which was being built at Saint-Ouen on the site of the house where the King stayed in 1814, and where he granted the Declaration of Saint-Ouen, was destined for her. . . ."

Sosthène de La Rochefoucauld addressed her thus in his memoirs: "The King said to you one day: 'My child, I must give you a portfolio for such of my letters as you wish to keep.' And the portfolio he offered you was surrounded with the most valuable diamonds. It was a fresh device on the King's part to leave you a fortune. It was impossible to persuade you to accept it. . . . At every fresh refusal the King said to you: 'Well, well, my child, I have taken precautions. I have recorded my wishes, and after my death all you have refused during my lifetime will be yours.' . . . After Charles X came to the throne he obtained undoubted proof of a disinterestedness so great that at first he found it incredible, and he then begged you to accept a pension of 25,000 frs. for life, and from respect to Louis XVIII's memory, wished to guarantee the maintenance of Saint-Ouen."

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famished creatures, and all who were admitted to the common table, succeeded in baffling the favourite's vigilance in a thousand ways, and indulged in carousals on a large scale. This one table by itself entailed considerable expense. It was impossible to enter the Tuileries without being made aware of the close proximity of elaborate sauces, by the savoury whiffs that rose from the kitchens. The journals of the time did not fail to express disapproval of this permanent state of revelry; and Chateaubriand mentions it in his memoirs. He was shocked, a few weeks after the King's arrival at the Tuileries, by the careless attendance in the rooms and the smell of cooking that pervaded the passages; for he remembered the order and cleanliness, and indeed the distinction, that had reigned in the imperial palace.

If none but the royalists had been aware of this scandal little harm would have been done. They would merely have chattered among themselves, in their jealousy, of the good luck that had befallen some of their fellow-royalists while they themselves were unable to enjoy these orgies. But the rumour of them passed beyond the palace courts, and, spreading among the people of the town, who were already in distress, roused their wrath against these courtiers who were gorging themselves so shamelessly. It was thus that disaffection against the dynasty began. And an additional cause for hostility among the people was the determination of the clergy to recover their past ascendancy, and to exact the honours and privileges of which they had been deprived by Napoleon, though he was always ready to recognise personal talent and piety even in the humblest of priests. It was impossible to be blind to the fact that the clergy were making a great effort to dominate society at large, to take the education of the young entirely into their own hands, to return to all the old magnificence of religious observance, to muzzle reason, and to encourage a very narrow ideal of morality.¹ That this was the case was shown by the ordinance of the Prefect of Police with regard to the legal observance of Sunday and the regulation of processions in the streets. It was not long before the discon-

¹ "The clergy," says Lamothe-Langon in his memoirs, "being bent on domination. . . inspired even the owners of movable property with the greatest alarm. A certain artisan who wished to sell a mattress called it a *patrimonial* mattress, to avoid detracting from its value."

And the Abbé de Montgaillard writes (Vol. I, p. 354): ". . . Most of the churches in Paris have private funds which enable them to give a good number of pensions—5, 10, 15, or 20 francs a day to people of means and distinction, on condition that they attend the services of the church assiduously. . . ."

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tented and suspicious feelings of the people towards the Bourbons were shared by the *bourgeoisie*, who were especially irritated when they found that all the vacancies in the Council of State were being filled by nobles; by M. de Balainvilliers, late intendant of Languedoc, M. de Labourdonnaye, M. de Blossac, late intendant of Soissons, and M. d'Outremont, formerly a councillor of the Parlement.

From that time forward it was the rule, in this chaotic society that was being reorganised, for a title of nobility to be the sole guarantee of success; and those who desired a post in the government tried to secure the distinction of the particle. No office could be found for M. Durand; but the claims of the Chevalier Durand were taken into consideration, while those of the Baron Durand were stronger still. Both titles and decorations were put up to auction, as we have seen;¹ for those who sought them were very numerous, being men who had held offices under Napoleon and had no means of livelihood but the service of the State, since they were without private fortune. In addition to the *émigrés*, therefore, a host of candidates for titles of nobility came from all parts of the country: prefects, judges, custom-house officers, postmasters, registrars, collectors of direct and indirect taxes, all of whom had been dismissed from districts that no longer belonged to France, and were the more eager in pursuing their object because their lives depended on it. They had neither the daring nor the energy of the private citizen who has devoted his life to industry or commerce. They knew no art but that of bowing and scraping and assuming silly complimentary smiles, and playing the assiduous courtier. Self-abasement, and even servility, had become their second nature, and they cultivated these qualities in order to make themselves acceptable.

Mme. de Staël waxed wroth over the compliance shown by the government in ennobling these commoners in return for money. "For," she said, "what does ennoblement mean if it be not a statement that the *Tiers État*, that is to say, the nation, is composed of commoners, and that the position of an ordinary citizen is not honourable, and that it is right to raise from that state of abasement all those who deserve better things. But as a rule those who are thus raised are those who are notoriously inclined to sacrifice the rights of the nation to the privileges of nobility." She goes on to ridicule these recently ennobled commoners, as well as the old *émigrés* who affected the military airs of the great

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warriors of the Empire. "It was in vain," she adds, "that the government after the Restoration, while neglecting officers of the second rank a great deal too much, heaped favours upon those of the highest. As soon as Bonaparte's soldiers began to aspire to be courtiers it was impossible to satisfy their vanity in that respect, for no number of titles will turn a self-made man into a man of old family. A general who wears his hair powdered as in the days of the old *régime* is an amusing sight to the old veterans who vanquished Europe; but a chamberlain who is the son of a *bourgeois* or a peasant is no less ridiculous in his own way."

A large number of these *bourgeois*, none the less, whether commoners or newly ennobled, were accepted by the King's ministers, because they were more intelligent and hard-working than the others, and quicker in learning the business of administration. It was the prevailing opinion in the salons, and the oft-expressed view of the Minister of the Interior, the Abbé de Montesquiou, that all the subordinate posts should be assigned to these men, and the higher ones to the aristocrats, to those who bore the most illustrious names of the nobility. To these latter were to be accorded all the honours; to the others all the hard work. They were to be the *hacks*, said Mme. de Simiane, in whose house the Abbé lodged.

This system was adopted. The old aristocracy appropriated the posts of the officials of the Empire, who had to content themselves with the less important functions of the administration. The embassies, military commands, bishoprics, and free schools were without exception given to the nobles; their empty purses were filled with pensions and gratuities, and their sensitive vanity was flattered with honours and all the best sinecures. It was as though the clock had been put back for thirty years; and if the privileges abolished by the Revolution had been re-established, the nation, like a Sleeping Beauty, would have been able to detect no difference between the existing state of things and the much abused days of the old Monarchy.

In spite of the acts of generosity and weakness by which the government was so greatly injuring the dynasty, the nobles were as grasping as ever. Their desires were unappeased and unappeasable. They felt themselves too poor for the names they bore, and most of them were ready to take part in the most dubious enterprises in their eagerness to re-gild their coats of arms. They monopolised the tobacconists' shops and the lotteries, and flung

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themselves headlong, with their eyes shut, into the business of contractors and merchants. During these first months of the restored Monarchy society was polluted with every kind of unrestrained cupidity, with every kind of monopolist and stock-jobber, as in the days of the Directory. The Abbé de Montgaillard in his memoirs tells us of the large numbers of nobles who played the part of informers, or invented mythical conspiracies, or trafficked in posts, or gambled in stocks. "We could name," he adds, "several people connected with the Court who hold two or three tobacco shops at the same time. We could easily mention marchionesses and courtesans who, under assumed names, manage three or four of these same shops, or sell brandy anonymously, and even shoe-blackening brushes. We could even point to dukes who lend money at 18 or 20 per cent interest, and carry on the business of brokers like professional stock-broking thieves. All these trades are good and honourable and glorious in their eyes, since they are remunerative. . . . M. César de la Panouze formerly filled a subordinate post in Egypt, in the department of finance; and under the Restoration this knight of Malta, before he recovered his office, carried on a trade in second-hand trimmings and melted bullion; and since then there have been great dignitaries and princes of the Restoration who dabbled in trade and carried on a retail business quite openly. People in society nowadays make fortunes by every means, and enter into competition with the most obscure professions. They tread on the heels of the people everywhere, whenever there is a question of profit, however disgraceful the business may be."

By the time of the second Restoration the descendants of the great families that had shone at Louis XIV's Court had almost entirely recovered their ancient splendour, and with the return of wealth and prosperity they became proud and vicious. Those who possessed nothing but threadbare titles married into the families of wealthy regicides, and settled down in the châteaux that the latter had bought as national property. Nothing more was heard of their demands for the restitution of this property by its new owners, after they had married those owners' heiresses.¹

¹ De Montgaillard gives a list of men who were brought into prominence by the Revolution, such as Chateaubriand, Frayssinous, Bellart, Dupont, Decazes, Vitrolles, Blacas, Marcellin, de Pradt and many others. . . . With regard to M. de Marcellin, Montgaillard declares that at the States General the Baron de Bridas secured his exclusion from the assembly of the nobles, on the ground that he was not noble.

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journals of the time, "the shops were closed at a very early hour, without any action being taken in the matter by the ecclesiastical or civil authorities, and the churches were filled with the faithful, as on the greatest religious anniversaries." At half past nine in the morning the royal family visited the King; and, after Mass, the crowd of notable people who came to pay their respects and offer their good wishes to his Majesty was so great that it was difficult to force a way into the rooms. At two o'clock the Duke of Wellington appeared, bedizened with all his orders and surrounded by all his attendant officers. At six o'clock the state dinner began. Those who were allowed to walk round the table were admitted by one door, and having made their bow to the royal family, left the room by another. At eight o'clock in the evening the crowd in the rooms of the Tuileries was as great as ever; for everyone wished to watch the fireworks on the Pont Royal from the palace windows.

Three days later the King was entertained in the Hôtel de Ville. The Parisian journals described the festivities as follows. "Our old Hôtel de Ville, enlarged though it is by the building that was formerly the Hospital of the Saint-Esprit and is now the Hôtel de la Préfecture, would have been too small for yesterday's fête. Two additional rooms, therefore, were built of wood in the garden. The one, opening on the Rue du Martrois, formed the vestibule, and provided the King with an entrance that was more convenient for him than the steps to the main doorway. The other was the reception-room, at the end of which a platform had been raised, with a throne and four seats arranged upon it. Next to this was the banqueting-hall, a huge room of a fairly good style of architecture, originally built, from Blondel's design, as a communion-chapel for the church of Saint-Jean. The room reserved in the Hôtel de la Préfecture for the use of 'Madame' and her circle, the concert-room in the great gallery of the Hôtel de Ville, and the ball-room, which temporarily covered, as usual, the whole of the courtyard, were connected on all sides, by means of a wooden flooring, with the portico of the first storey of the buildings. To avoid confusion, and the inconvenience of everyone crowding towards the same point at one time, the invitation-cards indicated the room in which each guest was expected to remain. A certain number of ladies were admitted to the salon where Madame was to hold her Court and receive the King; and by the time the royal family arrived every room was lined with radiant guests, who stood,

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without any crowding or confusion, in front of the benches that were placed against the walls. After the presentations, the guests were bidden to the banquet. It was the King's wish that he should not sit by himself, and at his table forty guests were placed, of whom thirty-six were ladies of the Court. The prefect waited on the King, the prefect's wife on Madame, and the members of the municipal council on the princes and ladies of the Court. The banquet was followed by the concert; and finally the ball was opened by the Duc de Berry and Mme. de Chabrol, the prefect's wife. At ten o'clock the royal family retired; but the guests continued to admire the ballroom and the banquet-hall, which was decorated with gold and silver gauze upon a background of various colours, and the centre-piece on the dinner table, which had the effect of a picture in pastels, though really composed of sand of many colours. The principal subject was Henri IV's supper at Michau's house. Among the guests was the Duke of Wellington, who, for some reason, excited more interest among the Parisians than any other individual."

All the towns in the kingdom celebrated the King's fête with every mark of joy. It was the first time it had occurred since the Revolution; and notwithstanding the bad impression made upon the thinking world by the recent acts of the government, the people of the villages and little towns were delighted to seize the opportunity of singing and dancing and holding high festival in the taverns. At Rouen, whither several officers of noble birth had already been sent to command the garrison, there was a banquet, followed by an excited walk through the streets to the accompaniment of cheers for the King, which were gladly echoed by the mob, to whom a noise is ever the greatest of pleasures.¹ This was a slight foundation on which to build the theory, put forward by the royalist journals, that France was devoted to the

¹ In his memoirs M. de Vaublanc, prefect of Metz, makes the following just observation on the subject of the soldiers' revels. "They showed their enthusiasm on the day of the King's fête in the most unequivocal way. It could not be otherwise. Dancing and drinking, and eating and shouting, and getting drunk, are very agreeable ways of spending a day. . . . but all this kind of thing has no meaning beyond the pleasure of drinking and shouting and dancing." But he adds: "I observed among the men of the Old Guard that were at Metz, not merely the most perfect discipline, but a degree of discretion and quietness that showed them to be all of one mind. . . . They walk about silently. No one is in a hurry. An artillery officer of high rank said to me: 'It is like a convent. . . . They have only one soul among them, and that is dominated by a superior influence.' Which meant that they regretted the Emperor."

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Bourbons. The nation had only too much cause to be incredulous with regard to the fine promises of the ministers. Every day the gazettes recorded some fresh fact significant of a return to the old *régime*. Members of the old nobility were invested, in quick succession, with the order of Saint-Louis. Provincial academies chose the eulogy of Louis XVI as a subject for literary competitions. The widow of General Moreau, who had met his death on the field of Dresden in the ranks of the enemy, received the title of "Maréchale." At Saint-Denis a tomb was being made ready in the vaults of the basilica, for the remains of the Queen of France who had died in England. All the communes, whose names had been changed in the Revolution, resumed those they had borne before 1790.

A title of nobility was conferred on the lawyer Bellart, the author of the proclamation against the deposed Emperor. The Abbé Frayssinous, inspector of the Academy, preached on the 19th August in the chapel of the Higher Normal School, to anathematise the fall of the Monarchy. At Verneuil (Eure) a funeral service was held in memory of the Comte de Frotté, who had been executed under the Consulate as one of the leaders of the royal army. The police arrested two Parisian lawyers, *Maîtres Dard and Falconnet*, for writing a letter to the King on the subject of the sale of national property. The King received a deputation from the vestrymen of the Parisian parishes; and another from the communes of Jalès and its neighbourhood, which were celebrated for their invariable fidelity to the royal cause, and constant efforts on behalf of the altar and the throne, and also for the gatherings they had mustered in the plains of Ardèche with these ends in view in 1790, 1791, and 1792. This provincial deputation was composed of M. de Malbos, the president, and MM. Graffard, Fabrigat, and La Vernède, whose fathers had succumbed in the struggle. All these ambitious spirits from the country were as full of eagerness and eloquence as those that lived in Paris. To such a pitch was the prevailing sycophancy carried at Nîmes that the churchwardens vowed to make a votive offering of a solid silver statuette, of the weight of a new-born child, if Madame, Duchesse d'Angoulême and daughter of Louis XVI, should give birth to a "son of France." The vow was published in the parish church of Saint-Castor and in a chapel dedicated to St. Francis de Sales.

Of the five orphanages that had been founded under the

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Empire for the daughters of knights of the Legion of Honour, four had been suppressed : those of Paris, Elcouen, Barbeaux, and Les Loges. None remained but Saint-Denis. More than eleven hundred heroes had been dismissed from the Invalides on the ground that they were foreigners, owing to the recent mutilation of French territory; and fifteen hundred were sent to their own homes, with nominal pensions. There was even some talk of suppressing the branch establishments. Napoleon had founded some scholarships at the military schools for the sons of officers on active service, and of those who had died on the field of battle. This favour was now reserved for the sons of men whose titles of nobility were a hundred years old; and, as Vaulabelle remarks, as there was no fixed system of promotion in the army the military schools were the only legal means of obtaining the rank of officer. As a climax to all these measures it was noticed with surprise that the formulæ at the beginning and end of the royal ordinances were worded thus : *Accordingly, of our plenary power and royal authority, we ordain and declare . . . for such is our pleasure.*¹

Towards the end of July the Duchesse d'Angoulême determined to go to Vichy for the waters. When her course of treatment was over she yielded to the prayers of the town of Riom, which desired the honour of a visit from her. She was escorted by the mayor, M. de Chabrol, to the corn-market, where she was presented with baskets of flowers, and heard the peasant women sing the songs of the country in the language of the Auvergne. From thence she was taken to the Hôtel de Ville, where she was welcomed by fifteen girls under the age of fourteen. In the streets through which she passed sand had been laid down, and the houses were decorated with hangings and garlands of foliage. From Riom the duchess proceeded to Clermont-Ferrand, through villages and towns all gaily decked with flags and white hangings.

¹ The following events happened at this time. The bones of the victims of Quiberon were buried, after lying exposed in a meadow at a short distance from La Chartreuse d'Auray. The Bishop of Vannes presided at the ceremony, and twenty-eight prominent men of the district acted as pall-bearers. The government restored to M. de Mortemart the house in the Rue de Grenelle, recently occupied by the Minister of the Interior. Prince Eugène left Paris for Munich. The English cavalry quartered on the banks of the Garonne marched across France and embarked at Calais. The Grand Lodge of Freemasons of France subscribed the sum of a thousand francs towards the erection, in bronze, of Henri IV's statue on the Pont Neuf. Chateaubriand was appointed ambassador to Sweden, etc., etc.

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From her carriage she could see, on the hill tops, the turrets of the ancient castles of the Auvergne, with the oriflamme and the fleur-de-lys fluttering from their flag-staffs.

On her arrival sixty men dressed in white unharnessed her horses, and dragged her carriage to the cathedral, and thence to the Préfecture, where she was to stay during her visit. Along the corridors of the building tiers of steps had been placed, and covered with cloth of dazzling whiteness; and on these steps stood three hundred ladies, waiting to welcome the princess. In the salons she received the local authorities, who came to pay their court to her. She dined with the prefect, and after dinner received with "celestial kindness," say the royalist journals, everyone who wished to be presented to her. Lyons secured a visit from her, too, in the course of the autumn; and there, as everywhere, the fêtes in her honour comprised concerts, fireworks, illuminations, and plays. She agreed to the suggestion that she should visit the island of Sainte-Barbe, and was taken thither in a magnificent gondola, escorted by a crowd of little boats amid ceaseless cheers.

On her return to Paris the duchess, having acquired a taste for movement, often appeared in the Bois de Boulogne on horseback; and at Auteuil, where she visited Mme. de Boufflers' gardens; at Saint-Germain, when the duke was hunting there; at Issy, and Meudon, and the Gobelins' manufactory at Sèvres, which had been rather neglected by the royal family since their return. The fact that it had been founded by Henri IV, however, was a sufficient reason to induce the princess to visit it. A piece of tapestry was unrolled for her to see, representing Sully at the feet of Henri IV; and another that was a reproduction of Mme. Vigée-Lebrun's picture of Queen Marie Antoinette with her children, in which the duchess herself figured. Sometimes, too, she would leave her carriage on the boulevards, near the Rue Saint-Denis, and return to the Tuileries on foot. But, whatever she did or attempted to do, however graciously she accepted the presidency of the maternity society, however generous she was in her charities, she could never make herself popular. Her austere expression, and hard, curt speech were positively repellent. There was nothing in her personality to warm the heart. Such of the people as greeted her with cheers were paid by the police. The Empress Josephine had been so gracious and gentle, her manner and bearing and her every movement so attractive, so devoid of

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pride and affectation ; and though the other Empress, the youthful Marie Louise, was a foreigner, she seemed so naïve and was believed by the people to be so innocent, that the Bourbon princess, despite the halo with which her sorrows had invested her, could not blot out the memory of the two faces that were enshrined in every woman's heart.

V

The Comte d'Artois, having been for some weeks in his usual state of health, left Saint-Cloud and returned to the Tuileries. His two sons and the Duchesse d'Angoulême were then in Paris, and he determined to undertake a long tour across the eastern provinces, and through the southern provinces to Marseilles. The King, thinking it would give him pleasure, had suggested the expedition. He set off in the first week in September, accompanied by the Duc de Maillé, first gentleman-in-waiting ; the Vicomte de Laroche-Aymon, gentleman-of-honour ; the Comte de Puységur, captain of his bodyguard ; the Comte de Bruges, and the Duc de Fitz-James, his aides-de-camp. The town of Nogent he found ruined and desolate, a hundred and thirty houses having been burnt down during the invasion : yet the inhabitants, according to the newspapers, did not refuse to give him a hearty reception, nor to take part in the fêtes that were arranged for his amusement. He spent one night there, and on the following day travelled a distance of thirty-nine leagues, through Méry, Arcis-sur-Aube, Brienne, La Rothière, Arsonval, Bar-sur-Aube, and Vandevres. At Méry the illustrious traveller left his carriage, the better to inspect the spot where the little town had been standing a few months earlier. Nothing was left of it now but a suburb of twenty-six houses, and, at the further end, the barracks of the *gendarmerie*, which were still standing alone amid the surrounding ruins. The interior of the building, however, was entirely destroyed. About a hundred of the inhabitants were living in it, crowded together with their families on heaps of straw : the rest had taken refuge in the cellars of the ruined houses. The Comte d'Artois was moved to tears by this heartrending sight, and was still further saddened by the lamentations and groans of the unhappy sufferers. He helped them generously. The town of Arcis, and the villages scattered

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along the route, presented a picture that was hardly less melancholy; while at Vandreuvers not a single house had escaped pillage and burning. Moreover, as a sequel to the war, quite a third of the inhabitants had died of infectious diseases.

On approaching Troyes the King's brother had the hood of his carriage lowered for his entry into the town. On the following day, after attending Mass, he reviewed the national guard, and in the evening consented to dine with the prefect and to receive ten principal ladies of the place. At Auxonne he inspected the artillery and the military buildings, and went to the parade-ground on foot, in order that the crowd might have a nearer view of him. After Auxonne he visited Dijon and Lyons. The corporation, and all the civil and military authorities of this town, welcomed him in very flattering words, and the royalist journals wrote in their own artificial style as follows:

"To the various speeches that were addressed to him Monsieur responded with his own incomparable French graciousness, and appositeness, and charming turns of expression. In answer to a speech by the Mayor he said: 'We were well aware, my brother and I, of all the sorrows that Lyons endured, and your troubles made us forget our own.' To another speech by the same functionary he answered: 'Yes, the fidelity of the men of Lyons was known to us: when it became possible for us to think of returning to France it was to them that we wished to hasten first of all.' His Royal Highness was escorted to his palace, where all the principal ladies of the town were assembled. The prince walked between two lines of matrons and young ladies, to the number of two hundred, addressing them graciously as he passed. On the pediment of the palace were these words, spoken on so memorable an occasion: 'Yes, the blood of Henri IV does indeed flow in my veins, and if I have not his talents I at least have his love for the French nation.'"

On the day after his arrival the Comte d'Artois reviewed the National Guard, after which he drove to the harbour of Sérin, and embarked in a richly but tastefully decorated little boat for the island of Sainte-Barbe. With him were Marshal Augereau, the prefect, the mayor, and all the generals of the garrison. Following his boat were two large vessels, on board of which were the officials and other invited guests; while a third carried two hundred amateur musicians. Following these again was a host of little boats, decked with white flags. The prince invited Marshal

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Augereau and the principal officials of the department to dine at his own table that evening, in the Archbishop's palace.

After dinner he was present at a performance of *La Jeunesse de Henri IV* and *Le Nouveau Seigneur de Village*.

"Intoxication had reached its climax," wrote the royalist papers; "every heart was thrilled."

The following days were occupied by visits to the warehouses of M. Bony, one of the most respected silk-weavers of Lyons, and to those of the Messrs. Grand, Brothers.

"The various kinds of silk manufactured by them," we read, "had been brought together: figured velvets, silk with patterned backgrounds, and brocades. At M. Bony's warehouse the prince was shown a material for covering furniture, which had already been submitted to the Duchesse d'Angoulême on her last visit. The background was purple of a light shade, and the design took the form of a rich lace, woven in one piece with the foundation, and so complete was the illusion that the lace seemed to have been sewn on to the finished material. At the establishment of the Messrs. Grand, Brothers, the illustrious traveller was shown a large and admirable collection of materials of extreme richness, destined for the furniture of the royal palaces. Here he also admired some very wide *chiné* velvet, on which it would be impossible to improve; and saw, still on the loom, a piece of velvet with a pattern of fleur-de-lys and an allegorical picture relating to King Louis XVIII."

At Marseilles the arrival of the King's brother was celebrated with extraordinary enthusiasm. The delight of the inhabitants was shown in a series of uproarious, magnificent, extravagant festivities. One of the preparations made for the occasion was to place four thousand barrels of tar and several thousand kilogrammes of powder on the summit of the hill called Notre Dame de la Garde. In the evening this mass of combustibles was ignited, and the conflagration produced an amazing effect. "This volcano," said the men of Marseilles to the Comte d'Artois, "is but a feeble symbol of the energy and warmth of our love for the King, your Royal Highness, and all the princes of the house of Bourbon." It was in Marseilles, we must remember, that these words were spoken. When the prince arrived, the harbour porters dragged his carriage to the cross-roads of the Treize Escaliers, where Marshal Masséna was awaiting him. From this point Monsieur proceeded on horseback, after begging the members of the

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municipal council and all the officials who were on the spot to accompany him. At the Cours Saint-Louis, one of the principal markets of the town, the procession was received by groups of flower-girls, fruit-sellers, fishwives, and workmen of various orders, who were all dressed well and suitably for their station in life, and carried in their hands the products of their profession or industry, as presents for the prince. The house-fronts were all adorned with white hangings, relieved by brightly-coloured draperies, ribbons, and other ornaments. At the palace, where he was to stay, he was welcomed by thirty ladies of the richest local families, the Marquis d'Albertus, the prefect, and the mayor, the Marquis de Montgrand. The theatre announced for that evening *La Partie de Chasse de Henri IV* and *Les Héritiers Michau*. Marseilles, however, was still awaiting its exemption from harbour dues, and the people, being a little disappointed, did not throw themselves at all heartily into the demonstrations of joy. The prince observed their backwardness, and, in the course of a speech made in the theatre, he said:

"The King, my brother, who constantly considers everything that can add to the happiness of his subjects, and particularly to that of the loyal and faithful inhabitants of this town, commands me to tell you that he is giving the most careful attention to the interests of his good and important town of Marseilles. His work in this matter is not yet at an end. None the less, the best of kings deposes to me to-day the honourable and undeserved office of announcing to you, in his name, that the rights of Marseilles will certainly be restored."

At these words the excitement and intoxication of the audience exceeded all bounds. The mayor, carried away by an irresistible impulse, fell on his knees before the prince in his gratitude for this favour, which, as soon as it was made known in the town, created an absolute frenzy of delight. The evening was spent by the people in dancing, shouting, and singing popular songs without intermission. On the following day, after Mass, the hospitals were visited; and at six o'clock in the evening there was a banquet in the Exchange, at which the Comte d'Artois admitted forty-eight of the guests to his own table. This was followed by a concert and a fresh bonfire of tar-barrels, by which the whole harbour was lit up. The next day there was a *fête* in the harbour itself, with tilting-games and games with the sheers. The illustrious traveller watched the games from a barge that had been sent from

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Toulon. The crew was composed of twenty-four Marseillais captains and other officers of the merchant-service, who had begged for the honour.

After this visit to the southern provinces, which lasted for a month, the Comte d'Artois returned to Lyons, where he laid the first stone of a memorial to the men of Lyons who had died defending their town in 1793. He then went to Grenoble. Between that town and Romans all the people of the neighbouring villages came crowding to the road, and everywhere their demonstrations of joy took the form of garlands and decorations. The village streets were changed into shaded alleys, strewn with flowers and leaves; shrubs were brought from the neighbouring hills and planted in lines that seemed to have no end. The horses were unharnessed from the carriages; all the bells were rung, all the guns were fired. At Grenoble seven hundred people were bidden to a banquet in the garden of the Prefecture; and in the great salon of that building a number of young ladies, divided into three choirs, sang songs composed for the occasion, and afterwards presented a pair of gauntlets, a scarf, and some roses to the prince. A balloon floated overhead. The whole valley of Grésivaudan was illuminated with Bengal light. Presently the balloon sank, and dropped at the prince's feet a shining crown, which instantly burst into flames. A bonfire was formed of the *débris*, and round it the spectators danced an improvised *fandole*.

After a visit to Besançon Monsieur returned to Paris on the 6th November, with all his suite.

Monotonously alike as these festivities may seem to us, there were nevertheless certain details peculiar to each. At Grenoble, for instance, the popular demonstrations had an air of distinction. They aimed at artistic effect. The choirs were composed of young women of birth and breeding; a balloon hovered in the air and dropped a crown of light at the prince's feet; a graceful dance closed the entertainment. At Marseilles the joy was at first extravagant, unbounded; neither shouts nor dancing could express it. The people would be content with nothing less than the flames of four thousand blazing tar-barrels. Then, suddenly, the joy died down, for the people remembered that their harbour was still without its promised rights. They were willing to amuse their visitor, but desired his amusement to serve their own ends. At Lyons the demonstrations were dignified, well regulated, decorous. They took the form of water-parties, music, and passion-

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less reviews of the National Guard ; and this, too, was the method of Auxonne and Dijon. Further east the poor folk, though crushed by the horrors of war, would not let their prince pass by without receiving some mark of their devotion. Truly, the people would have given their hearts to the Bourbons, if the Bourbons had had the least sympathy with France. But there was not one of them that had any true understanding of the spirit of the people. "They think the country is theirs, not ours," said the Duc de Fleury one day to the Duchesse d'Abrantès.

This is what we learn from these interminable fêtes. The people were courteous ; they were also full of curiosity ; they were unacquainted with their new rulers, and wished to see them. Being themselves at home they wished to give their visitors a cordial welcome. They loved fêtes, and threw themselves heartily into the matter in hand without reasoning, and without any motive but the wish to do honour to their illustrious guests. They had as yet no hostile designs upon the Bourbons. On the contrary, they were ready to appeal to the princes in any case of oppression by the nobles. They knew nothing of what was brewing in Paris. They only had a vague impression that their hopes were not being altogether fulfilled ; and meantime they went on hoping.

As for the princes they had travelled from end to end of France. They had testified to their own importance and their own vanity ; but they had done little else. Some of them had attended Mass ; others had held reviews, in order to be seen with the great marshals of the Empire behind them. They had listened blissfully to the flatteries of a certain number of officials, and had been honoured by the curtsies of plumed ladies. But did they seek to know the needs of the districts in which they stayed ? Did they visit the public works already in progress, or the places where such works were urgently needed ? Did they show any sagacity, any devotion to the interests of France ? The Comte d'Artois, when pressed by the people of Marseilles, answered, as best he could, their demands that the promises of the government should be fulfilled. He gave more promises : promises that meant nothing. He spoke of the goodness of his brother the King, who was studying the question of the exemption of harbour-dues ; and at these ambiguous words the mayor fell upon his knees. The whole affair was the merest farce. It is obvious that these progresses through the country were undertaken for the satisfaction of the princes, rather than for that of the people. Their one idea, their supreme

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in the chapel at his own place in the country. It was recorded, too, that Mme. Louise Adélaïde de Bourbon-Condé had returned to France, and was staying with her sister-in-law, the Duchesse de Bourbon, in the Rue de Varennes.

"She receives no one," said the royalist papers, "but lives there, with two of her companions, according to the rules of her order. Her own wing of the house is, to her, as solitary as a desert, and there she devotes herself entirely to prayer. This princess, who spends her whole life in practising the austerities of religion, gives a fine example of detachment from grandeur and wealth. It is the second time during the last fifty years that a member of the royal family has made a magnificent sacrifice of this kind; and Mme. de Condé was worthy to follow in the footsteps of Mlle. Louise de France, who joined the Carmelites and exchanged the palace of the King, her father, for a convent cell. Mme. de Condé, who became Abbess of Remiremont in 1786, and lived abroad during the Revolution, has consecrated herself to God as a nun of the Order of the Perpetual Adoration of the Holy Sacrament; strictly observing her Rule, living in seclusion, and spending her whole life in prayer, and in the service of God and His altar. For a long time she lived in Germany, until the mourning of her family drew her to the side of her father and brother, when they were suffering from an overwhelming blow. She crossed to England in the hope of consoling them, but as soon as possible resumed the practices and strict observance of her Rule. She lived in the Benedictine convent of Mme. de Lévis-Pirepoix, who was so conspicuous for her courage at the beginning of the Revolution, and who crossed to England with her whole community, to live there in accordance with her vows."¹

VI

The Chambers having been opened by the King it became necessary for the ministers to attend to politics, and especially to publish a budget. Baron Louis, Minister of Finance, drew up this budget very clearly. The total was ruinous to a degree that could not have been foreseen, so great were the expenses of the

¹ The same journals also announced that a deputation from the ladies who had offered themselves as hostages for Louis XVI and his family had had the honour of being presented to the King, Madame, and the royal family, and had received the most gratifying marks of satisfaction, and the most touching welcome.

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invasion and of the Emperor Napoleon's wars. The estimated income for 1815 amounted to 618,000,000 francs, and the expenditure to 547,700,000. But, in addition to the budget, Baron Louis showed that the arrears of the government's liabilities amounted to 789,175,000 francs. To liquidate these arrears the minister was forced to issue, first, bills to be repaid at three years from the date of the Statute, and secondly, inscribed stock certificates at 5 per cent. He guaranteed as security the sale of 300,000 *hectares* of timber belonging to the State, and the surplus of receipts over expenses during a certain number of years. Such was the statement of affairs made by the Baron Louis with perfect frankness and straightforwardness. It did not, however, win the approval of the uncompromising royalists, who resented the idea that these arrears should be paid by every Frenchman alike, whether *good* or *bad*: the good ones being those who were devoted to the Bourbons, the *émigrés* that is to say, and all the rest being bad. They demanded that the former should be exonerated from a portion of the debt; a suggestion that seemed so inconsequent and so indefensible that not a single deputy dared to put it forward in the Chamber. The responsibility for the debts incurred by the royal family during their exile was accepted by the nation to the amount of 30,000,000 francs.¹ The King's civil list was fixed at 25,000,000; that of the royal family at 8,000,000.

Another bill, which most of the deputies considered a justifiable measure of reparation, was concerned with the restitution of unsold property to those who had been robbed of it in the Revolution. The Directory and Bonaparte had not hesitated, in the past, to restore the patrimonies of a certain number of proprietors; but some of these sequestered properties were still unappropriated, and it was these that were now to be returned. M. Ferrand, the Postmaster-General, was deputed to draw up the bill, and prefaced it with a preamble that infuriated a large proportion of the deputies. M. Ferrand apologised for being unable to be thoroughly generous and satisfy every demand, and

¹ See M. de Jaucourt's letters, published in 1905. The Count observes: "This list of debts will be furnished by M. the Comte de Blacas, and will include, if details are required, the sums expended on the army, that is to say, on fighting French troops. Everything connected with the household and personal expenses, etc. . . . seems likely to be well received, to judge by what people say to whom the subject has been mentioned. But that special use of the money was particularly unpopular."

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especially for not being in a position to reward, by a complete restitution of property, those Frenchmen who had always kept to the straight path without deviating from it for a moment, while others followed, more or less, the revolutionary changes that were going on round them. This produced a general outcry. Those who had acquired national property thought that they, in their turn, were about to be despoiled. The marshals and generals who had lost their incomes on the conclusion of peace with the Allies lifted up their voices in the salons of the Tuileries, to ask why they should not be indemnified as well as the *émigrés*, since they, like everyone else, had been crushed beneath the ruins of their country. Was the King merely the King of the *émigrés*, and not the King of the whole nation? The excitement was immense. In the course of a fortnight the price of government stock fell from 78 to 72. As a climax to his folly M. Ferrand, instead of trying to minimise the irritating elements in his bill, declared that the King quite agreed with him and had indicated the lines on which he was to work. However, certain changes were made in the wording of the preamble, and six weeks later the bill was passed by 168 votes to 23.

This session, with its ill-conceived and ill-expressed bills, plainly demonstrated the weakness of the government. The ministers of whom it was composed were incapable, insignificant, and uninfluential. Having been chosen by Talleyrand because their mediocrity gave him no cause for jealousy they carried on the government as best they could from day to day, and were baited in turn by the friends of the Comte d'Artois, the *émigrés*, and the late officials of the Empire who wished to keep their posts. Judging by appearances it seemed as though the only function of a minister were to bestow places on those who had none. "The requests for consulships and vice-consulships," wrote de Jaucourt to Talleyrand at Vienna, "are in inverse ratio to the number there are to be given away." They lived, too, in an atmosphere of reaction, these ministers who were the products of the old Monarchy, Montesquiou, Dambray, Ferrand; and, far from trying to satisfy the desires of the nation, their only ambition now, as in the old days of Louis XV, was to please the Court, the princes, and the King. They excluded all the notable men of the Revolution from the administration, reserving the prefectures and embassies for the old nobility; and the nation, whose spirit was as young and as adventurous as ever, and as

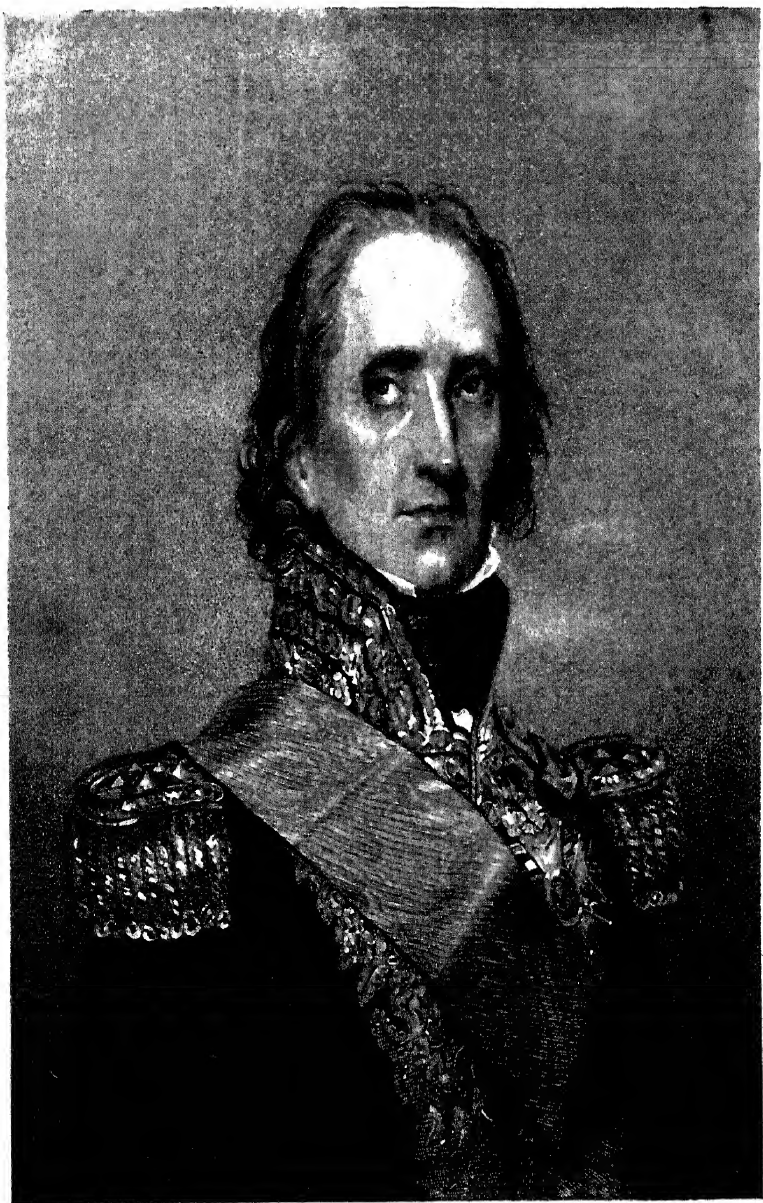
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eager for liberty, was forced to submit to men who completely misunderstood it, men who were old and fanatical, the advisers of a king who was as irresolute and reactionary as themselves.

These ministers, moreover, were an ill-assorted band. No two of them were agreed on the most important questions; most of them distrusted their colleagues; and all of them distrusted the Comte de Blacas, who distrusted them in return. De Jaucourt ridiculed them all; poor Ferrand, who was liable to attacks of syncope while the deliberations were in progress; Dambray, who cared only for legal affairs, and the King's opinion;¹ the Abbé de Montesquiou, who was in the habit of going to sleep and snoring, and only waking up to pounce upon the last speaker; de Beugnot, with his anecdotes about the Revolution, and the men of the Consulate and Empire—the gleanings of his felicitous, infallible, prolific memory, a source of much amazement to de Jaucourt. The latter laughed at himself with the rest; laughed at the patronising, quizzical air with which he regarded the unedifying picture.

The Abbé de Montesquiou was the most pugnacious of the ministers because he had the most initiative. Being disillusioned as to the intellectual worth of those importunate petitioners, the old royalists, whom he had been obliged to appoint to the vacant prefectures, he desired to recall the men who had till lately occupied their places. Why should the prefects have been changed, he asked, when the whole country was decking itself with fleurs-de-lys? To this there was no answer; but none the less he was thwarted by his colleagues, who feared his weakness and his readiness to oblige his flatterers, of whom there were too many. In the fervour of his royalist zeal he had provided the prefects with copies of an oath for the mayors of the communes, and this oath had found no favour in the eyes either of peers or deputies. "The Chamber of Deputies," wrote de Jaucourt to Talleyrand, "disliked it and proposed another, which is now before the Chamber of Peers: there, the men who are opposed to the use of oaths—always a delicate matter—object to the one that has been submitted to them, but object still more strongly to the one in use; those who wish for one are not inclined to favour one that seems to them ill timed; and moreover, they

¹ "What we want," said de Jaucourt, and by "we" he meant Dambray, "is the mind of a statesman. The chancellor has nothing of the kind. . . ."



MARSHAL SOULT, DUKE OF DALMATIA.

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do not fail to recall the ineptitudes of the Minister of the Interior, both with regard to the liberty of the press and in this matter. This was the course adopted by Boissy-Porcher and that fool Lanjuinais. The Prince de Poix stood up and gave his word of honour that their assertions were false. He was confuted with the *Bulletin des Lois*, but was not confounded, because it is always taken as a matter of course that what he says is of no consequence." This was a nice way to speak of one of the King's gentlemen!

Matters became still worse when Dupont had been replaced by Marshal Soult at the Ministry of War. De Jaucourt has given us a realistic picture of the ministers and their deliberations at this period.

"This *singular* royalist," he says of Soult, "desired to change everything and upset everything." He tells us, too, that d'André—who replaced Beugnot in the police department when the latter was appointed to the Ministry of Marine after Malouet's death—allowed himself to be outwitted by the petty police-agencies that worked behind his back: Monsieur's police, the Comte de Blacas' police, the police of the Archbishop of Rheims, the police of the Minister of War. Not a week passed without an alarm of some kind, caused, perhaps, by a sentence, half heard or misinterpreted, or by the confidences of some over-hasty informer. The Court and ministers were often panic-stricken by these rumours, while d'André was quite in the dark. Soon such a state of anarchy prevailed among the members of the government that they began to wish for some kind of order in their sittings, some reform in their procedure. De Jaucourt gives a curious account of the situation. It occurs in a letter to Talleyrand at Vienna. The Brittany affair was being discussed, in January, 1815.¹ "But as to this Brittany affair, M. le chancelier," I said; "are we not going to say a single

¹ "The Rennes affair," he wrote, "has resulted in the dismissal of the prefect, M. Bonnaire de Forges, a relation of M. Pasquier the prefect of police, and a man of merit. It was perhaps necessary to sacrifice him, but his successor will be neither as capable nor as useful. His fault lay in having been for a long time on friendly terms with some people who refuse to call themselves Chouans. . . ."

Now the Rennes affair was as follows. Soult had appointed as King's Commissioners at Rennes MM. Pecquet de Boisgny, Desol de Grisolles, and Joseph Cadoudal. De Boisgny was a notorious Chouan, and the people of Brittany, even the royalists, accused him of horrible crimes such as burying alive a large number of republican soldiers. . . . On the day that the Commission met at Rennes the whole population gathered outside the Prefecture. It was only by flight that Boisgny escaped being hacked to pieces."

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word about it?'—'Eh, what?' said M. Dambray. 'It's finished.'—'Is that so, M. le Directeur de la police?'—'I have no information on the subject,' answered M. d'André. (He never knew anything, that man!) The Abbé had been away to lie down, and had said nothing throughout the evening except: 'I am being made to remove an excellent prefect from Rennes. The man I shall put in his place is not nearly so good. But otherwise it would be supposed that I was unwilling to take a single step towards stopping these agitations in Brittany: I was obliged to yield.' The truth is that the Abbé has quite changed his tactics; he regrets having removed the prefects, and declares that the new ones are not worth half as much as the old, whom he now defends so energetically as to be quite in bad odour with the princes and men in office; and far from lending himself to this so-called system of restoration, that is to say, of change, he is altogether in favour of the Constitution and of stability, and even thinks that the men belonging to the class of the *tiers*, and the new nobles, and every one who is used to the work, should be kept permanently in their offices. This, in short, is how we stand: the Comte (de Blacas) never says a word on the essence of things, but merely makes appropriate reflections; the Marshal (Soult) confides to him everything that he is going to say; Beugnot, though he has plenty of ability and plenty of opinions, submits everything to the excellent judgment of M. le Comte, *whose capacity astonishes him*; d'André goes straight ahead with his inquiries and reports; Louis sells the woods of the clergy, and sells them well. . . . The Abbé is attached to the King, and the King to him, but he is always thinking of the possibility of retirement, and always has a sally on the tip of his tongue, and all this worries the King, the Comte de Blacas, and the chancellor, who thinks, when he has looked at the King and guessed his opinion—or imagined he has guessed it—that he has nothing more to do. Meanwhile I am there. And it is very likely that on Sunday, that is to say to-morrow, I shall read a little paper on our situation, to salve my conscience. Louis, with whom I dined yesterday in the Abbé's company, declares that nothing is ripe yet for an attack on the marshal; that there are only three of us; that if we fail the consequences will be disagreeable. All this is true up to a certain point. But the chancellor will turn his coat and join the stronger side. The count will not excite himself about the marshal, whom he only put in his present position in order to keep out a man who was not his own choice;

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and the silly things that are being done, and the embarrassments they create, are all in favour of the men who are not partisans of that *singular* royalist (Soult)."

It was thus that the ministers nearly always met : in the evening in the King's rooms or in those of the Comte de Blacas. None of them was satisfied. They were all jealous of one another, all at cross purposes ; and the affairs of the country, which were in such a complicated and critical state, were left to chance. To this fact the Comte de Jaucourt bears witness.

After these first barren months, which had failed to produce a single useful measure, a single measure tending to the prosperity of France, it was obvious to every thinking man that the Bourbon dynasty was not destined to live long. Those who had hoped that the princes, on their return from exile, would temper their authority with the liberal spirit that was the secret of England's greatness and strength, were keenly disappointed. The booksellers' shops were soon inundated with brochures and lampoons in which hostility to the restored monarchy was very apparent ; and by this means the excited, uneasy feeling that prevailed was kept constantly alive and active.

The most famous of these brochures was one written by Carnot, the ex-conventionist, with the title : *Memorial to the King*.¹ It was a vindication of the Convention, and an attempt to justify the regicides on the ground that Louis XVI, after his trial, was no longer King. The author then proceeded to express his opinion of the new government, criticising the measures that had been adopted and recalling Louis XVIII's words to the English Regent : "that to him and his people must be attributed, after Divine Providence, the Restoration of the House of Bourbon to the throne of their ancestors." He reproached the King for his unwillingness to owe his throne to the consent and desire of the people, his determination to hold his crown as a birthright, or in virtue of the divine right of kings. He then addressed the nobles as follows :

"But, you who have returned now that the storm is over, how can you justify yourselves for your ruthless refusal of help to the King you profess to pity? You, to whose cupidity he sacrificed the public funds ; you, whose treacherous counsels led him into the labyrinth whence nothing but your efforts could deliver him, how

¹ Chancellor Pasquier adds in a note : "M. Carnot's *Mémoire* was regarded as such a powerful attack on the House of Bourbon that, during the Hundred Days it was reprinted and sold in all the streets of Paris . . . He said afterwards it was intended for the King's eye alone."

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could you refuse him the free grants for which he asked you, how could you deny him the increased taxation that your depredations had made indispensable to him? What did the Notables do for him? What did the clergy do? What did the nobles do? Who provoked the States General? Who roused the whole of France to insurrection? And, when the revolution had begun, who was in a position to stem the torrent? If you could have stopped it, why did you not do so? If you could not, why do you reproach others for not having stopped it? . . . It is force that decides everything. It is not surprising that the Jacobins should have had the mastery at first, and then the Directory, and then Bonaparte; and finally the Bourbons, whose family had already had the mastery once before, for a matter of nine centuries. But, since it is recognised that there is no real right without force, steps must be taken to prevent the Bourbons from losing theirs, and moreover, to prevent that force from being divided against itself. To forgive everything that is past, to rob no one of his post nor of his honours, to allow the men who are innocent of flattery to remain in the Senate, to admit to the less important offices those who have been led astray by too great a love of liberty, to honour the army without seeming all the time to be forgiving its impious victories—that is what should be done. And what, as a matter of fact, has been done? All the men who are known to be patriots have been regarded as a hostile population, surrounded by another population which has been indiscreetly treated with marked favouritism. If you wish, to-day, to be well received at Court, you must be careful not to say that you are one of the twenty-five million citizens who defended their country, with more or less courage, against the invasion of her enemies; for you will be told that those twenty-five millions of so-called citizens are twenty-five million rebels, and that the so-called enemies were always friends. You must say that you are fortunate enough to have been a Chouan, or a Vendéen, or a turncoat, or a Cossack, or an Englishman; or that, though you remained in France, you never asked for any office under the ephemeral governments that preceded the Restoration, except with the object of being in a better position to betray them and accelerate their fall. Then, your fidelity will be lauded to the skies; you will receive tender congratulations, and decorations, and affectionate answers from all the royal family.”¹

¹ The following is a note in this brochure: “Certain individuals calling themselves members of the Parliament of Paris. . . are already speaking like fanatics

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Another brochure, by Méhée de la Touche, who had been town clerk at the time of the September massacres, also contained a defence of the Convention and the regicides. The mayors' oath was dealt with by the Comte Félix Lepelletier, who declared it was the intention of the government to humiliate the representatives of the communes, in order to facilitate the restoration of feudalism and the rights of the *seigneurs*. The independent party were positively obsessed by this fear of a feudal restoration! They were haunted by visions of the *dîme*, the *corvée*, and all the old privileges of the nobles. And, after all, they had some reason for their fears.

Chateaubriand answered all these brochures in his *Political Reflexions*. He began by praising the Charter.

"It lays all the foundations necessary for reasonable liberty," he said, "and the republican principles it embodies are so well combined that they serve to strengthen and aggrandise the Monarchy." "The Charter, he adds, "is not, then, an exotic plant, nor an accident arising from the exigencies of the moment. It is the product of our modern modes of life; it is a treaty of peace between the two parties into which France has been divided, a treaty by which both parties yield some of their pretensions, in order to work together for the glory of their country."

With a view to reconciling the royalists to the Charter, Chateaubriand pointed out to them that the new form of government was merely copied from that of the ancient Germans described by Tacitus; that therefore it was simply a reversion to the customs of our fathers; that it was, moreover, a necessity born of the modern spirit, and that there was *no escape from necessity*. Not one of the royalists was convinced, however. They approved of nothing but the passage relating to Carnot.

"What can be the imprudent motive," wrote Chateaubriand, "that prompts those who should above all things seek oblivion to be the first to make themselves conspicuous, and attract the eye of the public? Who was thinking about them? Who was

of vengeance, and the scaffold, and their attorney-general, and the restitution of national property, and the necessity for an exclusive religion and for absolute intolerance. One would think we were back in the reign of Charles IX. The Parlement would do better to remember, and allow others to forget, if possible, that it was they who flung down the firebrand of discord, when they demanded the convocation of the States-General.

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accusing them? Who asked them to defend themselves? Why does their faithfulness to the memory of our misfortunes prompt them to accuse their victims so persistently? They ask what the nobles did for the King. The answer is that they shed their blood for him at Haguenau, and Wissembourg, and Quiberon, and suffered the loss of all they possessed for him. Condé's army and its three heroic leaders, who fought at Berstein crying *Vive le roi!* did not kill the King in Paris. What did the clergy do? Ask the church of the Carmelites, the pontoons of Rochefort, the deserts of Sinnamarie, the forests of Brittany and La Vendée, the caves and rocks where the Holy Mysteries were celebrated in memory of the martyr King; ask those apostles who disguised themselves as laymen, and waited in the crowd for the tumbrils of those who had outlawed them, to bless your victims as they passed; ask the whole of Europe, under whose eyes the eldest son of the Church, through all his sorrows, was followed by the French clergy, the last remnant of outward state left to the exiled throne, to which religion clung when all else had forsaken it. And these Vendéens and Chouans whose honours and distinctions are so grievous to you? Let us look around us, and try, if we can, to be just! By whom are nearly all the government offices occupied, whatever their degree of importance? By Chouans and Vendéens, Cossacks and *émigrés*, or by the men who were employed by the last government? What is it that the authors of these deplorable apologies really want? A republic? They are cured of the desire for that chimæra. A limited monarchy? They have got it. If we probe their wound we shall find a sick conscience that cannot rest; or some injured susceptibility that is irritated because they are not summoned alone to the King's Council, where they would fain enjoy, not equality, but preference; or, perhaps, a hidden feeling of despair, born of the insurmountable barrier that rises between Louis XVIII and the judges of Louis XVI. Let them enjoy in peace the wages they have earned; let them educate their families, and live quietly! It is no great hardship, after all, when a man is growing old, and has passed the age of ambition, and has studied men and things, and has dwelt amid bloodshed and tumult and storms, it is no great hardship to have a moment's breathing-space, before going to that bourne whither Louis XVI has gone. Louis XVI made the journey, not in the fulness of his days, not slowly, not surrounded by his friends, nor by every kind of help and consolation, but in his

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youth, in haste, alone, stripped of all he possessed : yet he made it in peace.¹

To the royalists all this seemed ill-judged, ill-timed, and extravagant. By what right, they asked, did M. de Chateaubriand lecture the partisans of the throne of the Bourbons? No one had asked his advice : and the party of the reactionary royalists, still clinging to their policy of retrogression, continued to drag the Monarchy backwards.

At this period the little journal that was brought out under the auspices of the Duc de Bassano and called the *Nain Jaune*, or Yellow Dwarf, had a great vogue. It was in the houses of those who were devoted heart and soul to the Emperor Napoleon, and especially in that of the duke, that the editors collected their material : the facts and ideas that were predominant at the moment, and every sharp-pointed dart that was calculated to wound the old nobility who were so completely engrossed in the defence of their own interests and their own vanity. The editors in question were Arnaud the academician, the brother-in-law of Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angély ; Harel, an *auditeur* in the Council of State, who had been sub-prefect of Soissons at the time of the invasion ; Bory de Saint-Vincent, although he was employed in the office of Marshal Soult, who had become Minister of War in December 1814, and others who were *protégés* of the duke. Louis XVIII enjoyed reading this witty publication, and was always supplied with a copy of it. The Duc d'Angoulême discovered the little paper in the King's study one day, to his great surprise. "What!" he said to his uncle, "Does your Majesty read this reprehensible paper?"—Certainly I do," answered the King. "It amuses me ; and moreover it informs me of events and facts of which you would not tell me."

This journal had invented the order of the *Extinguisher*, and as

¹ See de Jaucourt's letters to Talleyrand : "The success of M. de Chateaubriand's work gives him some confidence that he may be equally successful with his request not to go to Sweden, but to be employed here ; a thing which, it seems to me, might suit us very well. Tho King allowed me to discuss the work in question, in which he deigned to take part, having seen it in manuscript and while it was being printed. He said to me very graciously : 'I have had something to do with it ; I corrected the proofs.'—'Sire,' I answered, 'you must not admit it, unless your Majesty wishes to be credited with the whole of its merits.' It seemed to me that he thought of making M. de Chateaubriand write a good deal, in which case pray tell me what you would consider a suitable thing to suggest for him ; for it is quite certain he will not go away. The magnates of the Emigration run him down, and I think the satisfaction of his ambition—which is no small matter—might embroil him with those worthy people."

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a rule its columns contained the names of those who—as it declared—had received that decoration; that is to say it bestowed the distinction on them itself, to mark their foolishness and their reactionary spirit. Men who prided themselves on their dignity regarded the Extinguisher as a crowning disgrace.

A few quotations will show the nature of this political journal: its malicious wit and irony, and the keenness of its weapons.

It printed, under the date of December, 1814, the following appreciations of the royalist writers.

"*The Abbé Feletz*. The good faith, and genius, and candour of this writer have passed into a proverb: he has been compared to the animal whose Latin name he bears."

"*Duviquet*: ex-administrator, ex-contractor, ex-legislator, ex-literary man."

"*Brifaut* undertook in the *Gazette* the noble task of preaching intolerance, and insulting the power that is no more."

"*Jules Merle*: literary postilion of the *Gazette*."

"*Colnet* (of the *Journal de Paris*; a glutton) is one of the very few journalists who understand the art of giving a flavour to their chopped logic, and of casting a spice of ridicule upon the follies of others."

It referred ironically to the famous actresses of the day:

"Mlle. Mars embraced Mme. Levert with all her well-known ingenuousness. Mlle. Bourgoin and Mlle. Volnais are reconciled."

And to some of the dignitaries of the university:

"It is announced that the courses of *Lecretelle* and *Villemain* have recommenced. The professors of the day are men of the world; they only speak with a view to being spoken of, and only ask for a chair with a view to turning it into a rostrum."

And to men of the world:

"The *Petites Affiches* announces that a certain individual, a gentleman by birth, is looking for a post in the world of commerce."

Here is an example of the manners of the time:

"The *Journal de Toulouse* publishes a list of the sentences passed last month by the police-court of that town. Among those who were sentenced were two women of loose character, who behaved indecently in the theatre."

What did they do, I wonder! It is hardly likely they put their feet on the ledge of their box. After this it would be a pity to

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omit the following reflection on the ingratitude of men, in connection with Bonaparte :

"I admit that those who have cause to complain of that man are nearly ready to hold their tongues; but several men whom he benefited have by no means exhausted their abuse of him."

With regard to bigotry it said :

"The following ordinance has been published in a certain ultramontane kingdom. 'It is expressly enjoined upon all the inhabitants of the territory under our rule, to supply their kitchens with two skimmers, one for feast-days and the other for fast-days.' This may appear to be over-particularity," added the *Nain Jaune*, "but, after all, what is one skimmer more or less in a household, compared with eternal life?"¹

The following humorous passage refers to the appearance of Paris on the 1st January, 1815.

"It is quite right to say that though the years succeed one another they do not resemble one another. The walls of Paris this morning presented a fresh proof of this ancient truth. The houses that were neglected on the 1st January, 1814, were surrounded by carriages to-day, and those that were then besieged by a double line of vehicles were approached this morning by two or three pedestrians and a shabby hackney-cab. The solution is simple. It is those in power that have visitors. Although the latter do not go to the same address they always knock at the same door."

In the *Nain Jaune* for March 25th this anecdote appears. At the beginning of Lent M. Guizot, Secretary of State to the Ministry of the Interior, notified to all the heads of departments,

¹ At the same time an extract was printed from a Spanish journal, describing the life of the Bourbon princes whom Napoleon had confined at Valençay. "This is what we learn from a sermon by Dom Blas Ostolazza, Confessor to the King of Spain. . . . The King, he says, rose at eight o'clock, heard Mass, breakfasted, played several games of billiards, returned to his study to have his letters, or else some passages from the Scriptures, read aloud to him, and then worked at his embroidery-frame till two o'clock, at which hour he went out for a short drive. On his return he dined, said a little prayer, received his brothers and such persons as were allowed to pay their court to him, supped, and then before going to bed, recited the litany with his whole household, intoning it himself. An agent of Napoleon, whose impious presence he was obliged to endure, employed every means to allure the Infante from his holy occupations. . . . The King was especially indignant at the poverty of the high altar in the parish church of Valençay, and at the fact that the chateau contained a theatre, but no chapel nor oratory. . . . The King himself embroidered a beautiful white silk dress with spangles and gold fringe for the Virgin. He had a fine gilded high altar made, and sometimes served the Mass at the feet of the Queen of Heaven. . . ."

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with a view to pleasing the minister, that His Excellency would be gratified if the clerks were to open their work with prayer. As he did not specify what prayer they were to use, the clerks composed the following :

*Opérez un miracle, et faites, ô mon Dieu,
Que l'abbé Montesquiou devienne un Montesquieu.*

The miracle did not take place.

VII

Malouet, the Minister of Marine, died on the 7th September. He was not replaced at once; but the portfolio was given provisionally to M. Ferrand, the Postmaster-General, "a member of the old Parlement, a Jansenist, and a *dévo*t," as de Jaucourt says in a letter to Talleyrand. Ferrand kept the post till the 3rd of the following December. Never was a place so greedily and covetously desired as this. Beurnonville, who, it will be remembered, had held office in the provisional government, importuned the minister for the portfolio in question, saying that he did not really want it, but was urged by the navy to make the application, and, after all, thought he was very suitable for the post. General Dumas was an equally active candidate. He possessed a pair of roan horses, which were constantly seen trotting or galloping through the streets of Paris, or standing at the doors of ministers and influential courtiers, while Dumas paved the way for his appointment by paying his daily visit. It was said laughingly among the ministers, who were much amused by all the excitement and intrigue, that roan horses must be very fashionable, since they were oftener seen than any others in the streets of Paris.¹ The Duc d'Angoulême supported an unknown person called du Bouchage, whom he no doubt favoured on account of his piety. As for Ferrand, who was filling the office provisionally, he would have been very glad to remain in it permanently. He clung to it with might and main. But the Abbé de Montesquiou assured him that he did not wish to keep the portfolio, though as a matter of fact, says de Jaucourt, he had set his heart on it. De Jaucourt adds, not without humour: "Ferrand breaks himself up into the various states of mind that the Abbé thinks best for him; and then melts at the thought of the painful fracture." It was thus that the ministers spoke of each other.

¹ De Jaucourt wrote: "Ferrand thinks he has the Marine portfolio in his own hands. Dumas dogs his footsteps on the chance of his dropping it."

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The time was passing. After the Comte d'Artois' expedition the fortunes of the Minister of War were irretrievably ruined. The prince had reported the discontented spirit that was rife in the army, and the careless administration of the commissariat; the revolting food that was supplied to the men, and the inferior quality of their garments; and he had especially noticed, in spite of the acclamations of the mob, that the officers had received him very coldly. They were still Bonapartists.¹ The blame for this was laid upon General Dupont, whose weakness for the *émigrés* and the officers of the old monarchy had made him scandalously willing to grant them promotion, to the marked discontent of Napoleon's officers. The government first thought of Marshal Suchet. De Vitrolles, whose influence in Monsieur's little Court was always very great, suggested Marshal Marmont, whom he believed to possess a mind that was both energetic and cultivated, especially with regard to practical matters. The Comte de Bruges, who was a friend, and indeed a creature of the Comte d'Artois, urged the appointment of Soult, as did also the Duchesse d'Angoulême and the Sérents, who were personally attached to him. This marshal had won the confidence of the Comte de Bruges by criticising everything that Dupont had done, and hinting that he could do better himself; and had conquered the duchess by his fervent demonstrations of royalist sentiment in Brittany, where he was in command of the thirteenth military division. Soult, therefore, was appointed Minister of War, and Dupont was dismissed. The unfortunate man learnt one morning, from the columns of the *Moniteur*, that he had ceased to give satisfaction. Beugnot was then removed from the police department and entrusted with the Ministry of Marine. D'André replaced Beugnot, and Ferrand was forced to confine his attention to the Post Office. D'André was not equal to the Directorship of Police, though he was by no means devoid of intelligence, being skilful in intrigue and full of tact. During the King's exile he had served him with devotion, but invariably without success! And now he was entrusted with the task of keeping order among the men of the

¹ See Henry Houssaye's notes in his *1815*, p. 43. " . . . The troops are not paid—the Chasseurs de France complain that their pay is in arrears and that they are sleeping on straw. Many of the royal chasseurs are barefooted and shirtless. . . . The 14th regiment of the line is well disciplined, but the men are desperately melancholy. . . . Many of them have had no new trousers for two years, and the wretched cloth ones that they have were taken from their allowance.— Their pay has been in arrears for more than a year. . . ." Brune to Davout; Marseilles, 1815.

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Empire, and even among the men of the Revolution, who were already giving signs of life, and were publishing their liberal convictions in violent brochures. The work called for an active and resolute young man, whereas d'André was old, and worn-out, and weakened by age, and entirely ignorant of modern conditions ; for his long absence had made France, and more especially Paris, a sealed book to him. He never knew anything except what he learnt from the newspapers. He was, however, known to be on friendly terms with Fouché, whom he had met in Poland, and Fouché's name earned for him a certain amount of respect, in spite of the horror in which the ex-Jacobin was held by the royal family.¹

Soult, whose excessive ambition had made it irksome to him to be of no importance in the State, swore and blustered in his stentorian voice, in season and out of season, and boasted that he would very soon reduce the army to meekness and imbue it with royalist opinions ; that a little firmness was all that was wanted ; and that before many months were past the agitators who were stirring up the ranks would be perfectly quiet. Soult had been the last to enter the royalist fold, not because of his devotion to the Empire, but because he had been kept employed by Wellington in the south, and knew nothing of the events that were passing in Paris ; and for this reason he was anxious to make up for lost time by exaggerated protestations of fidelity, and much humble admiration of the princes. When he went to Brittany he lost no time in organising a subscription for burying the remains of the victims of Quiberon, and he set up a column in the peninsula in memory of the royalists' heroic efforts for their princes. These hypocritical demonstrations pleased the duchess, who could not believe that such excellent sentiments could be untrustworthy. She took Soult under her protection, and it was owing to her that he replaced Dupont. The other ministers received their new colleague with cordiality. They knew he was coarse, but they

¹ Michaud, in his biography, declares he had a low type of face. He goes further : he thinks that while Bonaparte was in Elba, at which time d'André was on confidential terms with one of the most devoted supporters of the Napoleonic dynasty, he was in the habit of sending to Elba the reports that he transmitted to Louis XVIII. What is quite certain is that Napoleon's partisans were far from showing the least resentment towards him, and, either from contempt or some other motive, it was suggested that he should stay in Paris. However, he preferred to follow the King to Belgium, and he only returned to France three months later with that monarch. Louis XVIII made him intendant of his demesnes, and he occupied the post till 1827, in which year he died.

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believed in his energy, military knowledge, and diligence and welcomed him sincerely. Their enthusiasm cooled very quickly. They soon found that the covetous, spiteful, false-hearted marshal was only strong when opposing the weak, and yielded without a struggle when confronted with the strong. His action in the case of General Excelmans was sufficient proof of this fact. He began by fuming and fulminating, and declaring that the letters found on the person of an English emissary on his way to Murat were evidence of a vast conspiracy against the Bourbons. This was the merest mare's-nest.¹ Excelmans was tried by court-martial, and acquitted. De Jaucourt repeats what was said to him at this time by the injured Dupont, and seems disposed once more in his favour. "Comte Dupont whispered in every one's ear: 'I sent Davout home and banished Vandamme from Paris without the least disturbance or scandal, and they both completely disappeared. But I see that the punishment of one general, of the sort that are turned out by the dozen—(imagine Excelmans being thus described!)—is enough to put Paris and the whole army into a state of excitement.'" Soult finally calmed down and, fearing the consequences of his mistake, tried to win supporters among his colleagues.² He became less violent, less reckless, less boastful, and tried to bring his opinions into harmony with those of the others. Henceforward this was his only policy. Ambition had sharpened his wits, and made him understand that he must learn to be discreet, and regulate his actions according to the exigencies of the moment. He was conscious that the time was at hand when reactionary sentiments of the most exaggerated kind would be the only road to the favour of the royal family; and he therefore practised circumspection, and determined to go with the tide.

It was true enough that the partisans of the old Monarchy, the *émigrés* who had returned to France with the King, were gradually pushing their way into the first rank. The moderate,

¹ Excelmans, knowing that Lord Oxford was going to Naples, had given him a letter for King Joachim. In it he congratulated the King on the fact that the Congress of Vienna had recognised him, and confirmed the powers of his ambassadors. That was all. It was on this basis that Soult founded his imaginary conspiracy against the dynasty.

² "The Duc de Berry," wrote de Jaucourt to Talleyrand with regard to the Excelmans affair, "fell into a violent and immoderate passion, demanded the head of the guilty man, and tried to persuade the King out of his merciful intentions. The King was, what he always is, calm, dignified, and judicious; but the duke began raging again at the dinner he gave."

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rational men were relegated to the background. The clergy, who had the support of the provincial *seigneurs*, were beginning to threaten the purchasers of national property; and the peasants who had attained to the outskirts of the *bourgeoisie*, and had for twenty-five years owned these lands and cultivated them, and improved them, and made them productive by dint of unremitting labour, were seriously disturbed by these pulpit-utterances. This arrogance on the part of men who had been submissive, and resigned, and silent for a quarter of a century seemed to them really ominous. The small proprietors had hitherto been quite untroubled. They had accepted the reign of the Bourbons as long as they had nothing to fear; but the thought of losing their newly-acquired properties alienated them from these princes who had accidentally become their rulers, and inclined them to regret the fallen Emperor.

The royalists in every part of the country were in a state of delirium. The announcement that the remains of Louis XVI and his family were to be exhumed and taken to Saint-Denis, and the expiatory service of the 21st January, roused all the enthusiasm of the aristocrats. They were beginning to be regarded as fanatics, and were christened the *ultras*. They expected the nation to wear special mourning on the day in question; to put crape upon their hats; to drape their houses with black hangings; and to expiate the past in accordance with royalist ideas. Some of them put up printed placards in their own names, suggesting these measures. Paris was like Bedlam broken loose: the opinions of one day were out of date by the next. Among the people there were suppressed signs of hostility to the dynasty, the result of this ill-timed provocation.¹

In the villages, however, where the peasant proprietors had nothing to fear from the demands of the *émigrés*, everyone showed the most touching zeal in doing honour to Louis XVI's

¹ The following order of the day, published by General Heudelet, commanding the 18th military division (Dijon), will show the kind of instructions that were sent to every part of the kingdom. "The bishops will have taken measures to the end that, on the 21st, solemn prayers shall be offered to God, by which it may be seen how great is the horror that all true Frenchmen have conceived for the crime which, as on that day, plunged the whole of France into mourning. The army has at all times shown its indignation against it, and will eagerly join in this national act of piety."

And General Cassagne, commanding at Toulouse, said on the 14th to the men of his division: "... on this melancholy day the army, ever faithful to its principles, will experience the sweet consolation of having been totally unconcerned in the cruel crime that destroyed the august victim."

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memory. On the eve of the ceremony the oldest inhabitant of each commune gathered the rest of the villagers in the market-place, and said simply: "To-morrow, at ten o'clock, we will meet in the church to pray, in expiation for the death of the martyr King." After this brief speech the people, in silent emotion, dispersed to their own homes, where they spent the winter evening in talking of the tragic event that had taken place in Paris in 1793. On the following day no work was done in the fields. Men, women, and children, dressed in mourning, wended their way to the church whither the sad notes of the funeral-knell were calling them. In the choir stood a bier—the bier that was used for the dead of every age—decorated by pious hands with a number of young shrubs, which had been sheltered in cellars from the cold. To these were added some tapers, fixed in candlesticks. After the gospel the priest read Louis XVI's will from the pulpit:

"With all my heart I forgive those who made themselves my enemies, without my having given them any reason for being so. In God's hands I leave my wife and children, my aunts, my brothers, and all who are bound to me by the tie of blood. . ." Then came the following words: "A King can only do the good to which his heart prompts him, in so far as he possesses the requisite authority. Otherwise, being fettered in his actions, and failing to inspire respect, he is more harmful than useful. . . Finally, I beg the gentlemen of the commune to give to Cléry my clothes, my books, my watch, my purse, and the other articles that were deposited with the Council of the Commune. . ."

When the ceremony was over, many eyes were wet with tears, and as the congregation dispersed they said: "Those wicked men murdered the best and most upright of Frenchmen."

In Paris the police feared there might be riots in the streets, or some kind of indecorous demonstration, for the intemperate behaviour of the *ultras* had roused a general feeling of discontent, and made the restored dynasty hateful to the nation. De Jaucourt, strong loyalist as he was, could not forgive these fanatics for their folly, which might so easily interfere with the trend of events. "To whom," he wrote to Talleyrand, "was the loss of Louis XVI more disastrous? To those who had left the country and had inherited new hopes, or to us in France, who had compromised ourselves a hundred times for the King, and had seen our generation disgraced by this sinister event, and liberty and every kind of national happiness buried with the King?" He added: "that the

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mad enthusiasm of the *émigrés* had become a matter of personal profit, and though they had lost the Monarchy long ago, their good star had given them a King again; and, to tell the truth, he was tired of hearing about *émigrés* and royalists, and well-intentioned people, etc. etc., and if there were anything to be feared from a few fools or over-excited firebrands, the marshals of the Empire and the lieutenant-generals, and the peers of France who surrounded the funeral-car, and the national guards, and the escort of troops of the line, and on the return journey the squads of gendarmes, drubbing all and sundry without distinction, would insure order, and the peace of the town and the day."

Talleyrand, the paragon of courtiers, had persuaded all the members of the Congress to attend the ceremony that took place that day in Vienna, by way of showing the unanimity of their monarchical sentiments, and their regret for Louis XVI's violent death. A sermon was preached on the occasion.¹ This action won for the cunning diplomatist the warmest praise and gratitude of the Bourbon princes. "It was a fine and a grand idea," wrote de Jaucourt to him, "to turn a ceremony that was apparently quite simple and natural into a political event, and to bring the Congress officially into an affair that was merely a pious observance. . . . The King could not have been more pleased. . . . Monsieur the Duc and the Duchesse d'Angoulême begged me to tell you of their satisfaction, and assuredly you have not heard the last, by any

¹ See a note by de Vaulabelle. "The commemoration of the 21st Jan. was celebrated at Vienna in the cathedral church of Saint Etienne, in the presence of the Emperors of Austria and Russia, the Kings of Bavaria and Denmark, and a crowd of distinguished foreigners. . . . 'Tears of contrition streamed from every eye,' say the journals of the time, 'and M. de Talleyrand, infected by the general emotion, wept also.' . . ." De Vaulabelle also gives some details of Talleyrand's life at Vienna. Independently of his diplomatic despatches, he (Talleyrand) wrote little notes to Louis XVIII; crisp little notes full of racy indiscretions about the amusements of society in Vienna. . . . He gave an account of a fancy-dress ball at the Court of Vienna ". . . . The colossal rotundity of the King of Wurtemberg made him unmistakable, in spite of a vast domino all shining with gold. He had been talking for a long time to the Duchess of Oldenburg, the sister of the Emperor of Russia, with whom he was in love, and who had hidden herself in a humble grisette's costume. The King of Denmark, whose gaiety has won for him the name of the *wag* of the royal brigade, talked for a long time with M. de Metternich. . . ." De Vaulabelle adds that the same excellent King of Denmark, whom the Congress had robbed of half his domain to reward the parriacidal services of Bernadotte, preserved his gaiety to the last day. "You have won all hearts," said Alexander when the King announced his return to Copenhagen. "Possibly," answered the King; "but it is much more certain that I have not won a single soul." He was referring to the division of the population, which was the chief subject of debate at the Congress.

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means, of their feelings with regard to this fine, dignified, European expiation."¹

Not one of the ministers, except Jaucourt, a protestant, thought of resisting the stream that was sweeping them back to the old *régime*. They all knew that the Charter had merely been a *ticket of admission*, and that the princes and the King himself, though he was more enlightened than they, had no aim but a return to the mistakes of the past. The development of the clerical spirit, which was closely bound up with the royalist spirit, was one means of making these desires and hopes realisable; and for this reason the policy adopted by the administration was to allow as much liberty as possible to the priests, and to give them precedence everywhere. De Jaucourt gives us the following facts.

When the Marquis de Rivière set sail for Constantinople to take up his duties as ambassador, he was very careful to have a chaplain appointed to the ship. Prayers were read morning and evening, and grace was said before each meal. Every morning, too, Mass was celebrated, to the great astonishment of Admiral Dumanoir, the admiral in command, who had never been accustomed to these pious practices in Napoleon's day. It was about this time that the following incident occurred. Two *curés* refused the sacrament to two dying men, who owned some property that had belonged to *émigrés*. One of them had refused to make restitution. "You can guess where he will go," wrote de Jaucourt. "The other consented; but he was so near his last gasp that the priest, in his anxiety to have the restitution properly witnessed by the people present, allowed the dying man's soul to escape, without making the smallest provision for its journey." Thus humorously did the candidate for the Ministry for Foreign Affairs express himself to Talleyrand, knowing very well that the renegade *grand seigneur* was so entirely disillusioned, so entirely indifferent to everything but his own interests and his own reputation as a man of intellect, that he would be secretly amused by this expression of religious zeal and intolerance. De Jaucourt went on to say that Louis was

¹ Chateaubriand, in his *Mémoires*, writes on this subject: "On the 18th Jan. the remains of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI were exhumed. I was present on the occasion in the cemetery (the old cemetery of the Madeleine in the Rue d'Anjou-Saint-Honoré, No. 48) where Fontaine and Percier have since raised—by the pious wish of Madame la Dauphine, and in imitation of a sepulchral church at Rimini—what is perhaps the most remarkable monument in Paris. This cloister, which is formed of a series of tombs, seizes the imagination, and has a most melancholy effect."

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selling all the woods, even those belonging to the Order of Malta; then, returning to the detested Marshal Soult, he fell upon him and stripped his soul bare, exposing the duplicity into which his ambition had led him, and describing one of this coarse soldier's evil actions—a revelation of perfidy, hypocrisy, and imbecile anxiety to please. What had this detested marshal done? He had actually refused to give any command to General Travot, a gallant man and a good soldier, until he should have restored the national property that he had bought for two hundred and fifty thousand francs. It had already passed through two other hands, says de Jaucourt, and Travot did not think it likely that the family from whom he bought it would return the money, which was his whole fortune. The marshal pitied him—(which was a great deal of use to Travot!); but believed, says de Jaucourt with a touch of incredulity, that it was necessary to make an example. An example, indeed! Nothing could have been more calculated to discourage the officers of the army, and to make them regret Napoleon. “Whenever you come back,” added de Jaucourt to Talleyrand, “I can promise you that the marshal will be as meek as a spaniel.” Soult at that moment was oblivious to everything but his ministerial portfolio, to which he would have sacrificed everything; he was too completely blinded by his own egotism to discern that he was transparent, at all events to the eyes of de Jaucourt. “He is a man who will be subservient to you; who thinks himself superior to his patron (the Comte de Bruges); who cannot shake off the influence of the family council to which he owes his promotion; who fears the Abbé (de Montesquiou) and hates him; who has little ability and no views; who yields to obstacles and collides with difficulties; whose eloquence is of the military kind; who is vain, coarse, artful, pliant, and fawning, and fulfils the old adage: *animal capax, rapax omnium beneficiorum*; and Madame la Maréchale is his double.” This tirade was quite justifiable.

There were unmistakable signs of this tendency to revert to the past in the *Almanach Royal* for 1815. The *Nain Jaune* published a letter drawing attention to this fact.

“This work, which is generally regarded with pitying eyes by all intelligent people, deserves this year to be examined with particular care. The retrograde spirit of the government, under whose eye it was surreptitiously composed, may be detected on every page, either in the arrangement of the contents or in the

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method of enumerating names. For instance, the section devoted to the clergy of France precedes the King's Household, which is itself placed before the Ministry. In the List of Orders the first section is reserved for Frenchmen invested with *foreign* orders. They are followed by the Orders of the Holy Ghost, St. Michael, St. Louis, and even those of St. Lazare, Jerusalem, and Notre Dame du Mont-Carmel, before a hint is given of the existence of the existence of the eminently national order of the Legion of Honour. If we turn from the general to the particular, we shall find some still more interesting details. In the section dealing with the King's Household you might perhaps expect to see, figuring in the first lines, the Military Household. That, however, matters not at all. Where else could you put the clergy? They are the important people. You must therefore learn the names of the Grand Almoner, the First Almoner, the Almoner in Ordinary, the Confessor, the eight quarterly Almoners, the Chaplain in Ordinary, the eight quarterly Chaplains, and the Master of the Ceremonies, before this book deigns to tell you the names of the six Captains of the Bodyguard. And the Red Companies themselves yield precedence to the pantler, the cup-bearer, the chief carver, the chief *maître d'hôtel*, and the *maître d'hôtel* in ordinary. If you go on further, and inquire into the ministries, you will find M. l'Abbé Montesquiou as Minister of the Interior, M. l'Abbé Louis as Minister of Finance, and the Abbé de Pradt as Chancellor of the Legion of Honour; not to mention the Minister for Foreign Affairs, once Bishop of Autun. You will be no more fortunate in the section dealing with military organisation, and the first *colonel-général* on the list is *Monsieur*, the Comte d'Artois, the King's brother, colonel in command of the Swiss Guards and the Grisons. Thus we see that everywhere the Church has the ascendancy as a temporal power, and everything that is foreign takes precedence of everything that is French."

It is hardly surprising that the funeral of Mlle. Raucourt, who died in this month of January, 1815, was not allowed to take place without opposition. The *curé* of Saint-Roch, the actress's parish church, had not scrupled to accept the *pain bénit* from her the month before her death, with a purse of four hundred francs for the poor. None the less he refused to allow her coffin to be taken into the church. The mob, on being informed of this refusal, took the matter into their own hands, and with a vast amount of clamour and abuse broke open the doors and carried

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the coffin into the choir.¹ A police-officer then intervened and interviewed the *curé*, who, being alarmed by the hubbub, sent for one of his priests—the one of least consequence—and four clerks, and a performer on the “serpent.” Absolution was then given, after which the crowd, receiving reinforcements as they went, escorted the coffin to the cemetery. It was a happy inspiration on the part of the police-officer to insist upon the *curé*'s submission. The crowd, which was increasing every moment, was meditating nothing less than a march to the Tuileries, and a demonstration of resentment beneath the King's windows. Who can tell what disastrous consequences might have followed if the *curé*'s opposition had lasted longer, and above all, if the crowd had known that a certain courtier had suggested firing upon the rioters?

VIII

Upon the ministers time had no softening nor conciliating influence. The Abbé de Montesquiou's crushing, violent methods in discussion raised a storm whenever he was opposed or contradicted. It was for this reason that de Jaucourt, and even Soult, determined to insist upon a degree of solidarity in the Ministry that would oblige them to carry on their deliberations together, and to maintain a definite policy, which would gain in liberality, consistency, and wisdom through the necessity of putting every measure to the vote. It was unfortunate that de Jaucourt and Soult had different schemes of reform. Each thought his own the best, and supported it in opposition to the other; and this divergency in their aims injured them with their colleagues. As

¹ The following verses, on the subject of Mlle. Rancourt's burial, are taken from *La Contemporaine*, Vol. V., by Désaugiers. Air : *Faut de la vertu, pas trop n'en faut*.

Faut êt' dévot, pas trop ne l' faut (bis)
L'excès en tout est un défaut.

Pourquoi l' corps de c'te pauvre femme
D' l' église serait-il bannit ?
Pis qu' huit jours avant d' rendre l'âme
Elle avait rendu l' pain bénit !
Faut êt' dévot, etc.

N'y a qu'un dévotion qui soit bonne
C'est cell' qui dit d' fair' le bien.
J'aime mieux un païen qui donne
Qu'un chrétien qui ne donne rien.
Faut êt' dévot, etc.

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for the Abbé, he would have nothing to do with either of their schemes: he had no desire for solidarity. The moment the subject was mooted he lost his temper, and struck out to right and left, flinging a biting word in one direction and a furious repartee in the other, and losing no opportunity of a thrust at Marshal Soult, whom he detested as heartily as the marshal detested him. He ended by saying that it was "absurd to think of any union, of any definite policy, of any solidarity, in short, between people who had only been brought together by the force of circumstances and were not intended by nature to walk side by side." He added that the resignation of all the ministers was the only way out of the difficulty, since the existing state of dissension made useful action impossible. This was the last thing desired by the marshal, who was so firmly resolved to keep his portfolio that he declared nothing would induce him to retire unless he were dismissed. De Blacas contributed nothing to this tumultuous discussion except a few unimportant remarks, for he neither desired to commit himself nor to compromise the King, his master.¹

The next subject of controversy was public education, and on this occasion the Abbé's customary quarrel was with de Jaucourt. The former had produced from the "little back-shop" kept by M. Royer-Collard—to quote the Protestant member of the government—a bill that had not been submitted to a single member of the executive council of the University, such as Cuvier, for example; and this bill was opposed by the majority of the ministers. Ferrand and Dambray, having learnt their lesson, supported it. The King, however, had put his finger in the pie, as de Jaucourt would say, and rather sharply postponed the discussion to a later date, when de Jaucourt should have had time to go into the subject. The latter, not being a Catholic, defended the rights of those who professed the reformed religion, which were threatened by this bill; and if this attack, he said, were unimportant in the eyes of the other ministers, it was important in his. The Abbé's retorts were ineffectual. For once liberty

¹ Chateaubriand has given us, in a few lines, a rather unflattering portrait of Marshal Soult: "I was driving with Marshal Soult. A certain simpleton was telling us about Louis XVIII's exile at Hartwell. The marshal was listening. To everything that was related he answered: *It is historical*. His Majesty's slippers were brought to him: it is historical. On fast-days the King ate three fresh eggs before beginning his dinner: it is historical. This answer struck me."

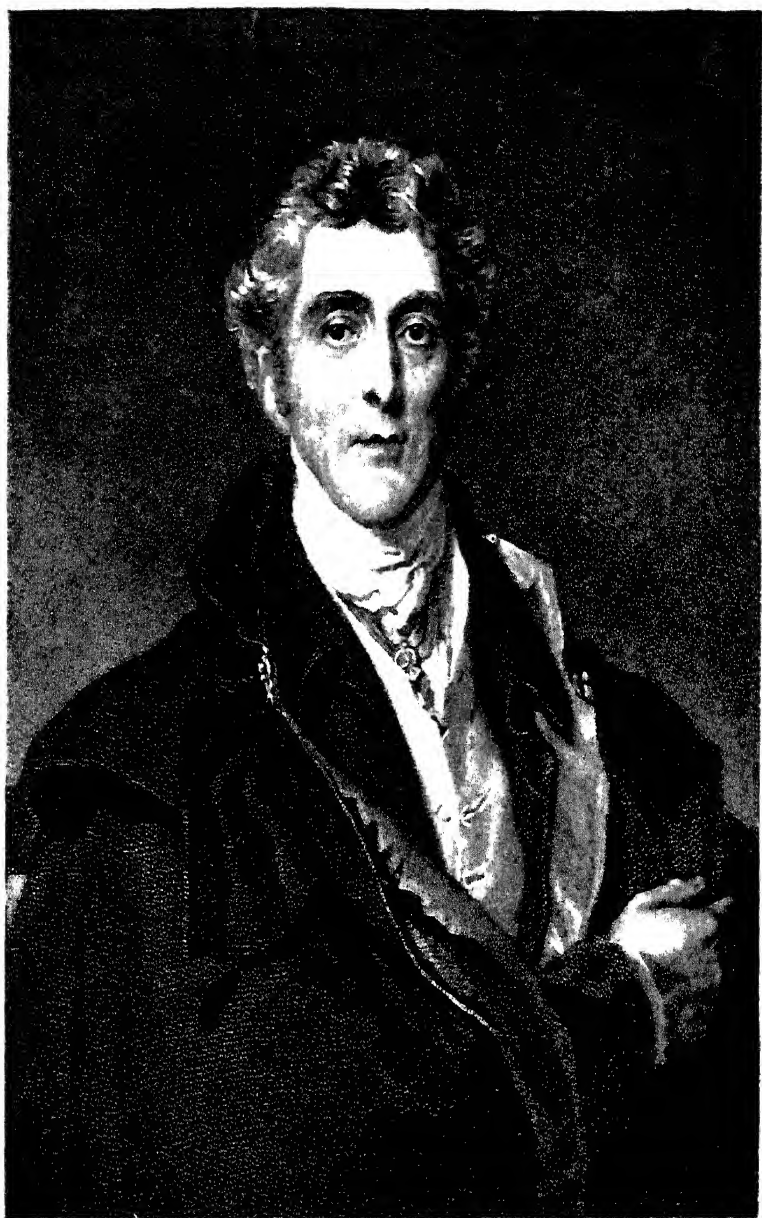
And well it might! Chateaubriand did not know how far the marshal's sycophancy could go.

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triumphed, and Royer-Collard's "little black-shop" was obliged to revise its work.

While discord reigned in the official world public opinion was being influenced by the revelations of the press, and was gradually becoming hostile to the Court, the princes, the clergy, and all who were scrambling for favours. Every reading and thinking man resented the cheapening of decorations, the immoderate trade in crosses and titles of nobility, the haughtiness of the aristocrats, and the contempt of the *grandes dames* for the newly ennobled. The defects of the old Monarchy began to assume larger proportions than ever before in everyone's memory. At first the old King's mania for antedating his reign by nineteen years, and his insistence on granting a Charter instead of accepting a Constitution, had seemed merely amusing; but as time went on, and each measure inevitably led to another of the same kind, it became plain that the boasts of the courtiers would end by being fulfilled. The army, especially, was growing more and more estranged from the princes, who treated it with exasperating want of consideration. When the order was given to hand over the Eagles to the Duc de Berry the Old Guard burnt them and swallowed the ashes. It is easy to imagine the rage that Napoleon's old veterans must have felt, at the sight of the Cross of the Legion of Honour displayed on the breast of some beardless fop who could do nothing but dance well and pay silly compliments, whereas they, to earn it, had faced death twenty times beneath the rain of grape-shot.

Moreover, at the Court and in the official journals a great deal of deference was paid to foreigners, and especially to the English, whose prisoners had had so much cause for complaint. The tale of their sufferings had roused, among the people, a feeling of hatred that recoiled upon the dynasty. Had not the King said to the Regent that he owed his crown to him? Those who abhorred the English abhorred the King whom the English had restored. And Wellington, who was now the English ambassador in Paris, was so haughty, so disregarding of French customs, so autocratic in his pleasures that he had alienated all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest. The rights of the latter he trampled under foot. When he was hunting in the neighbourhood of Paris he would ravage an entire district, breaking down fences and destroying the crops of the newly-sown grain with his horses and hounds; and would go away without giving any compensation to the poor folk whom he had nearly ruined. The Duchesse



ARTHUR WELLESLEY, DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

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de Duras gave a well-deserved lesson to the noble islander one day, when at some private theatricals he was waiting, with the other guests, for the entertainment to begin. He left his chair, and raised the edge of the curtain. "Pardon me, my lord," said the duchess; "there is nothing behind the curtain for you to take." She was alluding to the plunder of the duke, who had taken possession of many magnificent things in the châteaux along his route. The great painter David, too, put him in his place on one occasion. "I only paint great men," was the answer of the famous artist, when the Englishman asked him to paint his portrait.

As the months passed the nation turned more and more markedly from the men and things that were acceptable to the Court circle. The princes lived in the Tuileries in a kind of isolation, without ever coming into contact with the people. There was nothing in common between them and the people; there never had been, and there never would be anything in common between them. The Bourbons, though they came of French stock, were still foreigners in France, still unable to grasp the changes that had taken place in the habits and social conditions of the nation in the course of the past twenty-five years. They and their associates were fast rooted in their prejudices and illusions. The octogenarian de Viosménil said one day: "I cannot understand why the King has not made any marshals yet. If we were to have a war, there would only be two of us, de Coigny and myself." In his eyes the marshals of the Empire were merely *rebels* and *brigands*, as they were described by the Duc de Berry. This old man, de Viosménil, who was full of his own importance, and had grown hoary in foreign drawing-rooms, not in camps, was graciously willing to grant letters of complete naturalisation to Marshal Masséna, who, when he received them, fell into a fury. "Letters of naturalisation," cried the Prince of Essling, "to me, Masséna!—to me, Masséna!" Napoleon did not fail to remind him of this, when he wrote to Masséna from Juan Bay: "Remember that the victor of Zurich was naturalised as a Frenchman by a Viosménil."

At the beginning of 1815 the whole nation was infected with discontent. The people, the small tradesmen, and the small land-owners were furiously indignant because the *Droits réunis* had never yet been abolished, in spite of all the promises made by the princes. Throughout the country there were risings and riots when the revenue officers came to collect this tax. There was

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the same discontent with regard to conscription. Defaulters were pursued tirelessly and unmercifully by the gendarmes, with no less severity than in the days of Napoleon. What had been gained by the return of the legitimate princes? This was the question on every tongue. The price of bread, moreover, was high, and when, in the ports of the channel, the labourers saw the ships being laded with sacks of corn, they declared—so quick are they to run away with an idea—that the princes were trying to make their fortunes by means of a monopoly, such as had existed in the days of Louis XVI. The sailors threw the sacks into the sea rather than carry them on board ships that were bound for England.

The royal family were the objects of constant malediction. Every resentful word they spoke was repeated; especially those of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who was blamed, too, for her courteous reception of the famous Langevin, the Vendean woman-warrior, who came to present her memoirs to the princess.¹ Conspiracies were set on foot by the ex-Jacobins and Bonapartists, in which Fouché took a prominent part. The object of the plots was nothing less radical than the King's deposition and the exile of the princes, or even their disappearance in a riot. There were some who favoured a regency under Marie Louise, and the proclamation of Napoleon II, the King of Rome.

And yet, notwithstanding the anxiety and uneasiness that prevailed so universally, these months of January and February, 1815, were spent in amusement and pomp.² The Duc de Berry gave a series of great balls; on which occasion the King, as he moved about among the guests, would pause before the ladies with whom he was acquainted to compliment them on their beauty or their gowns. He made great efforts, during these days of pleasure and excitement, to inspire the Duchesse d'Angoulême with the desire to

¹ "These memoirs have just been published," wrote a royalist journal. "... They show us the modern heroine fighting alternately on foot and on horseback, pistol and sword in hand, always in the advanced-guard, and on several occasions deciding the success of the day herself; and not once failing in her rare courage during six years of the most terrible and bloody war."

² See de Reiset's *Mémoires*, Vol. III., p. 59. Of the great dinner given by the King at the Tuileries in Jan., 1815, de Reiset says: "One thing that caused endless admiration was the way his Majesty did honour to the dinner. He absorbed, entirely unaided, almost the whole of a dish of cutlets that had been placed before him, which by no means prevented him from eating several others of the culinary masterpieces that were offered to him in turn. I remember having heard, in my childhood, stories of the proverbial appetite of all the Bourbons. I was able to assure myself yesterday that, in this respect, Louis XVIII has lost none of the brilliant qualities of his ancestors. . . ."

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please. He induced her to rouge her cheeks, in the hope that the colour might disguise the habitual sadness of her stern features, which the younger ladies found so repellent. The old King's hopes were illusory; for the duchess had only yielded in return for a promise that the Mid-Lenten festival should be prohibited. Society, in the exclusive meaning of the word, was reverting to the splendour of the old Monarchy; women of fashion received their guests amid masses of flowers and other luxuries, the process of dining was a very lengthy one, and there were constant balls. Great attention was paid to the gossip of the Court. If some petty official, who thought himself settled for life, were replaced by a count or a marquis whose title of nobility was above suspicion, the news was received with joy; and the heads of the young ladies were as often turned by the fine clothes of the bodyguard as they had been by the profusion of gold-lace on the uniforms of Napoleon's hussars and lancers. It was unfortunate, said the *Nain Jaune*, when some much-decorated man whom everyone had taken for a general turned out to be a junior clerk in the post-office; or when some majestic and bejewelled lady, whose fortune was a passport into the proud world of fashion, was discovered to be the wife of a transport contractor. The satirical journal's next victim was a priest. Under the date of Jan. 29th, 1815, the following thrust at the clergy appeared: "Yesterday I saw, in a brilliant circle, a well-dressed, powerful looking man to whom everyone was listening very attentively, although his face was by no means attractive. He spoke of the paternal intentions of the King, and of the measures that were to make the coming session of the Chamber of Deputies a notable one. Hearing the beloved name of the King I drew near and awaited a pause in the conversation, intending to express my pleasure at hearing the speaker's masterly exposition of all that Louis is doing and meditating for the happiness of France; when, changing the subject very unskilfully, he began to talk about his own views. He then retailed to us all the old paradoxes that false and intolerant and reactionary writers have been repeating for the last year in the nauseous papers of the anti-liberals. Being greatly surprised I asked the sycophant's name. He was the Abbé F—— (Féletz), the leader of the reactionaries."

During these weeks of the carnival, when the sound of bells was always in the air, the King was often to be seen driving on the boulevards. It cannot be denied that he was enthusiastically cheered. The people are apt to be enthusiastic at carnival-time:

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they even cheer drunkards. The official journals did not fail to record the eagerness of the crowd to greet the King; but the satirical *Nain Jaune*, in the course of its report, contrived to make a lively sally against the throne and the altar. It described how representatives of the various journals of the day had dressed themselves up and driven about in a fine carriage: "The *Nain Jaune*," it said, "was placed, bow in hand, above them all. The people, who are already familiar with this allegory, easily recognised the representation of each journal. They smiled at the *Nain Jaune*, and applauded the grenadier of the *Journal de Paris*. But the Cassandra of the *Débats*, the Simple Simon of the *Journal Royal*, and the dancing-girl of the *Gazette* were subjected one after the other to the jests of the mob. It was in vain, however, that they sought in this quaint assembly for the Nun of the *Quotidienne*; the reason being, no doubt, that no one was found of sufficient courage to wear so terrible a disguise, and brave the yells and hisses of the whole of Paris."¹

It is unnecessary to say that no personal caricatures of the King were exposed to public view, nor yet any of the King's favourite, the Comte de Blacas. Booksellers and pedlars, however, contrived to sell printed extracts from old numbers of the *Moniteur* relating to the Favras affair, and the declaration made by the Comte de Provence (Louis XVIII) before the Council of the Commune; and a portrait of the King, traced by the malicious pen of Montgaillard. Nothing would have given more satisfaction than a few jokes against the favourite, whom no one defended and everyone disliked. The nobles whose titles were historical and well-authenticated laughed at the exhibition, in the Salon de Peinture, of a picture representing one of the count's ancestors, a Blacas d'Aulps, a troubadour of Provence, receiving his knightly armour from Huguette de Sabran on the eve of his departure for the Holy Land. The count began by driving all the princes to make common cause against him; the gentlemen-of-the-chambers followed suit; and finally he alienated everyone who found it

¹ See Henry Houssaye, Vol. II., p. 59. "In Paris, moreover, discontent is far oftener manifested in epigrams and sarcasm than in shouts and violence. Things are not taken tragically. . . The *Chevaliers du lys* are nicknamed *les compagnons d'Ulysse*, and the bodyguard called the turkey-herds. . . Wagram's company is named the company of St. Peter, and the company of Raguse is called the company of Judas. The poor *émigrés*, who combine arrogance with beggary, are objects of ridicule. . . Colonels Jacqueminot and Duchamp and three other officers played the following comedy one day. Dressed and got up like nobles of the old *régime* they went into Tortoni's restaurant, and ordered, for all five of them, a single mutton cutlet, which they gravely divided. . ."

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impossible to approach the King except through the intervention of the favourite.

He was disparaged and vilified even by men of his own world and his own opinions. No one could endure him.¹ And yet he never thwarted the unquiet spirits, the ghosts of the past, who came hurrying from their little country houses or their foreign inns—never prevented them from receiving all the favours of the Court, or besieging the civil list, or obtaining the highest ranks in the army and all kinds of power and honour. De Montgaillard tells us of a certain *émigré* who was at the same time a soldier, a diplomatist, and a priest, and obtained a pension in each capacity.

Of Napoleon's immense wealth, he adds, of his private fortune of eighty millions, absolutely nothing was left after a few months. The whole of it had been made away with, squandered by the princes, the princes' favourites, the gentlemen of their households, and all the courtiers. There were some officials who, having emigrated in 1790 and recently returned to France, contrived to secure their arrears of pay for the past twenty-five years. "Anyone who has seen," says Montgaillard, "a thirsty pack of hounds

¹ In a memorial published at this time, and deemed by many to be authentic, de Blacas tried to acquit himself of all the misdeeds of which he was accused. The following are some of the important passages: "The King would have become the strongest supporter of the Charter if he had not been constantly shaken by the very respectful remonstrances of his relations, and I am happy in being able to record that I was almost the only person to oppose the King's yielding to the urgent representations of the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême, the Comte d'Artois, the Prince de Condé, and the Duc de Bourbon. . . . The Comte d'Artois . . . was the avowed enemy of all liberal ideas. The devout, ambitious prince was consumed with the desire to be King, but to be a King like his fathers, that is to say without any constitutional Charter. The Duc d'Angoulême shared the opinions, habits, and sentiments of his father, but made them still more intolerable by his total lack of any natural or assumed charm that might have won him pardon. The Duc de Berry would have sided indifferently with his uncle or his father, on condition that he was allowed to pursue his own way of libertinism and despotism. The Duchesse d'Angoulême had no ideas but vengeance, humiliation, and coercion. Her fanaticism and fury, her hatred and her longing to gratify it were plainly visible in her face, and evident in all she said. . . . The Prince de Condé and Duc de Bourbon led a little party of ex-members of the Parlement, and systematically protested against all the actions of their sovereign lord and master. . . . From this unnatural divergence of opinion among the most important persons of the State there resulted a struggle that was still more unnatural. . . . Hence the insane schemes that could not at the time be concealed from the people,—schemes to force the King, 1st, to revoke the Charter; 2ndly, to restore the Parlements; 3rdly, to punish by death all the deputies who voted against Louis XVI; and 4thly, to deport all who had been employed by the republican and imperial governments. . . . Such were the schemes of—. Were they carried out? No. Well, I owe it to myself to declare that it was partly my doing that they came to nothing."

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dash into a stream of running water and drink their fill, will have a true picture of how the new arrivals and those who awaited them flung themselves together upon the coffers of the State."

Among the many facts recorded by de Jaucourt in his correspondence with Talleyrand—whom he was representing in Paris while that diplomatist, as Minister for Foreign Affairs, was at the Congress of Vienna—we may mention those that relate to the news of the town. He announces that Mme. Récamier is about to reopen her salon to receive the Duke of Wellington, but does not hide the fact that the illustrious Irishman is extremely unpopular nearly everywhere. "His glory is disliked." He has perceived it himself, and spoken of it; and the unfortunate de Jaucourt is contrite, and much disturbed. He describes to his chief the disconsolate state of the ladies who are accustomed to shine in the circle of the astute diplomatist, and are desolate in his absence from Paris. De Jaucourt gives their names: the Princesse de Vaudemont, the Duchesse Dorothee de Courlande, the Comtesse Tiskiévicks, the Vicomtesse de Laval, the Duchesse de Bauffremont, the Princesse Kinski, who later on became the Comtesse de Collorado, and the Comtesse de Jaucourt. After that he speaks of the Baron de Vitrolles' visit to his ministry, in search of news for the *Moniteur*. De Vitrolles was in Monsieur's good graces, and de Jaucourt mistrusted him. "I will send the news to the journal myself," said de Jaucourt. "Nothing will be inserted," answered the other, "till it has been through my hands. Sauvo prints nothing that I have not seen." The minister then praised the paragraph relating to the death of the Queen of the Two Sicilies. "The King revised it," said de Vitrolles. "I am not surprised to hear it," answered the minister a little maliciously. De Jaucourt had already enlarged on the subject of the men connected with the embassies, and on the general satisfaction aroused by Juste de Noailles' marked success at St. Petersburg. His behaviour and his stately manners had won him the entire sympathy of the Czar's Court. The Prince de Laval had gone to Madrid, with d'Agoult as first secretary; the Marquis d'Osmonde to Turin. When writing of a concert given by the Comte de Blacas in honour of Wellington the minister cannot quit the subject of the islander without recording a characteristic fact. He seems to be jealous of the illustrious general, who is everywhere the only topic of conversation. No one is famous except the duke, says de Jaucourt; but he has made himself so unpopular that he has given up hunting, and has

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offered his pack of hounds to the King, who has graciously accepted the gift. De Jaucourt does not forget Mme. de Staël. He announces that she has left her house at Clichy and settled in Paris, where she has resumed her intrigues in the cause of the liberal opposition. To rid him of her he counts on the Abbé de Montesquiou, whom he calls "the choleric custodian of the archives."

IX

At this time certain very vague rumours were rife in Paris. The whole family of Napoleon was regarded with suspicion; and the house of the Duchesse de Saint-Leu (Queen Hortense) was believed by the royalists to be a hotbed of conspiracy. These people who had been hatching plots perpetually for twenty-five years were constantly on the alert for some sudden attack. They spoke of the intrigues of Joseph Bonaparte in Switzerland, and of the war for which Murat was preparing. They told one another that, at the Congress of Vienna, the plenipotentiaries were discussing the necessity of exiling the Emperor Napoleon to the Azores; and these confused, inaccurate, but disturbing rumours roused the indignation of the Bonapartists without in the least ruffling the perfect calm of Louis XVIII's ministers. The Abbé de Montesquiou, indeed, professed himself entirely confident in the loyalty of the Parisians; and assured one of his questioners that he would be willing to send Bonaparte a passport to leave the Island of Elba, if Bonaparte were to ask for it. In official circles and among the partisans of the Court it was asked: "And what, pray, should bring the usurper to France? Has he forgotten the insults that were flung at him as he passed through the towns of the south on his way to exile?"

Then suddenly the news burst upon France, and spread like wildfire from south to north, and to the utmost confines of Brittany, that Napoleon had landed in Juan Bay, and was preparing to march upon Paris. His glowing proclamations soon appeared in all the great towns. They had eluded the police, having entered the country as wrappings of parcels; and all along the coach-roads they had awakened the patriotism of those who were still faithful to the deposed Emperor. As in the glorious days of Marengo, the peasants came down from their mountains

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to await the passing of Napoleon and his troops, and add their shouts to those of the soldiers. For to them he was still the prince of the Revolution, the defender of their rights against the encroachments of the nobles. First Grenoble opened its gates to him; then Lyons; then the whole of France came back to its allegiance. At Lyons he felt that he was Emperor indeed, the ever-welcome leader of the French nation, and his response to the defiance of the Bourbons, to the princes' order that he should be hunted down like a wolf, was a decree which suppressed, in a few lines, this ephemeral dynasty whose partisans were the *émigrés*. Every edict of Louis XVIII was declared null and void. He and all his works were swept away, like chaff before the wind.

The royalist journals, when they were no longer able to deny the truth of the news, did their best to give it the most favourable appearance possible, in the eyes of the old King. Napoleon, they declared, was merely a brigand, an adventurer, whom the Congress of Vienna would soon hold up to the execration of the nations. The army, of course, would promptly do its duty, and would defend the monarchy against the deposed tyrant, whose insane action must undoubtedly rouse Europe to renewed anger against France.¹ They went further than this: they announced the defeat of Napoleon's troops. The particularly devoted journals declared that there was no truth in the tale of the regiments' defection; they were faithful to the King. In the sympathetic welcome, they added, that the usurper had received at Autun, Chalon, Tournus, and Dijon, no one had any share but the dregs of the people—the expression they always used to denote the working-classes. There was nothing to be feared from people of that sort: they were the merest lay-figures,

¹ Villemain, in his *Souvenirs* (Vol. II.), describes a salon where he was a frequent guest at the time of Napoleon's approach after landing at Cannes. The salon was that of Mme. de Rumfort, afterwards Comtesse Courvoisier, and he met there. . . . Ramond, formerly prefect of Puy-de-Dôme, whose conversation on the evening in question interested him so much that he recorded it. "Everything is ominous here," said Ramond: the return of that man, and this farcical conquest of France by the Island of Elba means the resumption of war to the death against the whole of Europe. . . . The sight of Napoleon being carried back to the imperial throne on the shoulders of the army is of such ominous import to kings, is such a menace to the liberty of the human race, that a desperate attack is bound to follow. . . . If he wins I shall be all the better pleased. He will only bring upon himself a louder hue-and-cry from every part of Europe, and bring into the field every armed man outside France. . . . I know the bravery of our soldiers. Woe to the first English or Prussian that Napoleon encounters beyond the frontier! But this is a duel between one man and ten, a duel between one nation and the world."

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moved at the will of others. Until the very eve of the Emperor's entry into Paris the royalist journals continued to add lie to lie. They asserted that Napoleon's cavalry was reduced to a few hundred dragoons; that Grenoble and Lyons had shaken off the yoke of the tyrant as soon as he was gone. In the meantime the immortal soldier was following the road that he had marked out for himself. In all the towns he was met by the submission of the prefects, or at least of those prefects—his own nominees—whom the Abbé de Montesquiou had not replaced; and from Dijon to Auxerre, and from Auxerre to Fontainebleau his whole journey was a series of enthusiastic ovations. At Fontainebleau he halted. The *concierge* had been informed of his coming, and his rooms were ready for him.

Monsieur, acting under the influence of de Vitrolles, with the Duc d'Orléans, who was mistrusted by the royalists and was chosen for this service on that account, arrived at Lyons, accompanied by MacDonald, a short time before Bonaparte. They left the place very hastily on the following day, however, flying before the terrible invader along the road to Moulins.¹ It was in vain that Monsieur harangued the garrison and appealed to their honour as soldiers: not a man was affected by the exhortation. When the officers were questioned they said that the princes had behaved too badly towards the army, which was not inclined to make any sacrifices for them.²

It was at Lyons that the government had hoped to frustrate the schemes of this redoubtable enemy. The troops that had been drawn up in echelon on the frontiers of Savoy and Switzerland, in the fear of a rising in Italy being organised by Murat, had been combined into an army-corps. Monsieur was to establish his headquarters at Lyons; the Duc de Berry was to command the left wing at Besançon, and the Duc d'Angoulême, who was then at Bordeaux, was to proceed rapidly to Marseilles to take up the command of the right wing. Thus a circle was formed, which was gradually to be contracted round Bonaparte

¹ A journalist in the south reported Monsieur's expedition thus:

*Monsieur d'Artois, comme un lion,
Saute de Paris à Lyon;
Mais, l'aigle troublant ses esprits,
Il court de Lyon à Paris.
Monsieur d'Artois, dans les dangers,
Est un Achille aux pieds légers.*

² Letter from de Jaucourt to Talleyrand, dated 14th March, 1815.

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and would eventually force him to take refuge among the mountains of Savoy. Soult was still Minister of War, and had chosen all the regiments of this army that was to take the field against Bonaparte. Not one remained faithful! There seemed to be no way of accounting for this general defection, except by the existence of a plot to which the minister was a party. Being warned beforehand of his old chief's intentions he had sent none but Bonapartist regiments to the south. The case against him, it was said, was clearly proved. Soult was unpopular, and received little support from his colleagues. They had often tried to drive him into resigning office; but the ambitious, tenacious old soldier declined to yield to their impatience. He irritated them by his rough and bullying manners, his contempt for the law, his overweening conceit, and his sycophancy towards the Comte de Blacas, the King's favourite, and Monsieur's favourite, the Comte de Bruges. This feeling of animosity was now strengthened by suspicion, and was the cause of his fall. The King removed him from the Ministry of War, and the Comte de Blacas gave his portfolio to the Duc de Feltre (Clarke), Napoleon's last minister and an indefatigable bureaucrat. Clarke, imitating Soult, devised extravagant preventive measures, and called out the reserve and all the national guards in the kingdom. If Napoleon had given this minister time to carry out all his schemes, the entire nation would have been in the field against the enemy of the Bourbons.¹

¹ While the *Moniteur* was publishing the addresses in which all the great public bodies of the State swore to the King that they were ready to die in his defence, Soult inserted in the same paper the following order of the day to the army. "Soldiers, this man who lately abdicated, under the eyes of all Europe, the *usurped* power of which he had made so fatal a use, this Bonaparte has returned to the soil of France, which he had no right ever to see again. . . . Bonaparte despises us enough to believe that we could abandon a legitimate and beloved sovereign, to share the fate of a man who is the merest adventurer. . . . Let us rally round the banner of the *lys*, at the summons of this father of his people, this worthy heir of the great Henri's virtues. . . . Paris, March 8, 1815. Minister of War: Maréchal duc de Dalmatie."

The proclamation was followed by this ministerial note: "Many officers who ask for the royal and military Order of St. Louis omit to accompany their request by a declaration of their religion. . . ." Here we recognise the reign of the *émigrés*. Nothing will be given to those who do not profess the Catholic Religion, even when Napoleon is advancing upon Paris in forced marches.

The following words occur in the memorial published by the Marshal to defend himself against the accusation of treason. "I am accused of having provoked, by various *unjust* and untimely measures, the discontent of the officers of the army. First: by neglecting them in favour of officers who are *chouans*, Vendéens, or *émigrés*. The Court well knows that the places and favours granted on both hands were granted by *its own orders*. None knows better than I how many French officers have not received the pensions and places they well

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The Duc de Berry remained in Paris with the King, instead of going to Besançon to assume the command of the troops assigned to him. Marshal Ney was summoned from Normandy to take his place. Louis XVIII flattered and coaxed the marshal, and paid him every possible attention in the course of the audience he accorded him: indeed, several contemporary memoirs assert that a million francs were given to him, by way of strengthening the fidelity that he swore to the dynasty of the Bourbons. As he parted from the King he said the words with which he was so often reproached: "I will bring Bonaparte to you in an iron cage." But as a matter of fact neither he nor the other generals made the smallest attempt at resistance to their former leader. The glamour of his name, and the magic words he so well knew how to use, dazzled them as much as ever, and one and all they submitted to his will. So it was he who brought them back to Paris, in his suite.

Meanwhile the King continued to hold his receptions at the Tuileries. One of these was attended by Mme. de Staël, she tells us, on the evening of the 9th March; when she found the rooms crowded with courtiers, and observed the sadness of Louis XVIII's expression, which was less pleasant than usual, as though he were resigning himself to renewed exile. As she went out she noticed that the imperial eagles were still on the walls of the ante-rooms. They appeared to her more redoubtable than ever. On the same evening, in another house, she met a young woman who was well known for her frivolity, and was as gay and smiling as usual. This silly little creature asked the cause of the anxiety by which Mme. de Staël's features were distorted, and on receiving the answer exclaimed, still smiling: "What! Are you really afraid that the French will not fight for their legitimate King against a usurper?" Among the old nobility who attended Mme. de Staël's receptions—which, since the dates had been fixed some time before, she did not wish to postpone—the same confidence reigned; indeed, it was more than confidence, it was a sort of joy that they felt at the news of Napoleon's landing; for, said these old *émigrés* who never doubted the devotion of the army, the man would be taken prisoner and shot, and no more

deserved. I have constantly worked with the Comte de Bruges, and have profited by his intelligence. He knew both my *work* and my thoughts. My association with him, and his reputation, should have been enough to preserve me from the reproach of treason." (pp. 9 and 10) This was the man, alas! whom Napoleon, on his return, appointed as his Chief of the Staff.

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would be heard of him.¹ They seemed bent on ignoring the truth, and shutting their eyes to the evidence, lest they should be made aware of the terrible consequences of this event. One day when Hyde de Neuville was in the Princesse de la Tremoille's house he tried to oppose this consoling view of the future. The Comte de Rougé had just joined the party, and had confirmed the rumours that were current in the town. His fellow-guests burst into peals of laughter; whereupon Hyde de Neuville, amazed at their frivolity, said: "Gentlemen, it is a great event. God grant that it may not be a most disastrous one."

When the news from the south became more grave, and the road to Paris was open to Napoleon, the aristocrats overran the faubourgs and visited all the taverns, where they fraternised, glass in hand, with the working-men. They thought to convert them thus into champions of the King. The workmen accepted the drink, but kept to their own opinion. They were devoted to the Emperor. What the *bourgeoisie* called despotism did not affect them. In the Emperor's time, they said, they were never in want of work; they always had a full purse and a happy life. They awaited his return impatiently. (From the *Lanterne magique de la Restauration*.)

At this time a great many addresses were pouring into the Tuileries from the communes, swearing fidelity and devotion to the King. Hope began to revive; the royalists buoyed themselves up with fresh illusions, and felt sure that some sudden event would arrest the triumphant march of the adventurer. By a sudden event, it must be owned, they meant the Emperor's assassination. A subscription-list was opened for the reward of the assassin (Fleury de Chaboulon, Vol. I., p. 202), and candidates for the crime wrote to accept the terms offered. A dagger-thrust had always been among the cherished dreams of the exiled princes and the other *émigrés*. Napoleon was little concerned by the danger that threatened him: his life had been menaced time after time, even in the island of Elba. He continued his advance, escorted

¹ See the *Nain Jaune* of March 1815. "What is there to complain about?" asked a certain retired general a few months ago. 'After all her labour and fatigue France should be glad of the rest she is enjoying.' What, Monseigneur! Is lying in the mud your idea of rest?" The same paper records the following. "Two days before the departure of the Bourbon family from Paris this notice was posted on the door of the Tuileries: 'The Emperor begs the King not to send him any more soldiers. He has enough.'"



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only by two colonels and a few Polish lancers. Putting his trust in his star he rode to Paris as fast as his horses could carry him.

What was to be done? asked the King. Where should he look for help? He offered officers' commissions to all the royal grenadiers on condition that they remained faithful to him, and titles of nobility to the officers. No one responded to the offer: it came too late. It was the Emperor, now, to whom they looked. He could be trusted to give them compensation. The government then turned to the representatives of the nation, and tried to win the country at large by measures of redress. The Minister of the Interior proposed to convoke the General Councils of all the departments, and to decree that they should sit in permanence. The Chambers were convened, and were made to pass a bill stipulating that the arrears of pensions of the Legion of Honour should be paid in full, as in 1813, to all the military members of the order. Finally, on the 15th March, the Minister of War ordered an army to be formed at Melun, the command of which was to be given to the Duc de Berry.

The King did even more. He sent a message to the effect that on the 16th March he would visit the assembled Chambers. What was the use of this? No one could tell. On the date in question he appeared before the representatives of France, surrounded by a large retinue of marshals, great dignitaries of the Court and gentlemen-in-waiting, and by all the princes of his house. He seated himself on the throne that had been made ready for him, and read the following discourse:

"Gentlemen, at this crisis, when the national enemy has actually entered a portion of my kingdom, and is threatening the liberty of all the rest, I have come to you, with the view of drawing still closer the bonds that, by uniting you to me, constitute the strength of the State. I have come in order that, in addressing you, I may make my sentiments and desires known to the whole nation.—I have seen my country once more, I have reconciled her with all the foreign powers, who will—do not doubt it—be faithful to the treaties that have given us peace. I have worked for the happiness of my people; I have received, I am every day receiving, the most touching signs of their love. How could I, at sixty years of age, end my career better than by dying in their defence? I have no fears for myself, then; but I have fears for France. The man who has come among us to light the torch of civil war brings

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with him, too, the scourge of foreign war; he comes to place our country once more under his iron yoke; he comes, in fact, to destroy the constitutional Charter that I have given you, the Charter that is my first claim on the regard of posterity, the Charter that is dear to the heart of every Frenchman, and that I swear, here and now, to maintain. Let us rally round it! Let us make it our sacred standard! The descendants of Henri IV *will be the first to muster beneath it*. They will be followed by every true Frenchman. Finally, Gentlemen, let the two Chambers concur in giving to the authorities all the power that it is necessary for them to have, and this war, which is a truly national undertaking, will prove by its happy issue what can be done by a great nation that is bound together by its love for its King, and for the fundamental laws of the State."

No one was expecting all this zeal for the law, nor all this fervour for the Charter, of which nothing had been heard for months. The peers and deputies rose as one man, in a transport of enthusiasm, and flinging out their hands towards the throne, cried time after time: *Vive le roi! The King—for life or death!* When silence was restored the Comte d'Artois rose in his turn, and approaching the King, his brother, swore in his own name and in that of his family to be scrupulously faithful to the Charter. The King gave him his hand to kiss, and then drew him into his arms. The two brothers clasped each other in a long embrace, a fraternal demonstration which provoked a renewed outburst of cheering, and a considerable amount of emotion. This was the first time that Monsieur had visited the Assembly of peers and deputies, the first time he had sworn to respect the Charter, which he secretly denounced as a detestable concession to the spirit of the age. This scene, which was doubtless arranged beforehand, produced a great effect. But it was hardly a charm of sufficient power to repel a man who was being welcomed enthusiastically by the army, a man whose name was flying from mouth to mouth as an omen of victories to come, as a safeguard against the overweening arrogance of the nobles.

The Comte d'Artois, who had been in a very uneasy state of mind since his misadventure at Lyons, determined to hold a review of the national guards in Paris, on the following day, and to appeal to their patriotism. He hoped to raise several *legions* of volunteers. The royal family had great faith in Paris, for they knew that a number of young men were giving in their names at

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the Tuileries, and begging to be allowed to fight in defence of the King and the Monarchy. At certain hours there was such a crowd of them that tables were carried into the court, where they all wrote their names and addresses in a register. Moreover, the majority of the students of the Law School,¹ young men who frequented some of the liberal salons, had made profession of their royalist faith by ranging themselves among the defenders of the throne. The costume of these volunteers of the middle-classes was very smart, and included a white plume in the hat, which no doubt partly accounted for all this ardent devotion.

On the day of the review the Comte d'Artois assumed a very martial and resolute air. He gathered round him the colonels of the various *légions*, and asked them how many volunteers would be furnished by the National Guard. One of them, M. Gilbert des Voisins, remained silent during the vociferous demonstrations of his colleagues. He did not hide from the prince that very little would result from the appeal: the enlistments would be few. The cheers for the Bourbons as they passed by in the street were very encouraging, no doubt; but they were no more than superficial effervescence. Was it likely that fathers of families, men established in trade, such men, in short, as composed the existing National Guard, would sacrifice themselves for a cause whose claims upon their gratitude they had not had time to realise in the course of a few months? Enlistment as a volunteer meant ruin and perhaps death—and in exchange for what? The prince turned his back upon the prophet of evil, who was perfectly right, for it was only with difficulty that two companies of volunteers were raised from the National Guard.

During these closing days of the Monarchy the palace was as constantly besieged as it had been at the beginning of the Restoration, by everyone who was in a hurry to satisfy some last unfulfilled ambition, to secure some long-solicited post; importunate mendicants who offered nothing but words, the price of which they insisted on taking away with them. Generals, councillors of state, judges, prefects, elbowed one another in troops upon the stairs of the Pavillon de Flore. On their faces one obsessing thought was printed: Would they arrive in time? The generals were there in force, each with his own plan for defeating the enemy. The ministers, too, were there at all hours, disappearing into the Comte de Blacas' room, and emerging disappointed.

¹ See Edmond Biré's edition of Chateaubriand's *Mémoires*, Vol. III., p. 482.

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They asked for some resolution, some act, that should relieve the depressing state of anxiety in which they were sunk. Each of them placed "his life and fortune at the King's disposal"; but no one wished, and indeed no one intended, to be taken at his word.

The greatest firebrands among the royalists suggested instituting a Reign of Terror against the Jacobins and Bonapartists. D'André had been replaced as Director of Police by Bourrienne, who was known to be Bonaparte's enemy; but this appointment did not suffice them, although Bourrienne had in his possession a list of suspicious persons who were to be arrested. Of these the first was Fouché, who had refused the directorship of police, a post he had formerly desired greatly; and this refusal showed him to be a member of the league which was known to be hatching a conspiracy, and had been betrayed by Barras, the converted royalist. After Fouché's name came those of Joseph Thurot, Lecomte (who had all Fouché's characteristics), Gaillard (a judge of the royal court), Hinguerlot, Norvins, Bouvier-Dumolard, Duviquet, Patris, Sieyès, Pierre-Pierre, Arnault, Davout, Rovigo, Réal, Bassano, La Valette, Flahaut, and Excelmans. Fouché's name and Davout's were marked with an asterisk. They were important. When the police-inspector arrived at Fouché's house to arrest the ex-Jacobin he was received with perfect self-possession by that indefatigable conspirator, who examined the sinister document very carefully, and observed that, as it lacked a certain essential formula, he would retire to his study and write a formal protest. He then locked the door behind him, hurried down into his garden by a secret staircase, placed a ladder against a wall, and disappeared into a neighbouring garden.

These rigorous measures were accompanied by a complete disorganisation of the Institute. In the midst of all the agitation, and all the danger that threatened the Monarchy, the King and his ministers found time to wreak a paltry vengeance on men of letters. At a time when every influential person, every man who still held or ever had held a distinguished position in society, should have been treated with marked consideration, the papers announced that the fourth class of the Fine Arts was suppressed; that Prince Lucien Bonaparte, Cambacérès, Garat, Cardinal Maury, Merlin, Rœderer, and Sieyès were expelled from the Académie Française and replaced by the Bishop of Alais, the Duc de Lévis, the Duc de Richelieu, and MM. de Bonald, de Choiseul-Gouffier, Ferrand, and Lally-Tollendal; that the names of Napoleon,

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Monge, Guyton de Morvaux, and Carnot were erased from the list of members of the Académie des Sciences; and that Joseph Bonaparte, Lakanal, and Grégoire had ceased to be members of the Académie des Inscriptions. These were the last sparks from the dying fire. The Monarchy's death-agony had begun. It had but a few more days to live.

In the salons of the Tuileries the circles of the Court officials were equally agitated. Excitement reigned supreme. Great ladies gathered round them groups of bodyguards, and officers of the National Guard, and their own relations and friends, and carried on stormy, frenzied, distracted discussions on the best means of safeguarding the King's person and preserving the Monarchy from an irremediable fall. They reproached the young men who came to see them, for not having enrolled themselves as volunteers, and threatened to forbid them the house unless they did so. They preached this new crusade as enthusiastically as the ladies had once preached the Emigration. They were indignant with the Duchesse de Duras, whose attendance at the Tuileries was less frequent than before, and were bold enough to say she deserved a whipping. The violence of their language, feelings, and manners recalled the scenes that took place at the time of the Allies' entry into Paris. D'André was accused of neglecting to arrest certain individuals of whose compromising words and actions they had informed him. These self-constituted spies observed everything, listened to everything, reported everything. Uncertainty, and agitation, and noise reigned everywhere, without any result whatever.

"Everyone," says Chateaubriand in his *Mémoires* (Vol. III.), "was inquiring what was to be done. No one answered. The Captain of the Guard was appealed to; the chaplains, precentors, and almoners were questioned. No result. Fruitless discussion, ineffectual gossip—that was all. I have seen young men weeping with rage, and demanding orders and arms in vain. I have seen women fainting from anger and contempt. To reach the King was impossible: etiquette closed the door." The reason of this was that the Comte de Blacas, the favourite, refused until the eve of the flight to believe that peril was imminent. Moreover he did not wish to agitate Louis XVIII. He persuaded him that there was no cause for alarm; that Clarke, the Minister of War, was on the alert; that the Duc de Berry's army would remain faithful. And had not General Dessoles and Marshal Marmont declared

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that, if they were allowed the free control of their actions, Paris would never fall into Bonaparte's hands? Dessoles was confident of the energy and devotion of the Parisian militia; and the marshal, who had arrived in all haste from his place at Chatillon, offered to convert the Tuileries into an intrenched camp, within which the King would become the life and soul of the defence. "We are passing through the crisis of a fever," said the marshal. "We must let it pass. A few days' resistance will give the generals and troops time to recover themselves, and will enable the princes to muster the numerous volunteers, and the national guards of the departments, and lead them to his Majesty's defence." De Vitrolles was more discerning, and thought otherwise. He advised Louis XVIII to leave Paris and take refuge at La Rochelle in La Vendée, which was more royalist in feeling than any other part of France, and was near Gascony, where the Duc d'Angoulême's presence was keeping the people faithful to the King. And supposing the Monarchy were still in danger in spite of all that could be done, the open sea was at hand, and the King might cross to England again. No one listened to this reasonable advice. The Comte de Blacas rejected it in these terms, according to Vaulabelle. "I do not believe in the efficacy of any military measures. Our only resources are moral: we must rely entirely on the force that the King derives from his undoubted rights and his own virtues. My advice, supposing Napoleon were to succeed in approaching Paris, would be that the King should drive out in an open carriage, accompanied by the members of the Chamber of Deputies and the Chamber of Peers, *all on horseback*, some on each side of the carriage, and that he should await, with this retinue, the arrival of the usurper and his troops. The sight of the King, thus escorted, would stop even the most audacious. Who would dare to pass?" Amid so much conflicting advice the King, according to his usual habit, remained in a state of weak and cowardly indecision, hiding as best he could the longing that possessed him to leave Paris on his enemy's approach. Some of the courtiers had already sent their families into the provinces; while they themselves, less undecided than the King, secretly prepared for flight and furnished themselves with funds. Thanks to de Vitrolles the crown diamonds, and drafts to the value of fourteen million francs, had been despatched to London.¹

¹ The value of the diamonds amounted to 13,834,046 frs., the regent alone being worth 6,000,000. The Intendant of the Treasure of the Civil List had been

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Louis XVIII's life, to all appearances, remained unchanged. On the 19th March, the day of his departure, the *maître d'hôtel* gave a large dinner at the Tuileries to the Spanish ambassador, an entertainment which was known in Court language as a *traitement*; and the King had invited all the members of the diplomatic corps to a large evening-party on the 21st. De Blacas continued to delude his master with deceptive arguments; quoting Clarke's reassuring words to the bodyguard, whom he had advised to take off the boots they had worn for a week.¹ The favourite was as ingenious as the King in finding reasons for being confident. He never reasoned; he never looked at both sides of the question. To him the King was a sacred being, whom the "usurper" would not dare to approach. He always saw "moral obstacles" to the fall of the dynasty. As was said to him by Fouché, whose opinion he had asked, he was guided by sentiment alone, whereas the only wisdom lay in the consideration of the facts. Having spent his life among *émigrés*, in a cloud of incense, with a chorus of flattery always in his ears, he had no conception of the power of the great leader, nor of his energy and prestige. De Blacas believed in the divine right of kings, and his eyes were not opened during this first reign of the restored Bourbons.²

But when, on the 18th March, one blow succeeded another, when he learned of the insubordination of the regiments sent against the Emperor, of Ney's submission to Napoleon's message, of the irresistible influence of the Conqueror of Europe in every province through which he passed; when the couriers brought him the news of Labédoyère's defection, and the submission of the mayors and prefects to their former sovereign; when he heard how the roads were crowded with peasants awaiting the passing of the conqueror, he was overwhelmed with panic. He no longer hesitated

dispossessed of them by an ordinance of the 13th March, countersigned by de Blacas.

(The "regent" was the diamond known in England as the Pitt Diamond. It was sold by Thomas Pitt to the Regent Orleans. *Translator*.)

¹ "Gentlemen, for the last week you have had no sleep. Now you can take off your boots. I shall sleep to-night as peacefully as I did three months ago. I arrived a week too late; but now everything is set right. The staffs, which were not organised, are now complete. The officers answer for their regiments. General Marchand has taken possession of the country in Bonaparte's rear, and has returned to Grenoble, where he has recovered all the artillery left by the latter."

² See the *Mémoires* of Hyde de Neuville, Vol. II., p. 84, with regard to Fouché's interviews with the King and the Comte d'Artois. "... He (Fouché) was the kind of man who serves a government, not so much in order to support it, as with a view to being necessary to it when it falls before a new power."

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to warn the King,¹ and he sent away his own family. Suddenly all the houses in the Faubourg Saint-Germain were closed. The towns of Normandy were crossed by files of berlines, staggering under their load of trunks and passengers. The posting-houses were besieged, and as time passed the means of transport became more difficult to obtain. Hyde de Neuville relates in his memoirs how, when he, like the rest, wished to fly before the tyrant, his only possible method of leaving Paris was to hire a hackney-carriage to take him to Saint-Germain, and thence to Pontoise, whence he reached Beauvais. "My driver," he says, "had a very broad pair of shoulders, but was none the braver for that. The byroads were crowded with fugitives; the high-roads with troops on their way to Paris; the people everywhere were silent; uneasy curiosity was the only feeling they showed. . . Night was falling just as I reached Pontoise. An immense stream of fugitives, pedestrians, and riders blocked the streets. Some were seeking shelter, others a vehicle of some kind."²

The upper strata of society were in a state of distraction from which the labouring classes were altogether free. The faubourgs of Paris remained unmoved. The workshops echoed as usual with the songs of the workmen, who laughed among themselves over the "fine trick" that the Emperor was going to play upon the whole of "the gilded set." The housekeepers occupied themselves with their customary marketing. The news of the

¹ Fauche-Borel tells this anecdote in his memoirs, ". . . At about 11 o'clock at night I met the Comte de Saint-Didier. 'You absolutely must help me,' he said, 'to obtain access to the King this instant, for I have matters of the highest importance to communicate to his Majesty.' . . . We went to M. Hue, who was just going to bed. 'I cannot go into the King's room without waking him,' he said to us. 'Go to M. de Blacas.' We were admitted to the count's room and informed him that Bonaparte was going to enter the capital. 'Tell me what you know about it,' said M. de Blacas. M. de Saint-Didier replied that the lancers who were advancing by order of the King were, everywhere along the road, showing the tricoloured cockades that they wore hidden beneath white ones; and that several of them, when he gave them breakfast in the country, had confirmed the news of Bonaparte's arrival. M. de Blacas regarded us as visionaries, and addressing himself especially to me, said mockingly: 'And do you really think, my good Fauche, that Bonaparte will be mad enough to come to Paris to be cut to pieces?' I went sorrowfully away."

² Chateaubriand in his *Mémoires* (Vol. III., p. 491) describes the demoralised state of Paris and its neighbourhood at this time. "It was obvious," he says, "that flight was meditated: in the fear of being detained they did not even warn those who, like myself, would have been shot an hour after Napoleon's arrival in Paris. . . . I had just gone to bed when M. Clausel de Coussergues came in. He told us his Majesty had gone, and was on his way to Lille. Mme. de Chateaubriand pushed me into her carriage on the 20th March, at 4 o'clock in the morning. I was in such a rage that I did not know where I was going, nor what I was doing. . . ."

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Emperor's return to Paris seemed so extraordinary that many people considered it incredible: it provoked laughter and jesting among the working classes, rather than enthusiasm. They were waiting to see what would happen.

Meanwhile the royalist journals were as mendacious and as insulting to Napoleon as ever.¹ They argued and discoursed on the impossibility of his return; and on the 19th March the *Journal des Débats* published the famous philippic of Benjamin Constant,² an insulting attack on the despot whom, a few days later, he was worshipping and even serving. But, after all, this was the course adopted by all the men who had been the Emperor's most irreconcilable enemies at the time of the Restoration. They were the first to return to him; and were followed by the most ardent royalists, such as Ferrand, who was the first to beg La Valette for a safe-conduct, with the object of seeking, not the King, but peace and safety on his estate in L'Orléanais.

X

The King, when his favourite had revealed to him the state of affairs, instantly resigned himself to renewed expatriation, and agreed to follow the advice of De Blacas and Clarke. The latter persuaded him to go first to Lille, where the garrison, though numerous, was not disaffected and seemed inclined to be firm in its royalist faith. Lille was near the frontier, and not far from the ports of the Channel; it would be easy, therefore, to escape thence if pursued by Bonaparte. The scheme was kept secret; and

¹ There were caricatures, too. Napoleon's head and shoulders were depicted, with the face composed of the skeletons of the Grand Army. . . . (Lamotte-Langon, Vol. III., p. 17). On the other hand there was one that represented him as an eagle flying into the Tuileries through the window, and chasing a flock of geese out of the palace.

² See *Mémoires* of de Barante, Vol. II., p. 127. . . . The article in question ended thus: "The King will give us constitutional liberty, security, peace; Bonaparte will give us slavery, anarchy, war: who can hesitate between them? . . . If your ministers have made many mistakes, you have been noble, good, and full of feeling: fewer tears have been shed in a year of your reign than in a single day of the reign of Bonaparte. Yet he has reappeared on the confines of our country; he has reappeared—the man stained with our blood and only the other day cursed by us all with one voice. He appears; he threatens: and not all our vows can hold us back, not all your trust in us can touch us, not all your years can win our respect. You thought to find a nation, and you only found a troop of slaves. . . . I refuse to crawl from one government to another like a miserable turncoat, to hide infamy beneath sophistry, or stammer desecrated words to win for myself a life of shame."

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though it was impossible to hide the truth entirely from the frequenters of the palace, who were aware of the unusual activity among the valets as they packed the King's trunks, yet whatever their suspicions might be there was no certainty on the subject. Even on the very day of departure, though the King's intentions were discussed, nothing was known officially : not even whether the flight would take place by day or by night, nor whether it would be in a few hours' time or not till several days had passed. It was only at nine o'clock in the evening, when the Prince de Poix, the captain of the guard, came to obtain the pass-word, that the departure was announced for midnight. As the only energetic and resolute royalist of them all, de Vitrolles, had been heard to whisper, no sunshine was needed to expose the disgrace of that flight. De Vitrolles himself, armed with plenary powers by the King, repaired to Toulouse, with a view to rousing the royalist provinces to oppose Napoleon's new usurpation. The Duc de Bourbon was in La Vendée; the Duc d'Orléans had been at Lille since his return from Lyons; Monsieur and his son the Duc de Berry were to follow the King. The Duc d'Angoulême was in command of an army in the south, and hoped to recover the towns that had gone over to the Emperor. The duchess was endeavouring to keep Bordeaux.

At midnight the national guards in the reserve guard-house of the Tuileries heard the sound of approaching carriage wheels. One of the carriages—it was the King's, as was easily seen by its low, wide seat—drew up besides the entrance steps of the Pavillon de Flore. The men in the guard-house had come out when they heard the carriages, and were standing together, staring silently at the great doorway, waiting and watching. The least sound within drew all their eyes to the same point—the door through which the old monarch was expected at any moment to appear. Without, the gale was blowing fiercely, and the cold rain beating heavily upon the paving-stones of the court. At last the folding doors were flung open, and Louis XVIII came out, supported by the Comte de Blacas and the Duc de Duras.

He walked slowly and with difficulty, and, being dressed in his warmest clothes, looked like some convalescent leaving a hospital to return to his own home. A servant carrying two large candlesticks preceded the royal group. The flames flickered in the high wind, and several were blown out. It was a melancholy

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scene. The national guards were so deeply moved by the sight that they flung themselves on their knees at the King's feet, and gave affectionate expression to their respect and grief. The King, notwithstanding his coldheartedness and egotism, was touched by these signs of sympathy, though still more touched by his own misfortunes. "My children," he said, "in mercy spare me; I need all my strength; I shall see you again soon. . . Return to your homes. . . My friends, I am touched by your attachment." Surrounded as he was¹ he reached his carriage with difficulty, and, as soon as he and the favourite were seated, the door was closed and the coachman whipped up his horses vigorously. The carriage rolled away, and was soon speeding, with all possible haste, upon the road to the north.

A post-chaise took Monsieur in the same direction. The Duc de Berry and Marshal Marmont rode off to the Champ de Mars, where the King's military household had assembled before starting for Beauvais. According to Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld it comprised four thousand men. La Rochefoucauld's grenadiers formed the advance-guard, and the black musketeers the rearguard. They crossed the Pont d'Iéna, and marching through the town by way of the Allée des Veuves and the Champs-Élysées, took the road to Saint-Denis.

After the King's departure the gates of the Tuileries were closed. The rest of the night passed in the most profound silence. The palace, with all its windows dark, was a melancholy sight. Paris was unaware of the King's flight, and of that of the ministers, who had decamped with equal haste, having first provided themselves, according to some memoirs, with a sum of a hundred thousand francs. They had deserted their official rooms and all the papers they contained, including the most important documents. Baron Louis left a considerable number of millions in the coffers of the Ministry of Finance; and de Jaucourt left the

¹ De Jaucourt to Talleyrand: "I was at hand when the King passed by, near the door that leads out of his rooms. He whispered to me: 'Let my ministers know I am going to Lille, and wish them to come there. Tell the ambassadors I shall be charmed to see them at Lille, but they are quite at liberty, if they prefer it, to return to their respective Courts.'" De Jaucourt then hastened to the Marquis Alfieri. The ambassadors had wearied of waiting, and were gone. He then repaired to the Ministry for Foreign Affairs; and, he adds, "I wrote the circular letter, and made poor Mornard, my only comrade through this sad night, set to work writing, while Rinhard was burning and sorting papers, and I was occupied at my desk." At 5 o'clock the letters went off; at 6 I was driving away after the King, having only had one hour to see to my own affairs, which are none the better for it."

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copies of some secret official documents that had been sent from Vienna by Talleyrand.

All the Bourbons, like the King, took the road to the north. The Prince de Condé arrived at Lille at the same time as Chateaubriand. The illustrious writer says : "The Duc d'Orléans came close upon the heels of the Prince de Condé. In spite of his ostensible dissatisfaction, he was glad at heart to be out of the fray : the ambiguity of his declaration and his conduct was extremely characteristic of him. As for the old Prince de Condé, it was only in exile that he was truly at home. He was not in the least afraid of M. de Bonaparte ; he would fight if he were asked ; he would take his departure if he were asked ; matters were slightly mixed in his brain. He was not quite sure whether he were going to stop at Rocroy to give battle, or going to dine at the Grand Cerf. He struck his tent several hours before us, charging me to recommend the coffee at the inn to those of his house whom he had left behind him. He forgot that I had resigned on the death of his grandson ; he only felt that the glory of his name had increased ; a fact that might well be owing to some Condé whom he did not remember."¹

The *Moniteur*, on the following day, published a proclamation to the Parisians, written by the King. It was different from all its predecessors. The tone of it was almost tearful ; it expressed the deepest discouragement, it begged for pity. Louis XVIII assured the Parisians, however, that he would return to them, to restore their "peace and happiness." He closed by declaring the session of the Chamber of Deputies and Chamber of Peers at an end until they should meet, at an early date, at the provisional seat of government. And on the 21st March the same paper, after giving all Napoleon's proclamations, published the decrees dated from Lyons on the 13th March : "All the changes effected in the judicial tribunals after the abdication at Fontainebleau were annulled ; all emigrated officers were dismissed from the army ; the white cockade, the decoration of the *Lys*, and the orders of St. Louis, the Holy Ghost, and St. Michael were abolished ; the tri-coloured cockade and flag were restored, and the latter was to be

¹ The King's flight was so precipitate that he had no time to take away his private papers, nor a quantity of documents that would have seriously compromised a number of people if the Emperor had not definitely declared his intention of *knowing nothing* that had passed during the preceding ten months. Several people who slept in the palace were unaware of the King's departure till the following day.

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hoisted again on the town-halls and village churches ; the imperial guard was to have all its honours and functions restored to it, while the Swiss guard was to be removed to a distance of forty leagues from Paris and all the imperial palaces ; the King's household troops were to be disbanded, and their horses and equipment placed at the disposal of the State ; the estates of the Bourbons were to be sequestered, national property restored, the nobility abolished, and the laws of the constituent Assembly put in force against them ; feudal titles were declared extinct ; all *émigrés* who were not included in previous amnesties were to leave France within a fortnight ; all the changes that had been made in the Legion of Honour were declared null and void, and the order was replaced upon its former footing ; the peers were suppressed, the Chamber of Deputies was also abolished, and all members who had arrived in Paris since the 7th March were ordered to return home ; and the electoral assemblies were convoked for the following May. Finally, the *Moniteur* was to keep its position as the official organ of the Empire, and was placed under the supervision of the Duc de Bassano."

There was nothing dilatory about Napoleon.

It was not until ten o'clock in the morning that Paris heard, on the 20th March, of the flight of the King and his courtiers. The closed gates, the silent palace, the deserted courts, were in themselves a sufficient sign that the Bourbons had abandoned their dwelling. The crowd gathered round the gates, questioning the national guards of the outer guardhouse and demanding the surrender of the palace, that the people might take possession of it in the Emperor's name. The national guards made no answer to these demands, and even checked the enterprise of certain youths who had clambered to the top of the gates and were meditating a descent into the courtyard. Quarrelling soon began ; insults were exchanged, and were on the point of being followed by violence when new sounds arose—the distant tramping of troops, and cries, and beating drums—and calmed the rising irritation. These sounds came from a portion of the troops who had mutinied against the Duc de Berry, and had left Villejuif to join the Emperor's supporters. General Excelmans' intention had been to incite the troops in the camp to mutiny, but as he was on his way to Villejuif in the morning he met them ; whereupon he took command of them and returned to Paris at their head. When he reached the Tuileries the tumultuous crowd and the

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defiant national guards yielded to the orders of the general, who commanded the gates to be opened and took possession of the palace in the Emperor's name. The white standard of the Bourbons was hauled down; and the tricoloured flag, hoisted in its place above the Pavillon de l'Horloge, announced to the Parisians that the Emperor was expected at the Tuileries.

At the office of the Postmaster-General a different kind of scene was being enacted between M. Ferrand and the Comte de la Valette, his predecessor under the Empire. M. Ferrand was unaware, on the morning of the 20th March, of the King's departure during the night. He only learnt of it at the moment of the ex-Postmaster's visit, and imagined, on seeing him at so early an hour, that La Valette had come to take his place. He was mistaken; the count had merely come for the latest news; he had no other object. But the incredulous Ferrand was absolutely determined to yield his post to him. Finding that the other ministers had deserted him, that the King had fled, and that the Court had broken up and dispersed, he feared for his personal safety and only wished to fly like his colleagues. Being bereft of his authority he regarded himself as having retired, and appealing to his predecessor begged for a safe-conduct, to authorise him to demand horses at the posting houses, so that he might find an asylum on his property in Orléanais, where he meant to hide himself. As for the King, Ferrand showed no desire to join him. The coward thought of no one but himself. Now La Valette had no right to substitute himself for this royalist official, and pointed out that fact. His signature for the moment was of less value than Ferrand's. The latter, however, insisted, for he thought himself lost; and his family, his wife and daughters, joined their entreaties to his so effectually that the harassed man yielded, and signed his name to the paper that the royalist desired. He was signing his death-warrant. But as soon as Ferrand was gone the new Postmaster-General gave all his thoughts to Napoleon, and to the imperial cause that he meant to serve with the sincerest devotion. He stopped the despatch into the provinces of the *Moniteur* that contained Louis XVIII's last proclamation and all the official announcements of the fallen Government; and sent off numerous couriers to the Emperor at Fontainebleau, informing him of the events of the previous day and of the morning, the flight of the King and his Court. The Tuileries were empty; they were ready for the Emperor.

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The last signs of life in the dying monarchy occurred in La Vendée and the southern provinces, under the auspices of the Duc de Bourbon, the Baron de Vitrolles, and the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême. As soon as the Duc de Bourbon arrived at Angers on the 14th March, he was surrounded by all the surviving leaders in the great Vendéen wars; the Comte de la Rosière, and MM. Suzannet, de Sapineau, and August de la Rochejacquelein. But as the news from Paris became more alarming the enthusiasm of both leaders and people, which had at first been very fervent, began to decrease. No one dared to give the signal of revolt. The Duc de Bourbon soon perceived that his efforts would be in vain and the struggle hopeless, and that though a civil war might be begun, it would come to an end with the first shot, leaving fresh misery and disaster behind it. He yielded to the representations of the colonel of gendarmerie, Noireau, who offered to guarantee a safe retreat for himself and his officers. He accepted forty passports for his officers, but declined all help for himself, being determined to owe nothing to the man who had ordered his son to be shot in the moat at Vincennes. He started off alone, and went from farm to farm to a spot below Nantes, where a boat, sent by the royalists, was awaiting him. A short distance away he found the ship that was to take him to Spain.

Louis XVIII's Government had counted on Marshal Augereau, who was in command of the fourteenth military division, to promote the revolt in the west under the orders of the Duc de Bourbon. Augereau had grossly insulted the Emperor when he met him upon the road to Valence, on his way to the island of Elba; and had written, when announcing the abdication at Fontainebleau: "*the coward did not know how to die!*" When, however, he learnt that the Emperor had returned to the Tuileries, he hastened, in the hope of winning forgiveness for his offences, to post a placard at the headquarters of the division, bearing the following proclamation to the men under his command: "The Emperor is in the capital! The name that so long was a pledge of victory has sufficed to scatter all his enemies before him. There was a moment when fortune was faithless to him; and we vowed then to defend other rights than his. His rights are indefeasible. Soldiers, during his absence your eyes sought in vain, upon your white flags, for the marks of honourable deeds. Cast your eyes upon the Emperor! Beside him are displayed, in renewed splendour, his immortal eagles. Let us rally beneath their wings,

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for they, and they alone, will lead to honour and victory. Let us therefore wear the colours of the nation!"

Need we be surprised? Benjamin Constant, Soult, Ney, and a host of others acted with equal cynicism and shamelessness. During the first few days after his return to the Tuileries Napoleon received, simultaneously, letters from various individuals to Louis XVIII in which he, Napoleon, was violently insulted, and letters, with the same signatures, addressed to himself, in which Louis XVIII, after an interval of two days, was equally maltreated. When his secretary showed him these letters side by side, he shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, and answered: "*Such are men!*"

The Baron de Vitrolles had determined to establish a royalist government at Toulouse, where he arrived on the 28th March; but in spite of his energy and spirit and faith he was only able to remain there for a few days, barely a week, until the 4th April. Everything that it was possible to do he had done; he had put himself in communication with the prefects of twenty-seven departments; had established a *Moniteur* to be his official organ; had appealed everywhere for volunteers to fight the King's battles; and, when four thousand had offered themselves, he had sent them to Albi. He then appointed as his Minister of War the old Marshal de Pérignon, who only accepted the office in order to invest the measures he was meditating with the glamour of his past fame. Being in want of money, de Vitrolles sent an order to the receiver-general of Albi to pay the expenses incurred for the volunteers. The man refused, and de Vitrolles was about to have him arrested—and shot, no doubt, for he said he must make an example—when he himself was arrested on the strength of an order brought from Paris by General Chartran, and was taken to Vincennes. With him was one of the Duc d'Angoulême's aides-de-camp, the old Comte de Damas-Crux; but that gentleman's talents being considered too slight to be dangerous, he was set at liberty. Such was the end of the mock-government of de Vitrolles. He had not taken into consideration the inertia of men who had nothing but the public weal to defend.

The Duchesse d'Angoulême's efforts at Bordeaux were no more successful. She and her husband the duke had arrived there on the 5th March, after passing through all the great towns of Central France—Châteauroux, Limoges, Périgueux—amid a passionately enthusiastic crowd, beneath triumphal arches orna-

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mented with *oriflammes* and garlands of foliage. At Bordeaux their carriage had been drawn through the streets by white-robed girls, while others flung flowers before them as though they were a religious procession. Everywhere there were demonstrations of royalist ardour that quite intoxicated the princely couple; and on the 9th March there was a great fête at Bordeaux, ending with a ball, at which not only the duke, but the duchess, appeared with a beaming countenance. As soon as the entertainment was over, however, the duke drove off in a post-chaise on the road to Nîmes, to assume command of the army that was intended to prevent Napoleon's advance. For on the previous day a courier from Paris had brought the news—hitherto kept secret—of the landing of the “usurper.” The duchess was left alone. “You must keep all the departments along the coast true to the King,” she said to her husband; “I will undertake Bordeaux and the departments round it.” She felt herself energetic enough and brave enough to rouse all the inhabitants of the loyal towns and villages of Gascony; and when Napoleon heard what she had done he could not help saying that *she was the only man in her family*. The princess's hopes, however, quickly yielded to disillusionment.

For news came from Paris to Bordeaux; the news of the Emperor's unopposed march across the eastern provinces; the defection of the troops and their generals, who instead of fighting Napoleon fell into rank behind him; his arrival at the Tuileries, and the prompt formation of his government. The partisans of the Empire awoke from their torpor, and the regiments of the garrison wavered—like others elsewhere—and became less submissive and less firm in their royalist allegiance. The duchess, in spite of all her efforts, in spite of all the nights she passed in writing despatches and reading reports from the neighbouring towns, was conscious that the enthusiastic frenzy of the preceding days was losing some of its warmth. She thought that by holding a review, and addressing the officers eloquently and earnestly, and reminding them of their oaths, she would recover her influence with the troops, who were already almost hostile to the Monarchy of the Bourbons. The troops preserved absolute silence: not a cheer was raised in her honour. General Clausel had come from the Emperor to Saint-André de Cubzac, where he was preparing to enter Bordeaux; and it was he whom the troops now wished to obey rather than the princess, whose beauty and grace they could not admire—since she had none—and whose narrow bigotry and

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offensive prejudice in favour of the nobles were all they knew of her. In her uncertainty as to the good faith of the regiments at Bordeaux she appealed to the National Guard, and to the volunteers who had rallied round her on the approach of the Emperor's representative. She sent these volunteers to defend the bridge and little town of Cubzac; but they were repulsed by the first shot that was fired, and returned in disorder. To fight soldiers she needed soldiers. She visited the barracks and harangued the officers. She was met by silence, or by the announcement that they would not fight their comrades; that to do so would be civil war, to which they would never consent. In her chagrin she adopted a tone of aggression and insult, called the soldiers *rebels*, and told them they were not Frenchmen. In her eyes, as in those of all the Bourbons, a Frenchman was simply a man who recognised their authority and was willing to sacrifice himself in its defence. Those who worked, and suffered, and thought, should only do so for the monarch and his family. For one moment she broke down, when she realised that no efforts of hers could be of any avail; but it was her own fate that moved her, not the fate of the country she professed to love. "Ah God!" she cried, "it is cruelly hard, after twenty years of exile and sorrow, to leave one's country again!" No doubt it was hard; but why had she neglected to win the nation's love? Being completely disillusionised, and realising that she could count on no one and that the National Guard's enthusiasm would yield to the first serious attack of the imperial troops, she made up her mind to leave the country; and on the 2nd April sailed from Pauillac for Plymouth on board the *Wanderer*, an English sloop.¹ She was accompanied by Count Lynch, the mayor of Bordeaux, who had betrayed the Emperor a year earlier.

Throughout these days of defiance the duchess's efforts had been seconded by the counsels and proclamations of Lainé, the president of the dissolved Chamber of Deputies. On the 28th March he published a declaration, in his capacity of president, forbidding tax-payers to pay their taxes to Napoleon, and enjoining upon the young men to disregard the recruiting and conscription laws. This protest, he said, was to be placed *among the archives*,

¹ Baruel-Beauvert, Vol. II., p. 23: "Some of the people of Bordeaux begged the duchess to give them tokens of the regard with which she honoured them. With tears in her eyes she gave them her gloves, her shawl, and the feathers from her hat. The Bordelais folk divided these tokens of confidence between them."

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that it might be *safe from the grip of the tyrant*. Meanwhile the tyrant in question allowed him to enjoy his leisure in peace, in the seclusion of his little country-house near Bordeaux.

The Duc d'Angoulême, in the south, was as powerless as the duchess. He had removed the generals whose zeal seemed doubtful to him; he had replaced them by his friends, his aides-de-camp and gentlemen-in-waiting; he had gathered a large number of volunteers round him, and moved several regiments to reinforce his army. None the less he was defeated, and surrounded, and forced to capitulate. Napoleon could have held him prisoner. But here again he showed more magnanimity than the princes. Though they had given orders that he should be tracked down like a wild beast, though they considered him a mere usurper, though they never referred to him except as *that man*, yet he did not retaliate. He allowed the Duc d'Angoulême to remain at liberty: the prince who was so little of a patriot that he summoned to his defence the troops of his cousin, the King of Spain;¹ and so half-hearted a Frenchman that he was on the point of selling Toulon to the English, to procure some money.² Napoleon, on the other hand, charged Comte Grouchy to protect the Duc d'Angoulême and send him in safety to Cette, whence he would set sail to Spain. "You must be sure, however," he added, "to recover from him the funds that were taken from the public coffers, and to ask the prince to guarantee the restitution of the crown diamonds, which are the property of the nation."

In this matter, as in every other, the Bourbons were governed by the spirit of the Emigration.

D'Allonville, criticising the Monarchy after it had had a year's practice, wrote as follows: "The Monarchy at this moment stands alone; it has no hold upon the landed interest, which is too much divided; it has no help resembling the abolished corporations, which always supported the throne. The princes are not beloved, but ridiculed. The Duchesse d'Angoulême is never referred to

¹ Letter from the Duc d'Angoulême to the King of Spain. (*Moniteur* of April 8, 1815).

² The Duc d'Angoulême, who had already taken three regiments away from me, also wanted those that were at Toulon, and told me through M. de Rivière that it was his intention to put the harbour into the hands of the English, who would in return furnish the King of France with money. In this difficult situation I determined, after putting Antibes into a state of siege so as to remove it from the authority of the prefect of Var, to repair to Toulon, in order to preserve that town and its shipping for your Majesty.

Report of Marshal Messéna to the Emperor.

Moniteur of April 19th.

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except by the nickname of Madame La *Rancune*; and the Comte d'Artois is called the *ci-devant young man*. The courtiers who are so proud of their own restoration are distinguished for nothing but their rapacious greed for every kind of office, and for gold. They are a mere drawing-room rabble," he added; "more polished, but less truthful than the rabble of the streets; less coarse, but more ignoble." The dream of the royal courts of justice was to become sovereign Parlements again; and their jurisprudence would have won the approval of Louis XI and Henry VIII. The clergy, the only hierarchical corporation still in existence, were worthy of respect as far as their way of living was concerned, but did themselves harm by their intrigues and their ranting. Secret societies multiplied, because they gave occupation to fools, who are always more numerous than the wise. The administration was costly and extortionate. Parisian society regarded the officers in the higher grades of the army as monsters, and the ministers heaped mortifications upon them. This undeserved contempt embittered them against the princes. The national guards that were so universally created preached democratic doctrines, even in drawing-rooms, where their officers were received, and brought the habits and language of counter-jumpers into a society of metaphysicians, and doctrinaires, and political theorists: "headstrong folk," says d'Allonville, "whom no experience can enlighten, who are familiar with books and ignorant of men, who think that the work of the world is done by talking and writing: men who are strong when opposing the weak, and weak when opposing the strong, like Camille Jordan and Royer-Collard." Side by side with these were the bankers and merchants, who considered themselves the soul of the State, though all their thoughts were concerned with money-making, and called themselves patriots, "though really their interests made them the merest cosmopolitans."

CHAPTER VII

THE FLIGHT OF THE KING

LOUIS XVIII fled through the night. The sky was gloomy, the rain beat upon the windows of his carriage, and the stormy darkness added to the sadness and discouragement of the King's thoughts. He was flying, panic-stricken, before the approach of Napoleon. His advisers had been in such a state of indecision on the day before his departure, and all his household so demoralised, that his most intimate correspondence and several objects of value had been left forgotten in his study.¹ Among them was a little table, brought from Hartwell, at which he usually wrote, and with it were the portfolios that held his letters from his relations, from the princess his wife, and the Duchess d'Angoulême. There were letters, too, from certain fair ladies of the Court who were in his good graces, and others containing denunciations from his courtiers.² On the tables were books of hours and various objects

¹ Letter from Jaucourt to Talleyrand, 14th March, 1815. ". . . The servants at Fontainebleau are making the place ready for Bonaparte. . . . M. de Blacas said: 'As you can imagine, this means that there will be a lot of posts to give away.' I said to him: 'Promise them to a hundred different people: it will not compromise you.' I still think Bonaparte will take in M. le Due de Berry, and will get to Paris without fighting. . . ."

² *Mémorial*, by Las Cases, Vol. I., p. 212. "The Emperor glanced at some of these papers. He found some letters from the King to M. d'Avaray. . . . He also found some other very confidential letters from the King, and these too were written with his own hand. . . . but the most absolutely base, lying, and villainous records were those found in the rooms of M. de Blacas. . . . In most of these documents the writers praised themselves at the expense of Napoleon, who was certainly the last person they expected there. . . . Among others was a long letter from one of Princess Pauline's women. This voluminous epistle was very uncomplimentary to the princess and her sisters, and painted *that man* (the Emperor) in the blackest colours. This was not considered enough. A portion of it had been erased, and interlined by another hand, so as to drag Napoleon himself into the matter in the most scandalous way; and in the margin the same hand had written: *This might well be printed*. A few days later, probably, the little pamphlet would have been published."

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of devotion ; on the chimneypiece were busts of his relations at Naples, the Bourbons of Italy. When Napoleon arrived, he sent away the busts and pious books, and spread out his maps and plans of campaign in their place. The other things were burnt. As for Blacas, "the great Blacas, the divine count," as de Jaucourt called him, he contrived to save the wagons that he had filled with his medals, his cameos, his pictures, and, no doubt, his millions. De Jaucourt informed Talleyrand of the fact, with all the more bitterness that he himself had saved nothing ; for all his possessions in France were sequestered by the Emperor, and he was only able to carry off 50,000 francs in cash, which, for the time being, formed his whole fortune.

In spite of all the efforts of his postillions and the great speed at which he travelled, it was five o'clock in the evening before the King reached Abbeville, where he intended to stay until he was joined by his household troops. But Marshal Macdonald and Berthier, his travelling companions, pointed out to him that the troops of the surrounding garrisons were not altogether to be relied on, and might cut off his line of retreat to Lille, and that it would be safer to hasten on to the great town of the north, where the prefect, young Siméon, would welcome him enthusiastically. The princes and the household troops, therefore, were instructed to proceed to Lille without pausing at Abbeville. Unfortunately, at Lille, a fresh disappointment awaited Louis XVIII. Marshal Mortier and the Duc d'Orléans, who were in command of the town, declared they could not answer for the behaviour of the troops now that the news of Napoleon's arrival in Paris had reached them. Far from fighting for the King's cause, it was greatly to be feared that they would hold him a prisoner. The marshal advised the King to proceed to Dunkirk, which would be a safer place for the establishment of a royal residence.

To reach Dunkirk it was necessary to cross the frontier into Belgium, where the roads were more practicable. It was everywhere difficult to secure fresh horses, which were scarce ; and at Menin the King waited for more than half an hour before his carriages were ready. An Englishman who happened to be there offered his services as courier, and arranged, at each posting-house, that thirty horses should be placed at Louis XVIII's disposal. Flanders at this time was full of English people, who were hurrying away in the fear that Napoleon's return would mean a renewal of the coercive measures of the Empire against them. The King,

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now that he was on Belgian soil, determined to fly to Brussels; for he heard that his guards had been harassed by some imperial troops, and had only escaped them by taking refuge in Belgium also.¹ It was not without annoyance that Napoleon heard of this last resolution on the part of the King, whom he had caused to be followed very closely in the hope of forcing him to cross the straits. Had he returned to England the event would have seemed like a new emigration, and he would have been forgotten, no doubt, by the sovereigns assembled in Congress at Vienna, where everyone was jealous of the Bourbons.²

The household troops had found the greatest difficulty in supplying themselves with necessaries on their journey. Their arrival was unexpected everywhere, and neither lodging nor food was prepared. Each of them provided for himself as best he could. The King's instructions had diverted them from their intended route; and being, moreover, in a great state of alarm lest they should come into collision with Napoleon's troops, they had ventured into the by-roads, which were sodden with the rain that fell unceasingly. Men, horses, and wagon-wheels sank deeply in the mire, and were only freed with the greatest difficulty.³ Those who had been in the ranks of the Grand Army during its retreat from Russia declared that they had suffered less on that occasion. When at last the best horsemen, and those who were the best

¹ De Reizet's *Mémoires*, Vol. III., p. 125. "During the journey to Lille the King was very calm. Indeed he always avoids emotion, which is very bad for his health. Until now he has always shown, apparently, the most admirable presence of mind in everything. . . . Would anyone believe that amid the general disorder (at Lille) the Prince de Condé, who had joined the King, was sufficiently demented to ask whether his Majesty on the following day, Holy Thursday, would perform the ceremony of washing the feet of twelve poor people, in accordance with the old custom of the Kings of France? The King looked at him without a word, and merely shrugged his shoulders. The poor prince is not always quite clear in his mind. . . . In the general flurry the portmanteau was lost or stolen, and the King was left without shirts or shoes. The whole town was searched for some slippers large enough to relieve the King's tortures from gout. His poor feet can only bear soft shoes of enormous size."

² Letter from Talleyrand to de Jaucourt, writer from Vienna.

³ Lamartine's *Histoire de la Restauration*, Vol. III., p. 339. The historian gives an account of this flight. ". . . . The carriages laden with the young and the old, who were overcome by the unusual fatigues of a long journey; the luxurious state-carriages full of the mothers, wives, and daughters of ministers, generals, and *émigrés*; the wagons and guns that were mingled with these vehicles; the servants and strings of chargers and hunters belonging to the princes, interrupted and broke up and delayed the regular march of the troops at every step. The Comte d'Artois, and his son the Duc de Berry rode beside the troops, exposed to the inclement weather, drenched with rain and covered with mud; and conversed familiarly with the young men of the *noblesse*, all of whom they knew by sight and by name."

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mounted were able to muster at Ypres, there were only a few hundred left of the four thousand that had started from Paris. There, at Ypres, every man was allowed to choose whether he would return to France or follow the Comte d'Artois. Follow him whither? He did not, himself, know the King's destination, nor which town would be chosen for his residence. Most of the troops fell back upon Armentières; and a few days later, on the 27th March, they were disbanded by order of the Emperor.

The greatest sufferers were the volunteers, youths or old men who were not strong enough for the weight of musket and haversack, and were unaccustomed to these painful marches through mud and rain, these sleepless nights spent under hedges, exposed to all the winds of heaven. "I saw," writes the Comte de Baruel-Beauvert,¹ "some of these good, unfortunate servants of the King returning to Paris. They had come back in small bands, by different roads. The Comte de Narp returned as he had started, on foot, with his arms and a haversack on his back. Many of them were obliged to sleep on straw under the hedges, in their wet clothes, and they could secure no food but black bread, cheese, and bad beer."

Meanwhile, on their arrival at Brussels, all the defenders of the Monarchy, both volunteers and cavalry, were received as allies by the inhabitants, by order of the King of the Netherlands, and were billeted upon the town. After a few days of rest Louis XVIII proceeded to Ghent, his appointed residence, and the troops to Alost, where the Duc de Berry was to form a little army of the remnant of all those companies that had lately been so arrogant, so proud of their position as the King's bodyguard, but were now brought very low. Of the marshals who had set out with Louis XVIII none but Berthier had crossed the frontier, and no sooner was he in Belgium than he, too, left the King, to join his father-in-law in Bavaria, whither he was summoned, he said, by urgent business. He was simply repeating his treatment of Napoleon at Fontainebleau. He was incapable of being either false or true to the end.

It was Louis XVIII's firm and unalterable conviction that he owed this sudden catastrophe to the secret action of the Bonapartes. The drawing-room of the Duchesse de Saint-Leu in Paris, he was persuaded, had served as a secret centre for the successful conspirators. Joseph in Switzerland, Elisa in Italy,

¹ *Interregne des Bourbons*, Vol. II., p. 57.

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Murat at Naples, had all plotted against the restored Monarchy; and the sovereigns, urged by Talleyrand, were on the point of obliging Joseph to retire to Austria, when Napoleon appeared at Cannes. It did not occur to the King to blame himself; neither did he blame his servants, ministers, and courtiers for his bad policy, for his failure to keep his word, and for the insults put upon the *bourgeoisie* and people by the *émigrés* and clergy. He blamed the Bonaparte family for everything; and this did but add an additional pang to his fall, which, during these first days of his exile, seemed to him irremediable. As for Talleyrand, he was in despair at having written so many frivolous little notes from Vienna, so many irreverent remarks about the sovereigns, and at having revealed all the secrets of the diplomacy by which he meant to serve the ends of Louis XVIII, whose object was to restore to the Bourbons the territory that the Revolution had taken from them. He despatched numerous urgent letters to de Jaucourt, whom he besought to destroy his correspondence. What would become of him if that correspondence were brought to light? How could he dare to face the Emperor Alexander, whose interests he had injured by forming an alliance between France, England, and Austria, against Russia? ¹ The Czar was already very unfavourably disposed towards the Bourbons. He had hoped to arrange a marriage between his sister and the Duc de Berry. But all the princes had ignored Alexander's amiable hints. The princess in question was not pretty; she came of a royal house that was of too recent an origin and had not always been of sound mind; and finally she professed a schismatical religion. Talleyrand's letters, combined with this thinly-veiled refusal, would be more than enough, he felt, to win for Bonaparte the sympathies of the Russian autocrat. The diplomatist was uneasy. Matters turned out otherwise. Bonaparte was left without allies, and Louis XVIII's minister was skilful enough to keep in favour with the kings.

The exiled monarch wished to live in the Château de Laeken.

¹ This is what Talleyrand wrote from Vienna to de Jaucourt in Paris, on the 27th Feb. 1815. "The Emperor of Russia had formally promised me that we should have his support (in the matter of depriving Murat of Naples). It has come round to me, however, that in his own circle he speaks in a way that is not at all in accord with that promise. . . . Indeed, he makes endless difficulties in everything. When, unfortunately for Europe, Russia meddles in this way in every concern, and takes a tone of authority, and seems inclined to dictate to everyone else, it is really deplorable and scandalous that not a single power except France should dare to object, not even England; which is content to grumble about it."

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The King of the Netherlands refused to consent to this; and the town of Brussels being displeasing to the French King he determined to establish himself at Ghent, where a local magnate, a member of the good old family of d'Hane, de Steenhuyse, offered him his house. The King reached Ghent on the 30th March, 1815, at five o'clock in the evening. The Comte d'Artois and the Duc de Berry had arrived two days before him, and were awaiting his entry into the town. He was dressed in his usual regal attire, and was seated in a state carriage drawn by six horses. The burgomaster, Comte Philippe de Lens, accompanied by one of his deputies, made him a complimentary address at the Porte de Bruges. The royal carriage was escorted by Belgian and Hanoverian soldiers; and the Ducs de Raguse and Bellune, who had just arrived from Paris and were the only marshals that had emigrated, followed the carriage on horseback.¹ In the other carriages were the Comte de Blacas, the gentlemen-of-the-chambers, the captains of the guard, and some of the officers of the military household. The people of Ghent, flattered by the King's preference of their town, welcomed him warmly, and their enthusiasm was shared by some French refugees from Paris, among whom was observed the younger Lacretelle, the historian.

It was not the first time that a prince had chosen the Hôtel d'Hane for his dwelling. Others had taken refuge there. The owner was of sufficiently good birth to make it possible for a Bourbon to accept his hospitality without loss of dignity. The house of d'Hane was connected with the Montmorency family; and their name had figured in the municipal registers since the fifteenth century. As for the kindly host of the King of France he was Chamberlain to the King of the Netherlands and Intendant of East Flanders.

The house was in the Rue des Champs, in the heart of the town. Without having any air of feudal magnificence it was sumptuous in appearance: a large building that had been restored in the preceding century, and was shown to visitors on account of its fine mural paintings and the floor of Italian

¹ "Marshal Victor," writes Chateaubriand in his memoirs, "came to live near us in Ghent, in the most admirable simplicity. He never asked for anything, nor ever troubled the King with his attentions. He was hardly ever seen. I do not know if he ever received the honour and compliment of a single invitation to dine with his Majesty." As for Marmont, he lived in melancholy solitude in Ghent; but, being offended because he had never been summoned to the councils of the King, he left that town and went to take the waters at Aix-la-Chapelle. He was overwhelmed with remorse for his sins."

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marquetry in its great reception room. The King's suite of five rooms included the great salon with the splendid floor, a bedroom, an audience-chamber, and a second salon, adorned with ancient tapestry and some very valuable and beautiful porphyry vases. The dining-room was on the ground floor and overlooked the street; and it was here, with the windows open, that Louis XVIII dined on the first day, in full view of the passers by, who were amazed at the old man's prodigious appetite. The menu, long though it was, failed to satisfy it.

The princes were not under the same roof as the King. The Comte d'Artois and the Duc de Berry went to an hotel in the Place Royale, where they paid a thousand francs a day for themselves and their attendants. The Prince de Condé had remained at Brussels, at the Hôtel de Bellevue. As for their suites they were billeted in the town.

In accordance with the advice of de Blacas, who was more powerful in the second exile than he had ever been at Hartwell or in Paris, the King determined, before forming his ministry anew, to protect himself by a very strong system of police. Since Bonaparte had entered France he had not felt safe. Flanders had until lately been French, and some of the inhabitants still favoured the hero of the Revolution, who was the idol of the mob. It was possible therefore that this place might become the centre of a conspiracy, the scene of some sudden attempt upon the King's life, or at least upon his liberty. Once he were a prisoner he would be kept as a hostage: so the favourite feared.

D'Eckstein, "*Blacas' âme damnée*," writes Fauche-Borel in his memoirs, was at that time the governor of Ghent for Holland, and never was gendarme nor sbirro more suspicious, more meddlesome, or more inquisitive than this son of a jockey of Holstein. Later on Louis XVIII gave him the title of baron in reward for his services. He was not wanting in intelligence, nor yet in education. His knowledge of literature was wide; and it was on that account, no doubt, that he won the sympathies of the old monarch who was himself so distinguished a scholar. De Blacas had entrusted to this Dane¹ the protection of the Court, that is to say the surveillance of every foreigner staying in Ghent, because d'Eckstein had for a long time during

¹ Edmond Biré in his edition of Chateaubriand's *Mémoires*, has given some notes on d'Eckstein.

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Napoleon's reign been connected with the secret societies of Germany, and was therefore likely to know all the adventurers who would be willing to sell their services to the highest bidder, whatever the business in hand might be. The governor of Ghent felt obliged to justify the favourite's confidence, and was careful to accuse the most inoffensive people of spying and other misdeeds. In acting thus he was only following the suggestions of the courtiers who had gathered round the King to show their devotion, in the hope of securing a fortune if Louis XVIII should ever recover his kingdom. The royalists mistrusted each other, and the prisons of Brussels, declares Fauche-Borel, were full of Eckstein's victims. These victims were of all sorts and conditions : generals, lackeys, merchants, women, children, all of whom were suspicious in his eyes, all spies or agents of Bonaparte, if they did not happen to be in the good graces of the favourite. Blacas even wished the Duc d'Havré's huntsman to be removed from the Hôtel d'Hane, although he had been for sixteen years in the service of d'Havré, who knew him to be a perfectly trustworthy man.¹

The King's Council at first was only composed of the gentlemen-of-the-chambers : the Duc d'Havré, the Prince de Poix, the Duc de Luxembourg : all venerable old men, who had been *émigrés* at Hartwell. As for his ministry during these first days, de Blacas represented him all alone. Soon Comte François de Jaucourt came to reinforce "the divine count," and others arrived successively ; Beugnot and Baron Louis, with several millions ; Lally-Tollendal, who was Minister of Public Education, and, says Chateaubriand, "made speeches that were even ampler and more swollen than his person ;"² Chateaubriand, Minister of the Interior in place of the Abbé de Montesquiou, who had stayed in Paris to drink possets ; and the Duc de Feltre, Minister of War,

¹ Monbreuil, the famous Marquis d'Orvault, arrived at Ghent. He hoped, doubtless, among all these *émigrés*, to be employed in the same kind of mission as he had carried out in the preceding year against the Princess of Württemberg, and against Napoleon. But he was in every respect an adventurer of the most dangerous kind, and d'Eckstein forbade him to stay in Ghent, and made him go away as quickly as possible.

² "He referred," says the famous memorialist, "to his illustrious ancestors the Kings of Ireland, and mixed up the trial of his father with those of Charles I and Louis XVI. He sought relaxation in the evening, after pouring out tears and sweat and words in the Council Chamber, with a lady whose enthusiasm for his genius had brought her all the way from Paris. He tried virtuously to cure her but his eloquence was stronger than his virtue, and only plunged the dart still deeper."

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who before Beugnot's arrival had administered the Department of Marine. D'Anglès was made Prefect of Police to the discomfiture of d'André, who was at Brussels, waiting to be summoned. The functions these ministers fulfilled were of course purely imaginary; and the absence of work left them with so many empty hours that they were driven to fill them with gossip and intrigues. Hence arose the pettiest jealousies, and an atmosphere of sycophancy that was truly detestable. The Court, says Villemain in his *Souvenirs*, was exactly like that of James II, when he was an exile at Saint-Germain in Louis XIV's reign.

At first the King was quite cut off from the outer world. Even the French papers were denied to him, being stopped at the frontiers, and he was deserted by his partisans because he seemed to be finally dethroned; but soon he was joined by many royalists, who had recovered their self-possession in the belief that Napoleon's power in Paris was shaken. Moreover, they had read the declaration of the powers dated from Vienna on the 13th March, in which Napoleon was put under the ban of Europe. Talleyrand, who had everything to fear from Napoleon's restoration—life-long exile, without the least doubt—had instigated and inspired this declaration.¹ The foreign armies were already far from France, but at their sovereign's word they retraced their steps and, as soon as they were all mustered, prepared to invade the country that had so lately been delivered from them. The ambassadors that were accredited to the Court of Louis XVIII left Paris one by one, and repaired to his Court at Ghent. Finally a royalist *Moniteur*, the *Journal Universel*, was established under the management of Bertin, who had been forced to give up the *Journal des Débats* in Paris. In this *Journal Universel* Lally-Tollendal and Chateaubriand used their pens untiringly to discredit the Emperor, and to dispute every word of every statement in the *Moniteur* of Paris. The future of the Bourbons seemed to be already secured; Napoleon's fall seemed imminent; and this was the reason of the sudden change of front on the part of the royalists.

¹ "One thing that is certain," says Sainte-Beuve, "is that M. de Talleyrand at the Congress of Vienna did not miss the opportunity of secretly resuming his habit of trading and bargaining. Six millions were promised him by the Bourbons of Naples, on condition that he supported their restoration. . . . Difficulties were raised because Talleyrand, apparently, did not make the agreement with Ferdinand till after he knew of the decision of the Congress to restore the Bourbons of Naples. However, to make a long story short, de Perray brought back the six millions. . . . Talleyrand kissed him for joy, on his arrival. . . ."

Sainte-Beuve; *Nouveaux lundis*, Vol. XII., p. 80.

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Thenceforward a constant stream of travellers poured along the roads from Paris to Belgium to pay their court to Louis XVIII; of whom some were persistent flatterers, with no thought but their own interests, while others had higher motives and were sincere patriots, whose intention was to inform the King of the sentiments of modern France, and her desire for peace and liberty.¹ Louis XVIII remained unconvinced. He believed himself to be adored by the French. He had granted them a charter. What more did they want? Had he not, in the course of one year, restored to his kingdom not only security but the respect of the other powers? In his eyes this first year of his reign was an indissoluble bond between him and his subjects. But for the criminal audacity of the "usurper" he would still be in the Tuileries, directing the progress of the Monarchy. His illusions were unshaken, and were encouraged by the Comte de Blacas, whose arrogance was now completely restored, and who held as firmly as ever to his faith in his master's legitimate right, the right that the Bourbons derived from their birth and their long possession of the throne. From Ghent, de Jaucourt wrote to Talleyrand at Vienna: "De Blacas is quite elated at finding himself once more in possession of an *émigré's* privileges. He understands the business; he is an expert on the subject. Petty contrivances, petty subterfuges, false confidences, studied phrases—he does these things to perfection. To do everything, to see everything, to make the King the centre of his little sphere of activity—that is all he aims at." Hence arose his great influence with the King.

The later arrivals, moreover, were not men who were likely to

¹ Guizot, who was one of the latter, described in his *Memoirs* this visit to Ghent, Vol. I., p. 83. He left Paris on the 23rd May. His exit from the capital and his journey were effected without difficulty. . . . He begged the King for an audience, which was granted at once: and the impression he retained was of the King's combined helplessness and dignity. The King began by making some amiable remarks to him; then spoke of his hopes of returning to France. 'The unfortunate thing,' said Guizot to the King, 'is that those who believe in the restoration of the monarchy have no confidence in its duration. . . . The disunion, or at least the lack of cohesion in the ministry, is greatly feared.' The King did not answer. Guizot insisted. He named M. de Blacas. . . . 'I shall fulfil,' said the King, 'all that I promised in the Charter. Individuals are of no consequence. How is France concerned with the friends I have in my palace? . . . ' On the whole the King seemed to him careful of appearances, but not very intelligent in deeper matters. Guizot asked to see Blacas. He describes him as "dignified, but rather stiff" and adds: "I am very much mistaken if most of his faults are not due to the mediocrity of his mind." As for Chateaubriand, Guizot appraises him thus: "He wished to be regarded as Napoleon's rival, as well as Milton's. . . ."

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destroy the royal prejudices that had taken such deep root. Among them were Comte Lynch, the ex-mayor of Bordeaux ; M. Desèze, first president of the court of Cassation ; the Comte de Beurnonville, formerly a member of the provisional government ; Baron Capelle, prefect of Ain ; the Comte de Vaublanc, prefect of Moselle ; M. Mounier ; and General Donadieu, one of the Duchesse d'Angoulême's gentlemen-in-waiting at Bordeaux.¹ There were some of the great nobles of the Court, too, such as the Duc de Lévis and Chancellor Dambray—*Agnelet Dambray*, as De Jaucourt calls him—royalists who were all in favour of the old order of things, and violently opposed to the idea of a constitutional monarchy and a responsible, united ministry. "Many people," says Guizot in his Memoirs, "have delighted in laughing, and in making others laugh, at stories of the dissensions and rivalries, schemes, and hopes and fears, that were discussed by this handful of exiles gathered round an infirm and helpless king ; but their pleasure is neither intelligent nor creditable. It matters little whether the theatre be large or small, whether the actors represent a state of good or evil fortune, or whether the sorrows of humanity be depicted in splendid or squalid forms : the really important matters are the questions that are argued and the destinies that are worked out. At Ghent the question under discussion was how France should be governed when this old King who had neither kingdom nor troops should be summoned for the second time to stand between her and Europe. The problem and the anticipated event were of sufficient importance to be a worthy subject of discussion for serious men and good citizens."

The Comte d'Artois was not without some influence in the fostering of this reactionary spirit, which reigned almost supreme in the King's circle. During the preceding months he had been ceaselessly preaching a return to the old traditions of the country, to the view that the King's good pleasure should be the law of the State. The Comte de Bruges, who had followed him to Ghent, was as passionate a royalist as himself, and encouraged his opposition to the enlightened men who were determined to influence the

¹ Baron Capelle had been prefect of Florence and of Geneva, under Napoleon. He had been the favourite of Elisa. No one knew the obscure origin of this excellent man, who was still young and remarkably handsome. He combined shrewdness with simplicity, and was capable of doing good work in a subordinate position. (Lamartine's *Histoire de la Restauration*.) M. de Vaublanc at that time had no more than a slight and unacknowledged influence with the Comte d'Artois. He promised that prince to subjugate the Chambers by his gift of speech, and the opposition of his resolute will.

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King in the direction of a form of government that should harmonise with the modern aspirations of France. The Comte d'Artois bestirred himself, therefore, and hindered rather than helped the cause of the restoration. As for the Duc de Berry he divided his time between Ghent and Alost, where he reviewed his little army, which was every day reinforced by fresh arrivals. Some volunteers had returned ashamed of their previous defection; and some of the bodyguard also arrived. Emissaries of the King, moreover, were placed in some of the Belgian towns, with orders to establish, as far as possible, communications with the interior of France. Thus M. de Saillan was at Furnes; M. Berthier de Bizy at Courtrai; M. Gouvello at Tournai; M. de la Poterie at Mons; de Castries at Namur; the Comte d'Arblay at Luxembourg; the Baron de Vassimont at Deux-ponts; the Comte de Quinsonnas at Spire; M. Roesch at Kelh; and Comte Gaétan de Larouchefoucauld at Bâle. And all these officers were deputed to receive any well-disposed men who should cross the frontier.

All these intrigues and arrivals, which were the source of endless discussions at the little Court of Louis XVIII, made hardly any impression upon his confident serenity. He had faith in his destiny, and he soon assumed all the regular habits of his life at the Tuileries. He had, as in Paris, his personal household and attendants, his Grand Almoner, M. de Talleyrand-Périgord, and even his surgeon, the mysterious Père Elysée, whom he had brought from Hartwell, and could not live without.¹ The King rose at six o'clock in the morning. He went immediately into his study, where he opened his letters, read the papers that had arrived from France, and looked at the reports of his ministers. When this was done he walked between two lines of bodyguards to another room, where Mass was read. He breakfasted at ten o'clock. After this first meal he drove in his carriage along the ramparts, whence there was a fine, wide outlook, and a great variety of pretty views. If, while he was driving, says Chateaubriand, he happened to meet the Duke of Wellington, he nodded to him as he passed. Sometimes his greediness prompted him to drive out of the town to a tavern that was celebrated for a certain dish composed of white fish, which the people of the country called *strop*; but this did not

¹ Père Elysée's real name was Taluchon. He had studied chemistry with the Brothers of Charity, under Brother Côme. He emigrated in 1792, and went to England with the Comte de Provence (Louis XVIII) who made him his principal surgeon. He had been doctor to the Chevalier d'Eon. He died in 1817.

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prevent him from dining at his usual hour, six o'clock. At this meal he was always good-humoured, always forgetful of his bad fortune: he sat among his guests with a smiling face, mindful of etiquette and of the degree of consideration that was due to each, offering the dishes before him graciously and brightly, and carving the joint himself with enviable dexterity. Meanwhile a military band played beneath the windows of the dining-hall, and charmed the ears of his guests; and the ladies of the place, who were allowed to walk round the royal table, gave an additional touch of ceremonial to the occasion by their presence and their naïve admiration. After dinner the King went upstairs to the salon, where the card-tables were set out. At the Comte d'Artois' table the game was whist, which the prince played with the Duc de Luxembourg, the Duc de Duras, and M. Beugnot. Louis XVIII's chair was pushed close to the table that he might watch the progress of the game, at the end of which he would show the excellence of his memory by naming the cards that remained in the hands of the players. Baron Louis, a silent spectator on these occasions, marched about the room with no occupation but his own thoughts, and, says Chateaubriand, was greatly bored at being debarred from dealing his "blows with the jawbone," and swore each time that he would not be caught repeating the experience. At four o'clock, before dinner, the statesmen of the Emigration sat in council. On Sunday the council was held after High Mass, which the King never failed to attend on that day, at the cathedral of St. Bavon. He repaired thither, escorted by his whole household and the princes, whose religious fervour, especially that of the Comte d'Artois, edified all devout Christians.

The presence of this little Court had a very enlivening effect upon the society of the town, and the young ladies of Ghent showed a distinct advance in coquetry.¹ They were constantly to be seen in the *Kaater*—a little park that took the place, in Ghent, of the Jardin du Luxembourg in Paris—seated in the avenue that bordered the high road opposite the Grand Café. This café was the meeting-place of all the young nobility of France who had followed the

¹ De Chateaubriand's *Mémoires*: "The customary quietness of Ghent was made more noticeable by the crowd of foreigners who enlivened it at this time, and so soon afterwards dispersed. Belgian and English recruits practised their drill in the squares and under the trees of the public walks. . . . Politicians might be seen gesticulating on the banks of a canal, side by side with a motionless fisherman; while the *émigrés* trotted from the King's house to Monsieur's, and from Monsieur's to the King's."

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King; all the marquises and viscounts who, according to the memoirs of the day, wore on their heads a kind of cocked hat adorned with an enormous cockade of shining whiteness, and carried a long sword protruding from their coat-tails. Conspicuous among the rest were a few abbés in cut-away coats and round hats, some officers of various nationalities, some volunteers, and some Parisian law-students who had determined to cast in their lot with the King. In the evening the same people met in the theatre, where Mme. Catalini sang in the operas of Grétry, Nicolo, and Dalayrac. Père Elysée, who had a marked weakness for sprightly actresses, never failed to flutter about behind the scenes.¹

Those who were more seriously disposed, or less wealthy, sought relaxation in the Château de l'Ermitage, or the public library. It was in these almost deserted spots that Chateaubriand tried to wile away his melancholy. "My refuge from the idle and the vulgar," he writes, "was in the enclosure of the *Béguinage*. I roamed about this little world of veiled or wimpled women, consecrated to divers Christian works: it was a region of calm, lying like the African quicksands on the verge of a region of storms. Here there were no incongruities to disturb my thoughts, for religious feeling is so lofty that it is never out of place in the most serious revolutions: the hermits of the Thebaid and the barbarians who destroyed the Roman world are not discordant facts, nor mutually destructive personalities. I was graciously received in the enclosure as the author of the *Génie du Christianisme*. Wherever I go, among Christians, the *curés* gather round me." Further on he says: "I was invited fairly often to family festivities at the house of M. and Mme. d'Ops, a venerable couple who were surrounded by about thirty children and great-grandchildren. At M. Coppen's house an entertainment at which I was obliged to be present lasted from one o'clock in the afternoon till eight in the evening. I counted nine courses. We began with preserved fruit and ended with cutlets. Only the French understand how to dine methodically; as only the French understand how to construct a book."

Beugnot, too, has given us in his memoirs some reminiscences of his exile at Ghent, and though he was no richer than Chateaubriand he describes his experiences with less dejection. He and Baron Louis, having arrived together, shared a room. The same servant made their beds, and brushed their clothes, and cleaned their boots. They dined at the same hotel, with several other

¹ Romberg, *Louis XVIII à Gand*.

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Frenchmen, Beurnonville, Mounier, and Capelle, at a charge of three francs per head; but their breakfast was a bowl of milk, and their supper a glass of *eau sucrée*. They all practised the strictest economy, in order to avoid the lamentable struggles of the first Emigration, and the wretched consequences of indulging in a degree of luxury that they could not maintain. In spite of this austere life Beugnot and his companions in exile spent some happy days in Belgium. Baron Capelle organised expeditions for them, to the country inn where the *strop* stew was to be found. Only one of the King's ministers was in a position, owing to his great wealth, to live in solitary luxury. This was the Duc de Feltre, Minister of War. Beugnot, when he first visited him, was received in a room that was quite as magnificent and luxurious as it would have been in Paris. The duke always drove in a carriage, and had fixed days for giving ceremonious dinner-parties. This was why Beugnot was so much distressed by the emptiness of the royal treasury. He was resigned, however; whereas de Jaucourt and General de Beurnonville never ceased lamenting this lack of money.¹ They appealed to the Comte de Blacas, who was entrusted with the King's financial affairs; but the pay of the troops encamped at Alost, and the salaries of the great dignitaries of the Court, and the requirements of the princes, made a large hole every day in the few millions that Baron Louis had saved. It was a severe shock to these needy ministers when they learnt that the funds at Ghent would only suffice for a few months. The Comte de Blacas had counted on the eight millions, in bills of exchange, that had been deposited with the banker Perregaux; but when they fell due payment was refused in London. What would happen if Napoleon were not driven out of Paris? The ambassadors and consuls were equally loud in their complaints of poverty. The greater number of them, having no private fortune, begged to be relieved of their functions, since the royal finances could not support them nor pay for the maintenance of their official houses. The future of this little Court, then, was very precarious, notwithstanding the serene confidence of the King.

In spite of their uncertain situation all the courtiers continued

¹ What disturbed Beurnonville more than anything else was the thought that his sheep were in the hands of Lucien Bonaparte and Carnot. (*Lettres de Jaucourt à Talleyrand.*)

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to attend Louis XVIII's convocations every day; and even when there was no convocation they assembled in the Hôtel d'Hane, in a large room known as the Rotunda, with the ambassadors accredited to the Court of Ghent.¹ As this room opened directly upon the street they were able to enter it without passing through the house. Here they read the papers of the day; here ministers and ambassadors exchanged the latest news; and if all the revelations that were made in this room had been worthy of belief the second restoration of the Bourbons would not have been long delayed. All these diplomatists and ministers, however, affected an air of absolute detachment from political events in Paris, and gave their exclusive attention to the foreign armies that were marching towards France.² In the eyes of the frequenters of the Court Napoleon was simply a brigand, against whom the whole of Europe was united. To these people a march upon Paris did not seem to be a march upon France, but merely a march upon Bonaparte. To oppress the people of France, and rob them, and exterminate them, was a meritorious work. Those who supported such a brigand as Bonaparte must be brigands themselves. As soon as a man left off being a royalist he was not, properly speaking, a Frenchman any longer.

This was the spirit that reigned supreme in the Rotunda: the spirit that the ambassadors were expected to exhibit: the spirit by which the nobles who came to pay court to the King were entirely governed. This attitude of mind, however, was hidden by the urbanity of their manners, and the outward courtesy that they never neglected. As the weeks passed the arbitrary views of the Emigration had resumed their sway among the exiled aristocrats. The cries of the mob, far away in Paris, reached their ears no more. They made common cause, and supported the suggestion of the Comte d'Artois' friends that a new Pavillon de Marsan should be established. It became more active, more powerful, and more unmanageable than in Paris.

In all this disingenuous, small-minded circle there was but one man who held to his convictions and won respect for them. This was the Duke of Wellington, on whom the deposed Bourbons concentrated all their attention and fixed all their hopes. His

¹ Beugnot's *Mémoires*, Vol. XI., p. 348.

² M. de Fagel for the Netherlands; General Pozzo di Borgo for Russia; Lord Stewart for England; and Baron Vincent for Austria, were all the ambassadors accredited to Louis XVIII's Court at Ghent.

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reputation impressed everyone; his military science was considered infallible. All the sarcasm of which he had been the object in Paris during the previous year was forgotten. The arrival of the famous general made a great sensation in Ghent, and his influence with the King was sufficient to prevent M. de Talleyrand's recall, to which the jealousy of M. de Blacas and the reactionary views of the Comte d'Artois had persuaded Louis XVIII to consent. The Duke of Wellington combated the enemies of the Prince de Bénévent, who was still in Vienna, by pointing out the bad impression that this virtual dismissal would make in England. Talleyrand was the author of the secret treaty, signed on the 3rd January, 1815, by which France, England, and Austria were combined against Russia. To dispense with him at this moment would be ungrateful. And who could replace him at Vienna? Who would have his authority? Were all the negotiations of the allied Powers completed? Had the last word been said? Was there no other question to be debated? Blacas and the Comte d'Artois were forced to yield. Their day had not yet come. They had attacked Talleyrand because they blamed him for the concessions of the Charter, to which they attributed all the misfortunes of the dynasty. Had it not been for that accursed Charter the Bourbons' hands would not have been tied: they would have established a strong government of indisputable authority, and Bonaparte would never have returned to France, would never have re-entered his capital, because he would have found no treacherous officials nor generals there.

The royalists, excited by the news that was spread abroad from Ghent, continued to flock to the King: prefects, sub-prefects, officers—everyone whom Napoleon had discarded as incapable or untrustworthy. The *Nain Jaune* explained how the fabrications that emanated from the Hôtel d'Hane reached even the most remote parts of the provinces. "Louis XVIII," it said, "being unable to furnish any contingent of men to the coalition, makes up for it by providing agitators, and hawkers of evil tidings. Napoleon's government is not sufficiently alive to the dangerous influence of this contingent. It is impossible to form any idea of it without observing how the agitators work upon the minds of the public. The salons of all the large towns give the tone. The spies of the party visit them openly, bringing dispatches from Ghent; and from each centre these dispatches are instantly circulated through the province with which it is most closely

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connected. Men in official positions lend themselves to these infamous practices; and patriots, perceiving that the Emperor's enemies are treated with consideration and even favouritism, do not dare to declare themselves as supporters of a government that cannot be established on a firm basis by the efforts of one man, if those efforts be not powerfully seconded by energetic patriots." The clergy, too, repaired to Ghent: vicars-general hoping for a bishopric, and parish priests fleeing from the revenge of parishioners who had incurred their wrath by buying national property. So great was the general demoralisation at this time that cowardice passed for honour, and traitors masqueraded as men of their word. The princes were the centre of attraction, for in them, it was said, France was incarnate. Those same princes, meanwhile, could be seen by everyone in their true colours, for the *Moniteur* published intercepted letters from which it was plain that they thought of nothing but vengeance, and the overthrow of the patriots whom they called Jacobins, and the re-establishment of the feudal laws, and the predominance of the nobility and clergy over the other classes of society.¹ All these things were the subjects of conversation in the Hôtel d'Hane, as were also the contents of the letters written to the King by MM. Royer-Collard and Becquey, who had resumed the epistolary confidences of bygone days at Hartwell.

There were also other matters to be discussed. The ambassadors received letters from Paris, and reported the impressions of their correspondents, the trivial incidents in the streets, the gossip of the salons²—whence the gaiety was gone—the activity of Carnot, the intrigues of Fouché, the patriotic ardour of the new

¹ The *Nain Jaune*, to show the passionate feeling displayed by the royalists, professed to have received the following ironical letter: "My sister, having no longer any lovers to quarrel with, has fallen out with her children and grandchildren. She has sworn never to see her daughter again, because her husband the colonel did not leave the service after the 20th March, 1815, and she, the daughter, did not instantly determine to be separated from him: never to see her son the deputy, because he was not a sufficiently good Frenchman to become an Englishman: and never to see her brother, the custom house officer, because he smiled in an equivocal manner when she said (the words have been remembered): 'I hope the King will raise a good army, and will be careful to have no soldiers in it.'"

² An example of this gossip was given in the *Nain Jaune* for May, 1815. The conversation, in a certain house in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, turned on the devotion of some aristocrats who had followed Louis XVIII to Ghent, and refused to return to France. "They have done their duty, they have paid their debt to honour," said one of the party. "Then it's the only debt they did pay!" answered a worthy draper, who doubtless had his reasons.

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confederates. Montrond's journey to Vienna, too, was reported at Ghent, and became the subject of endless conversations. What was he going to do there? He was known to be on familiar terms with Talleyrand. What disagreeable surprise would result from this mysterious embassy?¹ Had Napoleon some secret support in Vienna? Was a sudden change of front on the part of the sovereigns to be feared? Everything was possible! Napoleon was so clever! A letter from Talleyrand to de Jaucourt, dated April 13th, 1815, came to reassure these distracted folk. Talleyrand wrote from Vienna to Ghent as follows:

"Monsieur le Comte, two emissaries whom Bonaparte has sent hither give me the impression that he is in great difficulties; and this is confirmed by all the news that comes from France. One of them, M. de Montrond, arrived here without any despatches or ostensible mission, being simply instructed to converse with M. de Metternich, M. de Nesselrode, and myself. His business was to sound M. de Nesselrode on the subject of the Emperor Alexander's intentions; to ask M. de Metternich whether Austria had decided to assist, for the second time, in overthrowing the Emperor's son-in-law; and to discover from him the intentions of the Austrian government with regard to the scheme that it is supposed to have had in March, 1814. Their answers were everything we could wish. As for me, he asked me if I could make up my mind to stir up a war against France. I answered him by the declaration of the 13th, to the effect that a war against Bonaparte was not a war against France, but was much more truly a war in defence of France. M. de Montrond was also instructed to make sure whether the powers were quite determined to fight. In order that he should be left in no doubt on this subject he was informed of the treaty of the 25th of March last, and of the number of troops that are to be immediately employed. He has gone back to Paris with this information. The second emissary sent by Napoleon was M. de Flahaut. He was not allowed to reach this place. By order of the King of Wurtemberg he was

¹ "He was, moreover, known to be one of those shameless traders in political intrigue who take money from any hand," writes de Vaulabelle, "and sell everything and everyone, and are skilled in the art of securing a big place from every government for their audacity and immorality." When he crossed the French frontier on his return from Vienna he was seized by some soldiers of the allied army, and caned by order of a Prussian officer. A few days afterwards he was dining with some friends in Paris, and his first words were: "I bring the news of the commencement of hostilities."

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stopped at Stuttgart, and taken to the frontier. He was bringing despatches to M. de Metternich and the Archduchess Marie Louise, as well as to the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of Russia, and the King's Embassy. These three letters were probably merely letters of recall. . . .

“TALLEYRAND.”

The ladies of the Court did not emigrate to Ghent. The Duchesse d'Angoulême was not there. When she left Bordeaux she had crossed to England, where she remained. She visited Belgium for a time, however, but she did not settle there—as though she resented the King's precipitate and unresisting flight. Bonaparte's startling arrival had taken Parisian society by surprise. No one had had time to prepare for flight; so the dwellers in the Faubourg Saint-Germain contented themselves with shutting up their great town-houses and burying themselves in their country châteaux, where they remained lost to sight in the hope of being forgotten¹ by the Emperor. Only the wives of the most compromised men had set out, with all possible speed, to London: the Duchesse de Talleyrand, the Comtesse de Jaucourt, the Comtesse Hyde de Neuville: and a few others—the Duchesse de Duras, the Duchesse de Lévis, the Duchesse de Bellune, the Marquise de la Tour du Pin, the Duchesse de Rauzun and her daughter—whose fears for the future prompted them to seek seclusion, had followed their husbands to Ghent. “And the Duchesse de Lévis,” writes Mme. de Chateaubriand in her *Souvenirs*, “was very late in arriving with her husband, who came so poorly equipped that M. de Chateaubriand was obliged to lend him everything, including stockings, before he could wait upon the King. The stockings fitted well enough, but the rest of his

¹ This was the course adopted by Pasquier. See Villemain's *Souvenirs*. “Pasquier applied to Fouché, who was Minister of Police during the Hundred Days, for a passport to his château at Conflans, near Le Mans. ‘Bah!’ said Fouché, ‘why are you going away? There is nothing like being on the spot. Is not the course of events interesting and instructive to watch? . . . I will give you my view of the matter. It is quite simple. That man has come back madder than he went away. He is making a great effort, but it can't last three months. It's as clear as daylight, you know. The whole of Europe being still in arms none of the soldiers were disbanded; and the kings and ministers were still in congress. . . . He may perhaps win one or two battles, and destroy a few divisions of the allies: but he cannot win in the end. . . . So you may feel quite safe, my dear Baron. Go or stay; use your passport or keep it in your pocket. The fate of that man is sure, and nine-tenths of his course are run. . . . Pasquier went away with the conviction—which became more general in Paris every day—that the re-establishment of the Empire was a phantom rather than a government on a firm basis.”

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costume would have done very nicely for the Carnival. The worthy duke troubled himself as little at Ghent as at the Tuileries, where his wardrobe was no better furnished. There was always a deficiency of shoes, for instance. He was supplied with old shoes by contract, because, he said, he had a wound on his heel that prevented him from raising the heel of his shoe. Mme. de Vitrolles, in the hope of saving her husband's life, had remained in confinement in the Abbaye. She came to Ghent, it is true, to see Chateaubriand, with a safe-conduct signed by Fouché; but her object was to be presented to the Comte d'Artois, from whom she obtained a document promising eternal gratitude to anyone who would save the life of the enthusiastic royalist.

The newspaper that Louis XVIII founded at Ghent seemed to him to be the most striking manifestation possible of the persistence of his authority and of his monarchy. It was at first called the *Moniteur Universel*; but by the request of the King of the Netherlands the name was changed to the *Journal Universel*. Since the Bourbon prince continued to be King, with a Court and guards, and an army at Alost, and ministers and ambassadors, it was necessary for him to have, here as in Paris, an official journal to record the actions of his government, which had by no means ceased to exist. He was well supplied with men of letters: the Bertins and the Chateaubriands, Lally-Tollendal and Laborie, Mounier and Beugnot. Each contributed his share: and the production of the paper occupied the empty hours of these men whose nominal ministries gave them nothing to do. A Minister of Marine and a Minister of Public Education were hardly necessary at Ghent. Among the most prominent contents of this paper, which appeared twice a week, were tidings unfavourable to Napoleon, the malevolent epigrams of his enemies in Paris, and the offensive remarks of the liberals. The treaties concluded with the European Powers, diplomatic notes, political memoranda, the advance of the allied troops upon France, and the numbers of the enemy's forces, were also matters that received a good place. At the end of April a long composition by Lally-Tollendal was to appear, with the title of *The King's Declaration*. De Jaucourt informed Talleyrand of the fact at Vienna; and this declaration, "which is very well done, though a little long," added de Jaucourt, was intended to prepare the way for the King's return to France. The Duke of Wellington and the English ambassador, Lord Stewart, opposed its publication, which they thought inopportune

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as long as Louis XVIII's second restoration was still uncertain. The unfortunate Lally pocketed the "fine pages" that had seemed so wonderful to Pozzo di Borgo when they were read to him; and Chateaubriand, the temporary Minister of the Interior, came forward in his turn. The illustrious writer, wishing to avenge his colleagues for the attacks of the Pavillon de Marsan, which lost no opportunity of slighting the Charter and opposing its defenders, published his famous *Rapport au Roi*. It created a great sensation in France, and was distributed, by order of the Bourbons, in all the Courts of Europe. It began thus:

"Bonaparte, who by a strange fatality was placed between the coasts of France and Italy, descended like a Genseric upon the spot whither he was called by the wrath of God. He came—the hope of all who had committed or were meditating a crime: he came and he succeeded. Men on whom you had showered gifts, men who wore your orders on their breasts, kissed, in the morning, the hand that they betrayed at night. These rebellious subjects, these ill-disposed Frenchmen, these false knights, with the vows that they made to you still trembling on their lips, and the lily still lying on their breasts, went off to perjure themselves, so to speak, to the man who so often made it plain that he himself was a traitor and a disloyal criminal.

"After all, Sire, this last triumph that is the climax and will be the end of Bonaparte's career is no great marvel. It is not a revolution; it is but a brief invasion.

"These sudden catastrophes are frequent occurrences with every nation that has had the terrible misfortune of being subjected to a military despotism. The histories of the Byzantine Empire, the Ottoman Empire, modern Egypt, and the Regencies of Barbary, are full of such instances. Every day in Cairo, Algiers, or Tunis, some proscribed Bey reappears upon the desert frontier; a few Mamelukes rally round him and proclaim him their chief and leader. To succeed in his enterprise he needs neither extraordinary courage, nor scientific tactics, nor superior talent: he may be the most commonplace of men provided he be also the most wicked. Prompted by the hope of pillage some more regiments of the militia declare themselves: the bewildered people tremblingly look on, and weep, and hold their peace; the merest handful of armed men subdue the unarmed mob. The despot advances to the sound of chains, enters the capital of his empire, triumphs, and dies."

The author then compared the government of Louis XVIII with



CHATEAUBRIAND.

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that of Napoleon. He analysed the measures that had forwarded the King's domestic and foreign policy, and stigmatised as a calumny the assertion that the Bourbons intended to repeal the Charter. In his memoirs he has himself quoted the passages he deemed essential for the support of this statement.

"Sire, you were preparing to complete the institutions whose foundations you had laid. . . . You had fixed a time for the establishment of the hereditary peerage; the ministry would have acquired greater unity; the ministers would have become members of the two Chambers, in accordance with the very spirit of the Charter; a law would have been proposed to allow men under forty years of age to be elected members of the Chamber of Deputies, so that citizens might have a real political career. A penal code was about to be instituted for misdemeanours of the press, and after it had become law the press would have been entirely free, for this special form of liberty is inseparable from all representative government.

"Sire, I take this opportunity of solemnly protesting that all the ministers, all the members of your Council, are indissolubly attached to the principles of wise liberty: they have been imbued by you with that love of law and order and justice without which there is no happiness for a nation. Sire—if we may be permitted to say so—we are ready to shed the last drop of our blood for you, to follow you to the ends of the earth, to share with you all the sorrows that it may please the Almighty to send you, because we believe, as God is our witness, that you will maintain the Constitution that you have given to your people, and that the most sincere desire of your loyal heart is the liberty of the French. Had it been otherwise, Sire, we should none the less have died at your feet in defence of your sacred person; but we should merely have been your soldiers, we should have ceased to be your councillors and ministers. . . . Sire, at this moment we are sharing your royal sadness: there is not one of your councillors or ministers who would not give his life to prevent the invasion of France."

This energetic display of liberal sentiments may have advanced Louis XVIII's cause with the constitutional party, but it roused the fury of the Comte d'Artois' friends, who held convictions of quite another sort. The Charter weighed upon their minds. The very name of it was intolerable to them. Of what use had it been? they asked repeatedly. Had it won ardent supporters for the Bourbons? Had all the partisans of the Charter declared

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themselves, when it came to the point? Did it prevent Bonaparte from reconquering the throne? The Monarchy had no foundation but the love of the French for their princes and the devotion of the nobles to the old traditions. It was in these sentiments that a safeguard against future revolutions must be sought. These disagreements did not long remain impersonal. The men who had been responsible for the policy of the government were attacked, and, seeing that they had ceased to please the most influential courtiers, sent in their resignation. It was not accepted. Talleyrand, their nominal chief, should have retired with them; but this was not in accordance with the King's wishes, nor indeed was it possible as long as the Congress of Vienna continued to sit.

Of these tribulations of the exiled monarch the general public in Paris knew nothing; and Napoleon was quite indifferent to them. In Paris, indeed, judgment had been passed upon the Bourbons. Men of no definite convictions admitted that before knowing these princes it had been possible to wish for their presence, but that after some experience of them a man was willing enough to let them remain at a considerable distance. On the other hand, the Court, whose action was confined within the walls of a single room, was filled with excitement and ridicule and wrath by the echoes of Parisian news—echoes which reverberated in the *Journal Universel*. It was thus that the journal depicted Paris when all the royalists had emigrated: "Paris still presents the same appearance. All honest people stay in their own houses. Commerce is absolutely at a standstill. No one is to be seen in the public gardens or at the cafés, or even in the streets, except soldiers who, to judge from their constant vociferations, wish to stun themselves into forgetfulness." On another occasion it declared that "of eighty-three prefects only twenty-three have remained in office, and there are only four who are not changing their prefectures." And again: "Of twenty-four members of the General Council of the Department of Paris, who are nearly all owners of property and unconnected with any political movement, fourteen have been dismissed and replaced." In May this statement appeared: "Two or three individuals have been seen in public wearing the *bonnet rouge*." But it was especially in the account it published of the ceremony of the *Champ de Mai*, at which the Emperor presided, that spite and bitterness were perceptible beneath the satire. It was thus that the *Journal Universel* described the event:

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"The play is over. Bonaparte collected for his bivouac of the *Champ de Mai*, a rabble of soldiers, sailors, murderers, and dishonest judges, who by his orders usurped the name of the nation, even as he himself, without deigning to wait for their suffrages, had already usurped the august title of Emperor.—Twenty thousand representatives of the nation, behind whom were fifty thousand fusiliers, were impatiently waiting to make a free proclamation of the free election of the Emperor, who had given them permission to elect him.—Already, on the platform prepared for the new throne, the princes and dignitaries of the new empire were assembling. The most eminent among them was Marshal Ney. Near him was that other marshal (Soult) who, in the performance of his various rôles, founded the monument of Quiberon and devastated the dwellings of La Vendée; who celebrated the obsequies of King Louis XVI and the resurrection of Napoleon; who was Louis XVIII's minister while Bonaparte was plotting and Bonaparte's chief-of-the-staff when Louis XVIII was betrayed.—Bonaparte appeared. He seated himself on his throne. His grand-master of the ceremonies led up the chief commissioners of the electoral districts. One of the commissioners was deputed to read an address to the usurper.—The address was read. The national assembly of twenty thousand men rose to applaud. Cambacérès proclaimed the result of the votes and his word was taken for it. Napoleon ordered a herald to proclaim that the *Additional Act* of Napoleon had been accepted by the French nation. He then prepared to take his oath and receive the oaths of his subjects; but he wished this action to be preceded by a discourse. He made a speech. Then one of his prelates, kneeling, presented a New Testament to him upon which he committed another perjury. He required an oath of men who had violated a thousand. He proclaimed, far and wide, his intention of fighting the whole world. Then the fathers of families, the husbands, and the children, whom he is about to send away to be butchered for the support of his usurped authority, were made to march past his throne."¹

¹ More generosity was shown in Paris. The following is from the *Journal de L'Empire* of May 23rd, 1815. "Louis XVIII is evidently superior to his brothers and nephews; but this prince has more education than natural ability. He knows Horace and Juvenal by heart, but knows nothing of administration. He understands the Greeks and Romans thoroughly, but does not understand the men of his own day. His long residence in England gave him some sound ideas on the subject of representative government, but failed to teach him the art of

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As the days passed by the petty passions of the men who had rallied round the King at Ghent grew more and more venomous. Each of them blamed the rest for the fall of the Monarchy ; and whenever there was no one else to blame they tried to find an excuse for blaming the Duc d'Orléans, who was living alone in London instead of with the King. He was accused of conspiring against the princes of the elder branch, and of wishing to substitute his own line for the reigning house. The letter he had written to Marshal Mortier when he left Lille, fleeing before Napoleon like the other princes, excited Louis XVIII's displeasure and suspicion. "I am too patriotic a Frenchman," he wrote to the marshal, "to sacrifice the interests of France because fresh misfortunes oblige me to leave the country." He meant by these words that he had no wish for civil war, and would not fight, like the Duc d'Angoulême, in defence of the Monarchy. He was especially condemned for the words he used to Colonel Athalin : "Go, Monsieur, and don the tricoloured cockade once more. I am proud to have worn it, and I would I were able to wear it again." The courtiers thought these were abominable words to issue from the pen and the mouth of a prince. Ah, they thought, it was the same old story : the younger branch was still jealous of the elder : Philippe Égalité's deceit and craft had survived him !

None can tell what would have occurred if the catastrophe of Waterloo had not put a sudden end to the intestine wars of all these exiles.

governing. Louis XVIII could write a clever newspaper article, and its success in Paris would give him the keenest pleasure at his *lever* ; but he would allow his ministers to present the Chamber of Deputies, in his name, with a report that would lose a hundred votes for the government in one day, and would injure it fatally in the opinion of the public. . . . In short Louis XVIII, such as we know him, would be a very suitable member of the Third Class of the Institute. I see in him a man of learning and a good Academician, but I look in vain for a King."

CHAPTER VIII

THE RETURN FROM GHENT

AFTER Napoleon left Paris to join his army, which was now on the point of marching to meet the enemy, there seemed, says Villemain, to be a general suspension of every-day life in the great city. Silence reigned everywhere: the silence that means great fear or great anger. The people were expecting news of some kind, but could not tell whether it would be good news or bad. They dared neither fear nor hope. The first victory, that of Ligny, seemed a good omen, yet in spite of this lifting of the storm the people still waited in silence. The whole weight of Europe seemed to be pressing upon France. So great was the load that the nation hardly breathed.

The prayers of the royalists were secretly given to the Allies: among themselves this was understood. Without openly admitting it they greatly longed to see the Emperor, the hated tyrant, fall from power for the second time. Some of the Bourbons' partisans met together in the private rooms at Tortoni's, and drank bumpers of champagne to the future triumph of their country's enemies.¹ In their eyes, as in those of the royalists at Ghent, the Bonapartists were not Frenchmen. Along the boulevards, in these days of anxiety, from the Porte Montmartre to the Chinese Baths, little reading-rooms were arranged in sheds and tents, and even under the open sky, where all who would might sit round a little table and read the evening paper by the light of a candle-end. To know and to understand was the only object of life at this time.

In the suburbs the people were more excited and, above all more patriotic. The moment the men left their workshops they formed into knots and began discussing the chances of the army.

¹ Fournier-Verneuil, *Souvenirs*.

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They put their faith in the heroic courage of the soldiers, and the genius of the Emperor. And the Federates, the patriotic associations who owed their existence to Carnot and Fouché and were under their protection, who had neither arms nor uniforms but simply wore their blouses, and had been united with the National Guard lest their ardour should prove too revolutionary—these Federates, waving their banner, descended upon the rich quarters of the town, shouting the Marseillaise at the top of their voices. In their fear of a fresh betrayal, such as that of 1814, they demanded arms wherewith they might defend Paris, if the chances of war were again to bring to her walls the foreign hordes who had defiled them once before.

These noisy processions created much alarm among the prosperous tradesfolk, who hastened to put up the shutters of their shops whenever one or two patriotic volunteers fired a few shots into the air to show their warlike enthusiasm. These processions became frequent, especially after the arrival of the Emperor in Paris, when, as the result of Bourmont's treachery and Grouchy's blunder, the decisive battle had been lost. Then the Federates gathered beneath the windows of Napoleon's retreat, the Elysée, and cried out to him, again and again, to give them arms that they might avenge the insult of defeat.

Every day was gloomier than the last, for the news came that some Prussian regiments were surrounding Paris, and that some detachments of the enemy's cavalry had been met near Chatou and Versailles. Finally it became known that the Emperor had retired to Malmaison, and that a provisional government had been formed, under the presidency of Fouché. This was regarded as a great misfortune, since Fouché's special capacity was for treason and intrigue, and a second betrayal seemed inevitable.

The excitement of the people waxed wilder and wilder.

And indeed the scene that was being enacted under their eyes was a sufficient excuse for them. As in the previous year, thirty or forty thousand villagers, having been driven from their homes by the Prussians, had taken refuge in Paris, and were installed with their families and their carts on the boulevards and tracts of waste land. From the roofs of the highest houses and the tops of towers and belfries the horizon was swept by eager eyes, searching for the enemy's troops and for the avenging army. And the word "betrayal" was on every tongue. This was the result of Fouché's tactics. His object was to paralyse the people's will and

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disarm their resistance, and to undermine the moral force of the army, which was ready to act at the first sign of an attack. Hirelings and agents of every description, dressed as old soldiers, firemen, or pedlars, or otherwise disguised, mixed with the men in the streets and with the regiments round Paris, and declared that the generals were sold to the Bourbons, that defeat was the foregone conclusion of any battle that could be fought, and that it would be much better to capitulate than to fight. Doubts were instilled into the minds of the generals as to the intentions of the Chambers and the provisional government: they were assured that the deputies and peers and heads of the State had every intention of rallying round the Bourbons, in order to buy forgiveness for their past crimes by this final act of treachery. The officials, meanwhile, were told that the troops had lost all confidence in their officers, and that most of the men were so much discouraged that they were deserting. In every class of society Fouché was deliberately fostering defaulters, with a view to forwarding his schemes.

In the early days of July, in spite of the enervating effects of suspense and lack of news, there was a sudden outburst of popular feeling in every quarter of the town. From the heights of Montmartre the crackling of musketry was heard even in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. Shouts, and murderous threats against the traitors, filled the air. There seemed to be some danger of a street-battle, a popular revolt against the pusillanimity of the authorities, who were already in a panic, and were preparing to surrender Paris into the hands of foreign enemies. All the shops were shut throughout that day, and the National Guard, on being hastily called out, had the greatest difficulty in restoring order. Meantime the Prussians steadily advanced. Fouché continued to pursue his underhand methods: he wished to be a member of Louis XVIII's ministry. The surrender of Paris to Blücher after a shameful capitulation, without the slightest resistance, and the sacrifice of the army, which was forced to retire beyond the Loire, were the price of this indefatigable traitor's ambition. Paris, betrayed for the second time, was in the hands of the Prussians, who bivouacked in the Carrousel, with guns pointed at the palace of the Tuileries and matches lighted. Napoleon was the prisoner of the English; the Bourbons would return to France, and Fouché would be a minister!

In addition to those to whom this feverish, anxious existence

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was life itself, such as the republican or royalist patriots, there was a class of men who delighted in this state of discomfort and uneasiness. These were the men who traded in money, the speculators, who spread false news and raised false alarms with a view to profiting by the panic of the public or the confidence of capitalists. This kind of shark exists in every age, and has been stigmatised by La Bruyère. The disasters of their country are a matter of indifference to them, if only they can reap some advantage. But they have never been so numerous, nor so ruthless towards their prey, as during these days when Napoleon's fate had just been decided on the battlefield. On the other hand, there were some who dreamt, during the stormy sittings of the Chamber of Deputies, of saving the country by passing the old revolutionary decrees and depending on the support of the Federates.¹

These Federates were regarded by one party as auxiliaries, and by the other as foes. Among them were artisans who had lived through the carnage of the Terror, and old soldiers who had emerged from English hulks or German fortresses; there were vagabonds, too, and ruffians, and fanatics, whom Michaud the royalist regarded with terror. We must also allow, no doubt, for a certain amount of literary exaggeration in his description, but with regard to certain districts it was probably accurate.²

"The roads," he says, "were crowded with Federates—a new kind of Jacobin—who were armed both with speech and with the sword, and went from town to town rousing the misguided people, inciting them to pillage, and fanning the flames of sedition and war all over the country. Every quarter of the capital, every city, every canton of the provinces, had its own band of tyrants, who bore the fine title of Friends of Liberty and Patriotism. In every village informers spent their time night and day in the pursuit of the virtuous and unhappy folk who were trying to find some refuge where they would be safe from tyranny. All these apostles of sedition spoke of the Bourbons' paternal government with the most insolent irony, and exclaimed in their proclamations: *Woe to the rich, woe to the nobles, woe to the friends of the*

¹ Durdent, *Cent dix jours de règne*, p. 59. "The sinister spirit of 1793 inspired the Chamber of Representatives at that time. It only wished to substitute one tyranny for another. If it had not been for the intervention of the allies, that is to say the intervention of force, which baffled its most fatal schemes, we should then have had a Committee of Public Safety, a Terror, a state of anarchy, all the old measures of coercion and the old scaffolds."

² Michaud, *Histoire des quinze semaines*, 1815.

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legitimate Kings! They blamed Providence, in offensive terms, for restoring to us the best of princes. They hated God, because they had been told that the authority of kings came from God. Ministers of religion who had prayed for the King of France were outrageously ill-treated, and forced to pray for the oppressor of their country. In several towns the horrible scandals of the Reign of Terror were re-enacted in the sanctuary. A frenzied mob interrupted divine service, and shouted in the congregation of the faithful: *Down with Paradise! Hell for ever!* Before the altars of the God of mercy they swore to destroy those who had not forgotten His laws, and who spoke with respect of the monarch who was His most faithful image on earth."

Now, even in those days, to compare Louis XVIII to the Almighty was going a little far.

All the brochures sold by the booksellers at this time resembled this brochure by Michaud. The Parisians read them, and were bewildered and amazed, but continued to await events with unabated ardour, excitement, hatred, and fear. All the opposed parties had been in power alternately. Each had taken its revenge for the humiliations it had endured; and resentment and anger and the desire to retaliate were the dominant feelings in every heart. At the present moment fate was against the supporters of Napoleon, who were about to pay for their reign of a hundred days. The victorious party, indeed, had already opened hostilities very aggressively. On the 25th June, 1815, when there was no longer any doubt as to the disaster of Waterloo,¹ the Café Montansier, the favourite resort of the Bonapartist officers, was invaded by an excited mob, who broke the windows, counters, tables, and glasses. The damage was estimated at sixty thousand francs. A fight took place between the customers and the aggressors, and it became necessary to call in the National Guard to separate the combatants.

That day was the beginning of a despotic, exacting, merciless reaction, in which both individuals and theories were the objects of attack.² A brochure by the Comte de Montlosier, notwithstanding his strong monarchical convictions, failed to please the royalists, who were offended by his criticisms. They reproached

¹ Désaugiers celebrated the defeat in some impious little verses called the *Fricassée*. The indignant Bonapartists wrote to him: "Miserable man, tell me—in spite of the size of your body—where your entrails are!"

² *De la Monarchie française depuis le retour de la Maison de Bourbon, jusqu'au 1^{er} avril, 1815*, by the Comte de Montlosier.

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him for saying that under "the government of Bonaparte the nobles had been treated with consideration and justice, and sometimes with favour, but that their pride was far from being satisfied: they were irritated because the authorities took precedence at public ceremonies: and because the prefect, at his audiences, often summoned the mayor of a canton before a member of the old nobility; and because a clerk, when writing the name of one of the old noblesse, had the stupidity, or the malice, to spell the *de* with capital letters; and because the mayor of a certain village had not hoisted the white flag soon enough; and because the prefect had refused to believe the news in the *Moniteur* and had suggested resisting *those good Germans and those good Cossacks*." And the royalists brought another reproach against him. "In dealing with the question of religion you declare that the French nation detests priests. You trace the Monarchy back to its origin, to prove that from the earliest days the spirit of sacerdotalism has been a spirit of encroachment. You even blame the priesthood for the institution of Advent, the Rogation Days, the Ember Days, and the Vigils. According to you the services of the Church have been left to hired singers; Mass has been said in haste, and regarded as an honorarium; and the aim has been to preserve ascendancy, not by piety, but by cleverness. The priests, you add, profess to invoke Heaven, but put all their faith in the power of men. They secure the submission of the wives in order to win that of the husbands. And did you not write further on: As soon as it became apparent that the King had religious tendencies a plan for promoting processions was laid before him, with a memorandum on feast-days and Sundays? Since this mine of piety had been discovered it seemed desirable to exploit it." Finally, they took care to emphasise Montlosier's conclusion, which was heresy in their eyes. "I fear Louis XVIII is no more truly enlightened than Louis XVI was before him."

At the end of this month of June, 1815, another brochure forced itself upon the attention of the royalists: the work of Malleville fils, deputy for the Dordogne.¹

"To refuse to acknowledge Louis XVIII," wrote the young deputy, "and to call some other prince to the throne, would be an action likely to result in serious inconvenience. The allied powers recognise the independence of the French nation, but their desires

¹ *Opinion relative aux circonstances présentes, adressée au gouvernement provisoire et aux deux Chambres*, by Malleville fils, deputy of La Dordogne.

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are centred in Louis XVIII. In their eyes Louis XVIII is still King. By the treaty of the 25th March they asked him to accede to the coalition. They have not ceased to be at peace with him. They have guaranteed to him the maintenance of the Treaty of Paris, and consequently the integrity of his dominions. On the other hand, they are at war with every other form of government. They are bound by no treaty nor declaration. In order to be recognised a government would be obliged to treat with them ; but could it hope to secure the same conditions? However hardly it was used by them it could not complain of broken faith nor of the violation of treaties. They would merely be exercising the right of conquest. They might demand enormous indemnities for their war expenses ; they might exact fresh guarantees, or cessions of fortresses or territory. . . . This dismemberment of France could only take place if we were to persist in rejecting Louis XVIII ; and by returning to our King we shall make this dismemberment morally impossible."¹

The royalists, however, were not altogether unanimous in demanding the instant return of the Bourbons. They had some very acute grievances against the princes, or at least against Louis XVIII. There were certain nobles who could not forgive him for creating a Chamber of Peers, which put an end to equality between gentlemen. The Chevalier d'Andigné, who was sent into the provinces as envoy extraordinary, admitted this to de Barante, the prefect of Nantes.²

The nobles who frequented the Pavillon de Marsan desired an Upper Chamber, composed of members elected by the nobles themselves. Since they were all equal among themselves, from the chevalier to the duke, there was no other way of preserving their equality intact. The most worthy would have been chosen to protect their rights against the authority of the Crown, and the value of this distinction would have been that it was derived from the choice of an equal and not from the choice of a master. It is worthy of notice that, at a dinner given on the eve of the return from Ghent, when there were seventeen peers and one commoner at the table, the *roturier*, Fournier-Verneuil, was the only legitimist, all the other guests being devoted to the Duc d'Orléans. There were those, too, at this time, who supported the candidature of

¹ See Pasquier's *Mémoires* (Vol. III., p. 323) for remarks on the writings published at this time.

² De Barante, *Souvenirs*,

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the ex-Elector of Saxony, although he was an old man and had no heirs; and others, again, who were in favour of the young exiled prince who was a prisoner in the Castle of Schönbrunn.

Such were the thoughts that agitated Paris before the King's return. But what lies, intrigues, meannesses, effrontery, and deceptions had been required of Fouché, before the return from Ghent could be achieved! He had said to the courtiers when the King fled: "Save the King: I will undertake to save the Monarchy." He had kept his word.

Fouché has given us an account of his life, from the time of the return from Elba to the second abdication that was wrung from the great soldier; and this portion of his Memoirs, relating to his presidency of the provisional government and his complete abandonment to infamous courses, is the most cynical and at the same time the most instructive part of the whole book, for it shows us that this man, whom some of his contemporaries called "celebrated," was guided by an instinct that was truly diabolical. He shamelessly confesses his duplicity and treachery, as though his behaviour were quite excusable; indeed, he glories in it, as one who says: See how astute I was in my depravity, and to what a depth of wickedness I attained! I dominated circumstances: I dealt with them as I would: I made them serve my ambition. No man was strong enough to resist me—not even the man of genius called Napoleon!¹

^N His great strength lay in his intimacy with all parties. To the Jacobins he promised political liberty; while he assured the royalists that their persons and property should be respected by the Jacobins. He had, moreover, in every corner of the kingdom, private agents in the persons of his lieutenants of police, whom he appointed himself; and he was able to influence public opinion through the newspapers, which he kept in his power by the

¹ Fouché certainly seemed to glory in the baseness of the tools he bought. Lavalette in his *Mémoires* (Vol. II., p. 183) says: "... It was a family party, but opposite to him (Fouché) a stranger was seated. 'You see that man,' he said to me, pointing to the stranger with his spoon; 'he is an aristocrat, he is a Bourbonist, he is a Chouan, he is the Abbé M., the editor of the *Journal des Débats*, a determined enemy of Napoleon, a fanatical partisan of the Bourbons. He belongs to us.' I looked at the man. At each epithet used by the minister the Abbé bowed over his plate, with a smile of acquiescence and glee, and eyes squinting sideways. I never saw a meaner face. Fouché explained to me, as we left the table, that all the menials of literature belonged to him; and while I secretly agreed that all that kind of thing is no doubt necessary, I did not know who to despise the most, the wretches who sold themselves thus to the highest bidder, or the minister who boasted of having bought them, as though the acquisition of such creatures were a glorious conquest."

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distribution of timely subsidies to unscrupulous journalists. No one had a hold on him, and he had a hold on everyone. During the Hundred Days the Emperor wished to have him shot, knowing himself to be betrayed by this minister who flattered him so shamelessly. He spoke of the matter to Carnot, who answered truly : " You have but to give the order, Sire, and Fouché will be shot : but to-morrow you will have lost all your power over the men of the Revolution, who regard this minister's connection with you as one of their strongest guarantees." Fouché was spared.

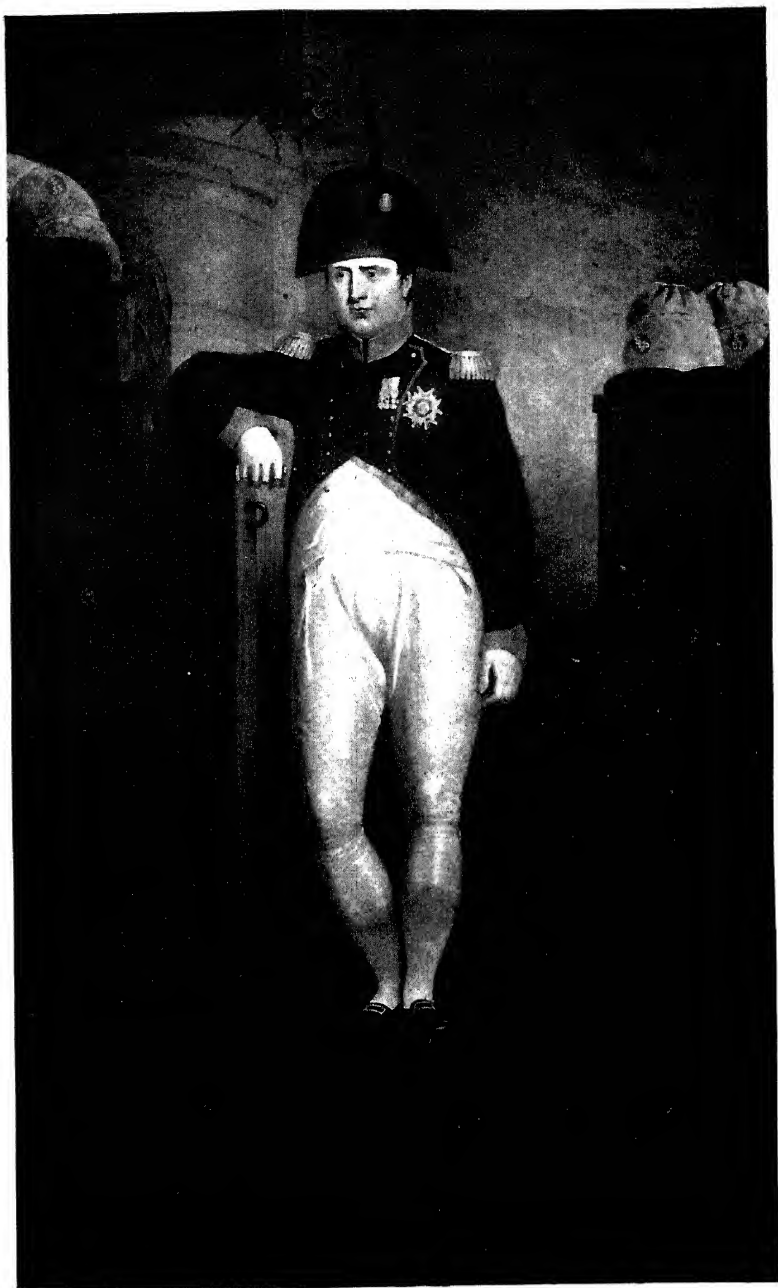
When explaining his conduct, in his *Memoirs*, he declares that his only objects were peace and quietness, and the calm enjoyment of his fortune. His one desire was to rest from his labours on his own estate at Pont-Carré, surrounded by his family. It was for this reason that he forsook his imperial master, when the latter announced that he intended to effect a revolution in Belgium, to oblige Louis XVIII to leave the Continent, and to recover all his lost ascendancy. These schemes for overthrowing the peace to which Europe had become accustomed were far from meeting with the approval of Fouché, who advised the Emperor to abandon them, and to take refuge in the United States, where he would find peace and new honours, and might win renown of a less ephemeral kind than the fame of his victories. Napoleon rejected the advice, as may easily be imagined, and from that day forward Fouché was determined to oppose and overthrow him. He instantly sent messengers to Ghent to inform the King of his resolution, begging to be allowed to serve his Majesty, and promising to bring him back to Paris. He asked for little in return : all he wanted, he said—as we know already—was to retire to the peace of his country house, and to have his fortune guaranteed to him. In addition to this he established relations with Metternich and Nesselrode, and as he had long been acquainted with Wellington he informed him, also, of his change of front. Wellington had an old cause of gratitude to Fouché, to whom he owed the liberation of one of his kinsfolk. This relation of the Duke had been held a prisoner in France by Napoleon's high-handed measures against the English, after the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens ; and the Englishman, ever since that day, had shown the greatest consideration for Fouché, whom he now expected to reveal the plan of campaign of his formidable foe. To do this had been the intriguer's first thought : he admits it. If he did not do it openly he adopted a circuitous method

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which made the action quite excusable in his eyes—worthy man ! He entrusted to a certain Mme. D. a letter in cipher which revealed the Emperor's plans ; and at the same time he sent orders to the frontier that the lady was to be delayed on her journey to the English general. This crafty, inconsistent method is very characteristic of men of Fouché's type, who make up their minds to reap the benefit of their own misdeeds in spite of everything. And, he adds, if I am asked what was my object in acting thus in opposition to Napoleon, I shall answer, like Corneille's old Horatius : *That he might die !*

The Emperor did not die, but he was defeated. Fouché contrived to persuade the Chambers that his abdication should be insisted upon. La Fayette, unconscious that he was playing the traitor's game, supported him on this occasion ; as did also Manuel, a talented young deputy from the south, whose gift of fluent and animated speech had brought him into prominence in the previous year. The Emperor having abdicated for the second time, Fouché was appointed president of the provisional government, and so became master of France. He was, however, pledged to every party. The awakened Jacobins were counting on him, and dreaming of a new Republic ; certain of the royalists, such as La Fayette, who were inclining towards the Duc d'Orléans, were profuse in their cajoleries ; while the immaculate royalists who formed the Court of the old King did not disdain Fouché's co-operation. Whom should he support ? He suddenly saw, under pressure of the threatened invasion of the allied troops, that his wisest course would be to further the plans of the sovereigns who were marching on Paris. What prince were they going to favour ? Would it be the Bourbon, the Orleans prince, or Napoléon II ? It was essential that he should know as soon as possible. He employed a certain colonel of Neapolitan origin called Macirone, who had been Murat's aide-de-camp, to bring him an answer, secretly, from Wellington : and when he was sure that England, Russia, Prussia, and Austria would set up no King in Paris but a Bourbon prince—the old King who had just left Ghent—he forsook everyone else, Duc d'Orléans and King of Rome, and devoted himself entirely to the new restoration of the Bourbons.

Nor was this all. He had to deceive the government over which he presided : to make his colleagues believe in his disinterestedness and patriotism ; to soothe Paris, to delude the Federates, who were



NAPOLÉON LEAVING FOR ST. HELENA.

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on the point of rising in revolt; to hand over the town to the Allies without bloodshed; to remove the army that was being reorganised under Davout and the ardent young generals who were longing to fight; and, finally, to make everyone believe that Paris could not possibly resist an attack by the powerful enemies that were approaching in forced marches. These obstacles overcome—his colleagues of the provisional government, the people, and the army, all deceived and betrayed—it still remained for him to win the confidence of Louis XVIII, whose brother he had sent to the scaffold.

Feats that would have baffled an ordinary man were successfully accomplished by Fouché. When we follow the details of his complicated intrigue, which was repeatedly on the verge of failure; when we see the suppleness of his mind, and his promptitude in twisting and turning, and contradicting himself, and giving his words an air of transparent truth, we cannot, in spite of the horror inspired by his perpetual treason, his imperturbable hypocrisy, his unbridled ambition, withhold a degree of admiration for the powerful brain that never faltered, was never mistaken, and always attained the precise end at which it aimed. Doubtless, Fouché was a monster of egoism and treachery: we must necessarily loathe and despise him. It is with a shudder that we read of the results of his amazing astuteness: yet his malevolent genius inspires us with awe. He was unique. To find his equal among ministers who have served kings and used them for their own ambitious ends we must seek men like Cardinal Dubois in France, and Manuel Godoy in Spain: yet both of these were inferior to Fouché. He had acquired, in the course of his experience of the dangers of the Terror, a manner of frigid impassivity that no emotion or surprise could stagger or disturb. "A face of stone," wrote Ida Saint-Elme. There was no escape from his magnetic glance: the man's deep and steady eye disturbed and weakened his interlocutor, who promptly and invariably surrendered. At the same time his experience of the splendours of the Empire had given him the art of assuming an air of amiability and good nature, which served as a cloak for his sinister practices: the air, not of an aristocrat, but of a respectable middle-class merchant who had made a fortune honourably, and wished to enjoy it. Guizot called him the *roué of the Revolution*—a very happy phrase. He had the insinuating manner, the shrewdness, and the cunning speech of the clever man who contrives to reap benefits even from evil-doing. When Guizot wrote that the *roué* wished to turn himself into a d—d aristocrat

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by becoming one of the King's ministers, he made a mistake. Fouché knew himself too well to imagine he could imitate the manners and language of a Richelieu or a Montmorency. He wished to be the King's minister in order to secure safety for himself and his goods, which he valued as much as his life. The pleasures of society and the friendship of the courtiers had small charms for this man, who was entirely self-sufficing. Guizot aimed at being just, he said, and he attributed some of the *roués*'s treacheries to the desire of saving France from fresh misfortunes. Ah—to believe Fouché capable of disinterestedness and generosity is entirely to misunderstand the crafty intriguer, who never possessed the smallest shred of those noble qualities. The knave never undertook anything save for his personal advantage, in order to be secured from loss. His whole life bears witness to this fact. He was never grateful, nor simple, nor upright. When he spared the people of La Vendée his object was merely to turn some of his enemies into partisans, or to win credit for the false legend that it was only Napoleon, and not he, who was terrible and insatiable in vengeance. Did he ever consider one of his friends when it was for his own interest to sacrifice him? Did he not proscribe them all to keep himself in office, on the 3rd Nivôse, and at the time of the return from Ghent? To whom, for instance, among all the Jacobins, did he deal the first blow in 1815? To Thibaudeau—whom only the day before he had flattered and entertained at his house. Such was Fouché.¹

The most arduous and amazing task that Fouché achieved was the surrender of Paris to the Allies, as a preliminary to the return of Louis XVIII, who at that time had few supporters. The Chambers were hostile to the Bourbons. They feared the vengeance of the Princes; and feared, too, that a new reign might result in the loss of hardly-won liberties. They were imbued with a tinge of republicanism. They had proclaimed Napoleon II, and failing him, would willingly have rallied round the Duc d'Orléans.

.. ¹ Pasquier's *Mémoires*, Vol. III., p. 310. "M. Fouché had need of the greatest coolness and callousness to maintain the position he had won for himself. . . . His reception-rooms contained the most extraordinary assemblage of people: every man found his own level there, and met both his friends and his opponents. As for him he went from one to the other with as much ease as if he had had to use the same language to them all. How often have I seen him come out of the embrasure of a window, where he had been talking to his old comrade, Thibaudeau the conventionist, with every appearance of intimacy, and join me and my friends at another window, where I would speak to him of some messenger just despatched to Cambrai. . . ."

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Moreover, they were by no means disinclined to oppose an energetic resistance to the enemy. There were among them certain retired officers who, after inspecting the troops encamped under the walls of Paris and visiting the defences of the town, had returned full of confidence as to the result of a battle. On the 30th June Colonel Bory de Saint-Vincent and some of his colleagues inspected the outskirts of Paris, and on the following day the colonel read his report to the Chambers.

"We proceeded," he wrote, "to La Villette, where Prince d'Eckmül has fixed his headquarters. Some Prussians are posted in one or two villages visible in the distance. We advanced close to their vedettes, and met a number of national guards and Federates, who were skirmishing on their own account, in order to accustom themselves to the perils they were longing to encounter. These intrepid Parisians complained to us that they were given neither arms nor cartridges, and that their courage was fettered. Everywhere we were rapturously welcomed. The soldiers, young and old alike, gathered round us, crying: *Liberty for ever! Vive Napoléon II! No Bourbons!* It would be hard, Gentlemen, to describe to you the scene we witnessed at Belleville. The whole of the Old Guard was there. At first the men, as they watched us pass, kept silence: they were obviously anxious. There had been calumnies current in the army with regard to us, for several days. The alarm and mistrust that our opponents at home have been disseminating everywhere, and the apparent ambiguity of our deliberations, had led the army to fear that, on our lips, the words *national safety* and *our country* might conceal a trap. But when we assured the troops that you had decided to die in the cause of our rights an explosion of delight—an infallible guarantee of victory—burst out on all sides. The shouts of *National independence for ever! Liberty for ever! Vive Napoléon II!* raised by both officers and men in their joy at seeing the tricoloured scarf once more among them, must have been heard by the enemy. And great as was the enthusiasm of the army, that of the entire suburban population was no less remarkable. After witnessing the scene we saw yesterday we can answer for the safety of Paris.—An invisible hand, a parricidal hand, is bringing pressure to bear upon us, and upon the negotiations. To that hand must be attributed the system of discouragement, and lies, and ambiguity to which you will infallibly fall victims if you do not, at last, open your eyes.—Do not deceive yourselves. Should

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the elder branch of the Bourbons be successfully thrust upon you, the head of that branch, however sincere his good intentions might be, would be unable to carry them out : his advisers would certainly force his hand. We should be granted a few promises, which would be broken as soon as the government were strong enough. All the men who have been fighting for twenty-five years for liberty, and especially those who have fought during these latter days, would be regarded as rebels. Their successes and their misfortunes alike would ensure their proscription. Even in our hospitals they might perhaps be refused places that would be given to those who had wounded them ;¹ and their honourable wounds, in the eyes of their masters, would be brands of ignominy. Our enemies must imagine that the men of the Revolution are arrant cowards. They have placed their hopes on the royalist Vendée : they do not dream that the patriots may have their Vendée too ! ”

On the day that the Chambers learnt these facts they would have rejected, unhesitatingly, the suggestion that they should yield at once without the smallest attempt at resistance—that they should capitulate, and force the army, an army of more than 100,000 men,² to retire beyond the Loire. Yet this was the result of the negotiations and measures and ruses schemed by Fouché, with his own unobtrusive skill. He despatched endless secret messages to Wellington and Blücher, and formed special commissions of the leading statesmen ; and these commissions were followed by councils of war composed entirely of old marshals, whose courage and energy were worn out by the campaigns of the Empire, and whose only ambition was repose. In commissions and councils of war, in circumstances where there is a necessary divergence of opinion, there is apt to be a great deal of discussion and very few decisions. Fouché, moreover, put the questions in such a way that the answers were inevitably evasive, and never definite. The strongest vitality and energy would be sapped by these methods, the most vigorous manliness enfeebled. Among

¹ De Vaulabelle says, on this subject, that six days later the wounded French soldiers were actually removed from several hospitals in Paris—the Hôtel-Dieu, among others—to make room for the enemy's soldiers, English and Prussian

² “ Napoleon's fall,” writes de Vaulabelle (Vol. III., p. 317), “ did not involve that of France. The nation still remained, with its immense resources :—400 battalions of mobilised national guards, forming an effective force of 250,000 men ; the four bodies of scouts of the Jura, the Var, the Pyrenees, and the South ; and the three armies of the Rhine, the Alps, and La Vendée, forming an effective force of 100,000 men, with that valiant army in Belgium, which might at any moment have been concentrated on Paris, and have attacked Blücher and Wellington effectively.”

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a number of men holding different views it is seldom that one can be found to take the responsibility of decisive action, and win the support of those who do not think with him.

Meantime the enemy continued to advance. Blücher assumed a threatening tone, and without any circumlocution summoned Paris to capitulate. He wished for the distinction of taking possession, for the second time, of the capital that had once seemed to him so formidable. From his headquarters in the palace of Saint-Cloud he dictated his unreasonable terms. He exacted the most humiliating conditions, such as the absolute surrender into his hands of the museums, and of *all public property having any bearing on the war*.¹

This was Fouché's desire. He had employed all his astuteness to paralyse the movements of Davout. "Let us have no fighting," he said to all the members of the ministerial commission and of the Chamber of Deputies. "It would be useless bloodshed. Sooner or later we should be crushed by numbers and forced to capitulate; and if we were reduced to that emergency should we not be entirely at their mercy? Leave the matter to me." So the vigilance of the patriots of the Chamber was lulled to sleep, and, confiding in his reputation as a man of inexhaustible resource, they left the fate of their country in his hands.

In the articles of this capitulation, which Fouché, wishing to conceal his cowardice and treachery, called a Convention, the name of France did not once appear; not a single political liberty was retained; not a single right of the nation was recognised. France, like a prisoner in chains, was handed over, trembling, to the Allies, that is to say, to the Bourbons. And such was Fouché's ingenuity that Davout, the commander-in-chief, seemed to be alone responsible for the disaster. Fouché had gained his ends.

The day came, however, and the hour, when Carnot, becoming conscious that his colleague was involving the ministerial commission in mysterious matters, tried, in a moment of irritation, to unmask the traitor. Fouché had liberated the Baron de Vitrolles, and Carnot had just learned that the fiery royalist had been found deep in conversation with Davout. What was the meaning of these relations of which the government knew nothing? Carnot, in the presence of his colleagues, used the word *treason*. Fouché

¹ Six days after the capitulation, the old veteran, Blücher, taking advantage of the ambiguous reference to public property, had the piles of the Pont d'Iéna undermined, with a view to blowing up the bridge.

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grew pale, but quickly recovered himself. "Do you mean that I am conspiring with him? Well, then, accuse me before the Chamber. Who is preventing you? Only, I warn you, I shall defend myself!"—"I do not pretend to say that you have an understanding with M. de Vitrolles," answered Carnot, "but I think that a more dangerous royalist does not exist. He seems even to have corrupted honest Marshal Davout himself."—"What, the Marshal too!" cried Fouché. "He would be a difficult man to arrest. Go and take him prisoner at his own headquarters!" (De Vaulabelle's *Histoire de la Restauration*, Vol. III, p. 272).

As a result of this altercation it was decided to arrest the royalist. But de Vitrolles, being warned by his confederate, hid himself, and succeeded in escaping a term of imprisonment which, at that crisis, would have been extremely short.

At the entreaty of Mme. de Vitrolles, Fouché, on becoming all-powerful after Napoleon's abdication, had released the State prisoner, who had been transferred from Vincennes to the Abbaye. Fouché had protected him against the Emperor, who, during the Hundred Days, had determined to hand him over to the military tribunals, and afterwards to have him shot. Had he not worked in opposition to the Empire at Toulouse? said the Emperor. Was it not notorious that this royalist was one of his most determined enemies? Fouché succeeded in delaying the effects of the imperial wrath; and when the Empire fell de Vitrolles was saved. He was the very man to serve the purposes of the influential intriguer who had decided to work for the cause of Louis XVIII. He was active, energetic, and resolute, and had won the regard of the royalists by the services he had rendered to the Monarchy. Moreover, he was intelligent and brave, and well known to the foreign ministers; and for these reasons could be of more use than any other man to Fouché, who kept him close at hand, and prevented him from going to Ghent, whither the King's devoted servant would fain have hastened. In Paris Fouché could keep an eye on him, and see that his ardent temperament and excessive eagerness did not entangle him in too many complicated schemes. Hardly had he left prison before he was making offers to Marshal de Grouchy, who refused to aid the Bourbons, being a partisan of the Duc d'Orléans. He had even approached Merlin de Thionville, who had promised him the support of twenty thousand Federates; demanding in return, however, absolute guarantees for the liberty

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and rights of the citizen.¹ Merlin had broken with the royalist when he learned that Fouché, of whom he was jealous, was to be one of the King's ministers. But in the course of a few days of liberty, de Vitrolles could not distinguish himself by any very brilliant achievement. The Bourbons were well known: their vindictiveness was feared. Everywhere the royalist met with mistrust and indifference. The prevailing feeling in Paris was lassitude.

The King's most powerful ally in this second restoration, and indeed Fouché's ally also, was the Duke of Wellington. He led the King back, stage by stage—led him almost by the hand—from Ghent to Paris. In this way he was carrying out the intentions of the English government; for England desired the restoration of the old King, regarding it as the most certain and effective guarantee of peace. For twenty years the armies that had opposed Napoleon had been subsidised by England. This war that Pitt had declared must be perpetual, and could only end with the death of the last English soldier and the exhaustion of the public funds, had plunged the nation so deeply in debt that it was sinking under the weight of taxation and liabilities. The most earnest and pressing desire of the English government was to establish a lasting peace, in order to recruit their finances, and liberate their commerce from all the embarrassments resulting from the war. Any other monarch than the old Bourbon, as Wellington said to Fouché's emissaries, would not be legitimate, but a *usurper* on the same grounds as Napoleon, and would be opposed by a line of princes claiming their rights. The peace of Europe might be disturbed by the ambition of the new sovereign. Louis XVIII was the only legitimate King, and the allied powers desired no other to sit upon the throne of France.

Wellington possessed, in a marked degree, the pride of the island race. He was obstinate and hard: his ideas were narrow, but his character was strong, well-balanced, and very cautious, and he was always true to his word.² His egotistical, ungenerous nature, and especially the cold temperament that kept his anger under control, had the effect of making him always regardful of the English minister's wishes, and prevented him from going

¹ De Viel-Castel, *Histoire de la Restauration*, Vol. III., p. 314.

² "His position and renown," writes the Duc de Broglie in his *Souvenirs*, "formed a strange contrast with the awkward and heavy gallantry he affected in his dealings with young and beautiful women, and carried, it is said, as far as they would allow."

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beyond his instructions. He had been ordered not to disregard the wishes of the French nation. He obeyed. If he succeeded in bringing the King to Paris it was not force that he employed, but argument and persuasion. "Yield at once," he said to those who were sent to discuss the negotiation with him, "since yielding will be inevitable later on. It is more honourable, and will make a settlement easy." The Emperor Alexander of Russia was the prime mover in the first Restoration; Wellington, equally with Fouché perhaps, was the mainspring of the second. He succeeded in reconciling Talleyrand, who was kicking against the pricks at Mons, with the King, who had turned sulky; he persuaded Louis XVIII to part from his favourite de Blacas, who was an embarrassment to all the partisans of the Monarchy; and at the last moment he signified his approval of the royal decision to appoint Fouché Minister of Police. Louis XVIII was quite aware of the important part played by the English Duke in this second presentation of the crown. He always received him with more gracious smiles and more eager attention than he accorded to any of his other visitors. He said one day, when Wellington was inquiring after his health: "You are my great physician—you have cured all my ills!" In the matter of the tricoloured cockade the Duke even achieved a triumph over the obstinacy of Fouché, who, at the English headquarters at Neuilly, made it an absolute condition of the King's return. Wellington, with the tone of authority that victory gives, brought his clear-sightedness and common-sense to bear upon the question, and made the president of the French government see that the use of the tricoloured cockade, at this particular moment, was impossible. Before the first Restoration the King could be subjected to a humiliation of that kind; but it was impossible now that the cockade had been used as the symbol of rebellion. Fouché yielded. He yielded all the more promptly that Talleyrand held out hopes to him of Louis XVIII's favour. The King, who had just arrived at Arnouville, would very probably make him his Minister of Police.

II

Thus Paris was conquered; Paris belonged to the Bourbons. The head of that House was about to return. France in general, however, still regarded that monarch as *suspect*. If there were

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some provinces that were devoted to him there were others that rose in revolt and would have none of his government. Moreover there were fortified towns whose garrisons remained faithful to the Emperor, refused to capitulate, and defended themselves to the death against the allied armies. Condé, Valenciennes, Lille, Landrecies, and Bouchain obstinately held out against the foreigners.

In the north, however, the people had declared for the Bourbons, to whom they had given a good reception in the previous year. The towns through which the King had passed in his flight three months earlier reverted to their original loyalty, and lost no time in displaying the symbols of the monarchy. Cambrai, after two days of siege, received the English as deliverers. The women, standing on the walls of the fortifications, passed ladders down to the besiegers, whom they helped with outstretched hands to climb to the top of the wall. At Arras the arrival of a little band of royalists from Belgium, led by the Comte de Bourbon-Busset, with a standard embroidered by fair and noble hands, was enough to effect the substitution of the white flag for the tricoloured one. In the towns and villages of Normandy, at the instance of the renegade de Bourmont, to whom the King had just given the command of the 16th military division, all the partisans of the Empire were dismissed from their posts and replaced by officials who had formerly served the Monarchy.

Brittany was more hostile. There the Bonapartist faith was still ardent. In the great towns—Rennes, Saint Briec, Saint-Malo—the people refused to believe that the Emperor had abdicated and left Paris, and the demonstrations of the royalists were quickly suppressed. Bordeaux was sternly kept obedient to Napoleon by General Clausel, who was in command there. In the central provinces the artisans and peasants violently opposed the efforts of certain nobles, who wished the *Domine salvum fac regem* to be sung in the parish churches. The eastern provinces, Alsace, Lorraine, Burgundy, and Champagne were all unwilling to accept the Bourbons, and resisted the allied troops and the partisans of the princes with the greatest energy. More than a fortnight after the Battle of Waterloo Chalons was still obeying General Rigault, whose forces consisted of a hundred and fifty men and the pupils of the School of Arts and Crafts. It was only by bursting open the gates and forcibly removing the palisades that the Russians

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effected an entrance. There was shooting in the streets. Several of the inhabitants were killed, and others severely wounded. A prominent townsman, M. Ducauzé de Nazelle, was wounded with a lance, as he stood, with a white handkerchief in his hand, on the steps of the town hall, entreating the victors to spare the inhabitants. The town was pillaged ruthlessly for an hour before order was restored. Dijon remained in the hands of the officials of the Empire as long as they were in the town. The people cried *Vive l'Empereur*! to the great horror of the royalist newspapers, which regarded these shouts as sheer anarchy. It was only on the 9th July when the prefect M. Bercagny, General Vaux, and the other officials had left the town, that the populace, prompted by a few leading spirits, were able to give vent to their enthusiasm for the Bourbons. All the white ribbons in the shops were quickly divided and made into cockades. As for La Vendée it was in arms under its old leaders, disputing every inch of ground with the troops that the imperial government had sent thither, before the fall of Napoleon. In every corner of the kingdom revolts and riots were breaking out, either in support of the imperial government or in favour of the restoration of the Bourbons. Everywhere opinions were divided: there was no unanimity of sentiment. The Bourbons had as many enemies as partisans.

Sad indeed, and most desolate, was the spectacle that France presented from one end of the country to the other! In this harvest month of July the crops stood waiting in vain for the reapers. The peasants and farmers were threatened with ruin; and ruin would have been followed by famine if order had not quickly been restored. The memoirs of several men who travelled through the provinces during these months of June and July give a heartrending picture of the invasion, and a picture, moreover, that fills one with indignation, so shamelessly did the women respond to the advances of the foreign officers. Fournier-Verneuil, who was a notary in Paris, had business that called him to Touraine. Between Paris and Orleans, he says, the fields were deserted. The only people he saw were Prussians, who threatened him with their muskets and demanded his passport before allowing him to continue his journey. And of course it was necessary to profess the royalist faith. Whereas further on, in the plains of Vatan for instance, the reapers he met were devotees of Napoleon, and insisted on his crying *Vive l'Empereur*! Except in the south, where the populace and rabble sided with the priests on account

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of their hatred for the rich, liberal, and imperialist protestants, the rustics of most of the provinces always applauded the name of the great soldier, whom they regarded as their protector against the exactions of the old *seigneurs*. At Tours, continues Fournier-Verneuil, the Prussians were holding a fête in honour of their king. On the bridge across the Loire there were barriers dividing the country dominated by the Allies from the country that still belonged to France. It was no easy matter to pass these obstacles from the Prussian side, but they were always removed for the ladies of the place, who begged this favour from the foreign officers. Their motive, if we may believe the narrator, was not only curiosity, but vice; for they and the men of the north indulged in the most shameless dissipations. As though the occupation of the country by the Allies did not give the inhabitants a sufficient experience of the horrors of military slavery, the women must needs add the disgrace of open profligacy! A defeat produces the same effects as a revolution: it demoralises everyone.

The following incident, recorded in the journals of the day, is no less significant. In a little commune in Loiret a certain aristocrat called the Vicomte Laugier de Beaureceuil, presented the *pain béni*. Some soldiers saw from a considerable distance, through the open doors of the church, the white ribbons that encircled the sacristan's basket, and instantly, forcing their way through the kneeling crowd, they snatched the basket and bread from the hands of the sacristan, and seized the Vicomte, whom they led away on foot to Montargis, the headquarters of their general. Such incidents as this must have occurred wherever the Bonapartists were conscious of being the stronger party. We shall see presently how the royalists behaved when they were in the ascendancy, as at Marseilles.

Grenoble did not recognise the King's authority till the 9th July, nor Anger till the 13th. Maçon, Chalon-sur-Saône, Valence, and Lyons soon fell into the hands of the Austrians. But Lyons, in spite of everything, was true to Napoleon. Even beneath the enemy's yoke the people showed their hatred for the invaders, by disturbances which were aggravated by the sacking of their officers' houses. Agen and Toulouse hoisted the white flag at the end of June. Their conversion was easily effected, compared with that of other southern towns, such as Arles, Avignon, Nîmes, Montpellier, and Draguinan, where the Federates paraded a black

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flag shouting: *The Emperor or Death!* and especially compared with that of Marseilles, where blood flowed freely. There, the struggle between royalists and Bonapartists was horrible and fierce. At the first news of Napoleon's fall the workmen of the harbour paraded through the town, shouting with joy. The irritated soldiers shot them. Foreseeing a fresh collision the general in command despatched the troops to Toulon in the night; and on the following morning the royalists, feeling themselves safe, turned the full force of their fury on the Emperor's partisans, pursuing them into their houses and massacring them. Numbers of them were killed—fifty, according to contemporary accounts. Henry Houssaye declares the number was two hundred.¹

France had never been in such a wretched state. These constantly recurring revolutions, these invasions following one after the other, produced a universal atmosphere of hatred, and desire for vengeance, and misery, and had as bad an effect on men's consciences as on their morals. The sacredness of the oath was a thing of the past. Men who had so easily denied what they once worshipped would have been ready to swear anything. Moreover, all Europe was scrambling for the wealth of France, and seeking a dwelling-place among her fertile fields. The Spaniards established themselves at Bayonne; and all the German princes, who had no business at all in the country, hastened thither none the less, and took their ease in Paris. No one neglected to profit from the windfall. All the princes of Russia, Prussia, and even Bavaria, took up their abode in our beautiful palaces, and were followed by all the ministers, ambassadors, envoys, and magnates who wished to regale themselves with the spectacle of our vanquished capital. But Paris was the town that suffered least from the invasion. The presence of so many illustrious people gave a profitable impetus to trade. Even the French nobles began to return, and with them

¹ In his last volume, 1815, p. 165, Henry Houssaye has painted a sinister picture of the Massacres of Marseilles. "... Among the murderers were some old members of the Jacobin Club of '93. Having killed in the name of the people they were now killing in the name of the King. The pleasure was the same. A man who had been a jailer in the prison succeeded in escaping; his wife and two children were killed in his place. ... Maret the carpenter was dragged from his workshop to the Rue du Tapis Vert, to be shot; but the crowd thought it more diverting to kill him by beating him on the head with sticks. Meantime the houses of Bonapartists were pillaged and sacked. Women danced in rings round the corpses. ... The massacre had lasted six or eight hours. There were more than 300 victims. The people of Marseilles called that day *the day of the force*."

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the high officials who had not desired to throw in their lot with Napoleon, such as Fontanes and de Pradt. The latter was one of the first to come back.

III

When the news reached Ghent that Napoleon had joined his army in Belgium the King's circle was plunged into an agony of anxiety. Louis XVIII assumed an air of dignified impassivity. At heart he was trembling for his personal safety, and it was arranged between him and the Comte de Blacas that at the first alarm he should leave the Hôtel d'Hane and embark at Ostend. Every day the news became more disturbing, and struck terror into the hearts of the courtiers, who had all been pinning their faith for the past hundred days to the armies of their foreign allies. De Blacas saw that the crown diamonds were put into a wagon, and every man strapped his portmanteau to save time.

The King's attitude remained unchanged, to all appearance. He thought himself as resolute and firm as his ancestor Louis XIV at the time of his greatest troubles, because he believed in the success of his "allies," as he called them. He wished to show greatness in misfortune, after the manner of all the Bourbon kings; but he had neither the strength nor the courage to be truly great in action. His words were solemn; his deeds were mean and irresolute. He postponed making any final decision till a courier should have arrived from Wellington. If the danger were imminent, if his liberty or his future were threatened, Wellington would not desert him: this was his firm hope.

Had Napoleon been the victor of Waterloo the Bourbons would have been finally dethroned. Belgium, incited to revolt by the invincible conqueror, would have been united to France, and the little German princes who had been so badly treated at the Congress of Vienna would have joined the Emperor. The English army having been annihilated, Blücher's army would have suffered the same fate, and Austria, always ready for a change of front, would have joined the side that she dared not oppose, and would have enforced the return of Marie Louise and the King of Rome to Paris. The King was acute enough to foresee the disastrous consequences to himself and his family of a fresh victory

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to the imperial eagles, and he waited, in a state of anxiety that at last he could no longer hide, for the arrival of Wellington's courier.

On the day of the battle Chateaubriand went out of Ghent with Cæsar's "Commentaries" under his arm. He was walking slowly through the fields, watching the women as they bent over the lines of vegetables and pulled up the encroaching weeds, when the distant sound of guns was borne to him on the wind, which blew from the direction of the battle-field. "I listened attentively," he adds in his memoirs, "but heard nothing but the cry of a water-fowl among the rushes, and the striking of a village clock. I pursued my way. I had not gone thirty yards before the rumbling recommenced. The sound was sometimes short, sometimes long, and came at unequal intervals.

"This great battle that was then nameless, whose echoes I was hearing at the foot of a poplar, and whose unknown victims had the sound of a village-clock for their passing-bell, was the Battle of Waterloo." A courier passed, and Chateaubriand questioned him. "He was in the employ of the Duc de Berry, and came from Alost. 'Bonaparte entered Brussels yesterday, the 17th June, after a bloody fight. The battle was to begin again to-day, the 18th June. It is believed that the Allies are completely defeated, and the order to retreat has been given.' The courier went on his way, and I hastened after him. I was overtaken by the carriage of a merchant who was flying in a post-chaise, with his family. He confirmed the courier's story."

At the Hôtel d'Hane the whole Court was preparing for flight. As for the King, his luggage was packed into the silk handkerchief that wrapped his head at night, and he was quite ready. As the evening passed the panic grew, and was increased by the arrival from Brussels of the Comte d'Artois, who confirmed the news of the defeat of the English. But on the following day, the 19th June, a despatch from Pozzo di Borgo revived the failing spirits of the courtiers, and turned the sadness of the previous night into joy. Napoleon was defeated, and had deserted his army. The King had merely to follow Wellington's army, which was once more taking the road to France.

Then the old monarch, being relieved from his fears, resumed his usual characteristics. His impassivity returned: he showed himself to be magnanimous, and sent a sum of 500,000 francs to

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the victims of the war. He moreover desired the Duc de Berry to visit the wounded French soldiers in the Belgian hospitals. Before the victory he had longed for the annihilation of the French; after their defeat he pitied them, and called himself their King. This was an instance of the usual inconsistency of his sentiments, which were never sincere, but always dictated by circumstances. Wellington wrote to him to follow his army, step by step, and added to the Duc de Feltre, the King's minister: "We already find the white flag flying above the towns and villages. The defeat of Napoleon's army is more decisive than it appeared to be at first. The soldiers are dispersing, in small bodies, to their own homes. The cavalry and train of artillery are selling their horses in the districts through which they pass. The infantry are throwing away their arms and dispersing to their homes. There are more than two thousand muskets waiting to be picked up in the Forest of Mormal."

Louis XVIII took his time. After spending three days in organising his departure he gave a great dinner at the Hôtel d'Hane, at which Marshal Victor, Duc de Bellune, was present. At dessert the King proposed a toast, which showed very plainly what were his true sentiments in spite of all his professions of love for France. Certain historians have described the words of this toast as "unfortunate." They were impious. "Monsieur le maréchal," he said, "I never drank to the success of the Allies before the Restoration. Their cause was righteous, but I did not know their intentions with regard to France. Now that they are the allies of my Crown, now that they are fighting, not the French, but the Bonapartists, now that they are devoting themselves so nobly to the deliverance of my people and the peace of the world, we may celebrate their victory without ceasing to be Frenchmen." Not only were these words the sheerest nonsense, in which each idea was contradicted by the next, but it would be hard to mention a country in which the King had not drunk to the defeat of those whom he called his subjects—"my people." The whole spirit of the Emigration is contained in these words. In the old days those who refused to recognise his claim to the crown, while he was living in exile, were rebels and brigands who did not deserve the name of Frenchmen. At Waterloo these same rebels changed their name: he called them Bonapartists, and though he disowned them he was willing to relieve their wants ostentatiously when he thought by

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so doing to serve his own cause. Hypocrisy could go no further.

During these days of delay the little Court at Ghent resumed its intrigues against the favourite, seeking to separate him from his master. The ministers wished, when they returned to Paris, to be rid of the man whose influence stood between the King and themselves, and was responsible, they thought, for all the mistakes committed during the first months of the reign ; the ambassadors wished to be freed from the constant shadow that haunted the approaches of the throne ; the Comte d'Artois and his household wished to see no more of the obstinate supporter of the Charter they hated. He was attacked and abused by the whole Court. Moreover the enemies of the Comte de Blacas were backed by a man he had offended. Talleyrand, to whom the King had been persuaded by the favourite to refuse a certain mark of favour, had returned from Vienna, and took his revenge by encouraging the anger and resentment and hostility that had been accumulating for a year against that individual. Louis XVIII resisted the storm. He found the exercise of obstinacy very pleasant. His successive refusals showed that he really had not ceased to be King, and even those who were the last to approach him on the subject, of whom Guizot was one, were powerless against his determination, which remained firm to the end. He persuaded himself that he had always acted on his own initiative ; that his favourite had merely carried out his wishes ; and he saw no reason for parting from him. All this acrimony would gradually disappear of itself.

The Comte de Blacas was not unmoved by this coalition of his opponents, but he felt himself master of the situation. He said to the Comte de Bruges : "Whatever they do I shall stay with the King all the same, if I wish to." And indeed when Louis XVIII left Ghent to join Wellington's army the count was still with him. None the less his determination to keep his friend was shaken. Before leaving Ghent the King granted an audience to a deputation of royalists from Lille, who came to congratulate him on his return. "We shall be delighted to see your Majesty among us again," they said. "At Lille the people will cry *Vive le Roi!* But—since we owe you the truth, Sire,—they will also cry *Down with de Blacas!*" These words decided Louis XVIII to part from his favourite. The Belgian journals published the following letter at this time. "Monsieur le Comte (de Blacas).—I owe it to the repose of my few remaining days, to the peace of

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the world at large, and to the advice of my allies, to remove from my government certain individuals who are very dear to me, among whom I wish particularly to distinguish yourself. Take with you into your retirement the evidence of your King's satisfaction, and the certainty of always being his friend.—From my temporary residence at Ghent: June, 1815.—LOUIS."

The parting took place at Tournai. At the last the King was deeply moved, and could not restrain his tears as he bade farewell to the man from whom he had received so many marks of devotion: his consoler in the hardest moments of his exile. De Blacas took advantage of this moment of weakness. He was going away, he said, a poor man, and his family was large. Louis XVIII was capable of generosity when it cost him nothing. "You have in London, Sire," said the favourite, "the balance of the money that we were able to bring away from Paris on the 20th March."—"Well, take it!" answered the King. This balance that was bestowed upon the count in compensation for lost favours amounted to about seven million francs: seven millions taken from the public funds. Louis XVIII added the Embassy of Naples to the gift. The Comte de Blacas bowed profoundly, bade the King farewell, and proceeded to England to fetch his wife. Beugnot, as he parted from him, said with compunction; "I pity the King. He will miss your companionship. Can you not picture his isolation among his courtiers without a single friend?"—"My dear M. Beugnot" answered the count, "you do not understand the friendship of kings. I shall be forgotten in a month." He was only wrong by twenty-seven days, adds Beugnot. Three days later Louis XVIII had ceased to speak of his friend. He had replaced him by a young man called Decazes, who had formerly been Madame Loetitia's secretary and was now a judge of the Court of Appeal in Paris: a good-looking man with a pretentious, time-serving, ambitious nature, whom Talleyrand likened to a hairdresser's assistant.

The King, after he left Ghent, travelled with the Duc de Feltre and his Chancellor, de Dambray. He advanced step by step, as Wellington's army cleared the way for him. It was in vain that he summoned Talleyrand: that wily individual had no intention of making himself too cheap, nor of returning without imposing conditions. As soon as he arrived at Brussels from Vienna he received the intriguers of the moment, and proceeded

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to criticise everything that had been done both in Paris and at Ghent, and to foretell the future like an oracle. The months he had lately spent among all the diplomatists of Europe, and the secrets of the Congress of Vienna, with which he seemed to be laden, lent great weight to his words. When he learnt that the Court had reached Mons he repaired thither himself. Chateaubriand, with whom he was on intimate terms, urged him to wait upon the King. Talleyrand answered that he never did anything in haste: the next day would be soon enough. Chateaubriand, full of zeal, thought it necessary to make excuses for the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and told Louis XVIII that Talleyrand was not very well, and was unable to pay his respects that evening. "All the worse for him," answered the King; "I am starting to-morrow at six o'clock in the morning." His tone was quite unconcerned. Chateaubriand conveyed to the minister the impression he had received, but Talleyrand remained unmoved. Louis XVIII, who was now dependent upon Wellington, had few thoughts to give to the diplomatist. He had ordered his berline for an early hour in the morning, and was already seated in it when Talleyrand, who had hastily risen on hearing of the King's movements, appeared at the door and begged for an interview. Louis XVIII allowed the horses to be backed, for the carriage had actually started. He alighted, in much irritation at the delay, and Talleyrand limped into the inn after him, in no better humour than the King. The tone of the interview was bitter. The early hour, the homely surroundings, all the circumstances of this inopportune visit, tended to increase the acrimony of the two men. Talleyrand laid great stress, in the brief time that was allowed to him, on the most suitable place for the King to await the restoration of order in the revolted provinces. He advised Lyons, on account of its proximity to royalist Provence, which showed itself so worthy of the confidence that had been placed in it. The suggestion failed to please Louis XVIII, who at that time took no advice except that of the English general. He broke up the conference. "Since you are ill, Monsieur de Talleyrand, you ought to take the waters. Set off at once. You can let me know how you are getting on." And he departed, leaving the minister dumfounded by this royal graciousness. Talleyrand recovered from his surprise with difficulty, and joined his colleagues, the other ministers. They did not accompany the King to Cateau-Cambrésis,

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where Wellington had just arrived and had established his headquarters.

The King, having no advisers but the Duc de Feltre and Dambray, acted at this time upon the most unfortunate suggestions. After the Battle of Waterloo the following words had appeared in the *Moniteur de Gand*, from the pen of the editor, or de Jaucourt, or Lally-Tolendal—it matters little which, since they expressed the views of the little Court. “On the 18th the bloody and obstinate battle that began on the 15th ended in the happiest way for the allies.” The passage concluded with a reference to “Bonaparte’s army, the army that has ceased to be French in all but name, since it has become the terror and scourge of the country.” This was another version of the toast proposed to Marshal Victor; a eulogy of the foreign troops and a compliment to their courage; and an insult to the French army, at a time when the German papers were crying out for the extermination of the French, and demanding that the whole nation should be outlawed.¹

At Cateau-Cambrésis there was fresh insistence upon the hateful division that cut the nation in two, classifying the French people as *good* or *bad*. The King drew up a proclamation there, giving expression to the odious thoughts of Dambray’s mean mind. It contained a threat of vengeance, which was calculated to have quite another effect than the pacification that was so greatly needed at the moment, when the passions of the whole country were already raging. The King announced that on his return to Paris, the good would be rewarded, but that he would *put into*

¹ Extract from the *Mercure du Rhin*, No. 280, March 15th, 1815: “We were wrong to consider the French: we should have exterminated them all while we were in their country. But do not let us delay to carry the war thither once more, and let us remember that we have to deal with a nation which has too often shown that law and order are incompatible with its existence. Let us remember that we have to deal with an army which has been educated in rapine, pillage, and notorious wickedness, and since it has forced us to take up arms again, may its last hour have struck!”

From No. 210, March 19th, 1815: “Yes, this band of 500,000 brigands must be exterminated: all Europe must take up arms against them, nay more, must declare war against the whole nation, and outlaw this entire disreputable population, since war is a necessity to sin, which cherishes it as its favourite mistress, to whom nothing is sacred.”

From No. 210, April 2nd, 1815: “If we have just reasons for wishing Napoleon, as a prince, to disappear from the political scene, we have equally good reasons for annihilating the French as a nation. To attain this end it is not necessary to kill them; it will be sufficient to give them a number of princes, but no emperor, and to organise them after the fashion of the German people. There can be no peace for the world as long as the French nation exists. Let it be changed, then, into peoples of Burgundy, and Neustria, and Aquitaine. They will tear each other to pieces, but the world will have peace for centuries.”

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execution the existing laws against the guilty. Wellington would have disapproved of this proclamation had he known of it. He had just received from London, from the ministers who were directing from a distance this greatly-desired restoration of the Bourbons, a despatch expressing a wish that a King of France, before entering Paris, should promise *pardon* and *forgetfulness* to his subjects. But among all these prejudiced, irritable courtiers, who were embittered by exile and knew nothing of the passionate devotion to Napoleon that existed in the suburbs of the capital, there was no one to be found to recommend mercy and generosity to the King. There was no one to speak the truth to him, or to open the hearts of his subjects to him by prompting him to approach them magnanimously. The English duke knew what the King needed at this critical moment: the counsels of a man versed in the language of diplomacy. Talleyrand was the man. But Talleyrand held out no hopes of his arrival on the scenes. Wellington wrote to him, explaining the urgent need of his presence at Louis XVIII's side, and begging him to come with his colleagues to Cambrai. The duke was about to enter this town, either with the consent of its inhabitants, or by force.

Talleyrand, after thinking the matter over, had regretted his sulky behaviour to the King at Mons. Though there was, as yet, no rupture between them, it was quite possible that all the conflicting ambitions and intrigues might produce a rupture when the new ministry was being formed: and he had not worked so perseveringly to keep his place in order to be robbed of it at the eleventh hour. He yielded to Wellington's wishes. He and his colleagues hastened to cross the frontier, and arrived at Cambrai in time to receive the King.

This entry into Cambrai, whose royalist inhabitants had welcomed the English with enthusiasm, recalled the most striking demonstrations of the first Restoration. All the bells were set ringing: the streets were decked with flags and garlanded with flowers. A hundred girls, dressed in white, were formed into choirs to do honour to the princes. This royalist intoxication, the songs of joy, the movement and the noise, caused great delight to the courtiers and military household of the King, and gave them very false ideas. They imagined that it would be the same everywhere, and that the legitimate princes had only to show themselves to reawaken the devotion of the people. So firmly did they believe this that, when the proclamation of Cateau-Cambrésis was

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examined in the council held at once in the presence of the King and princes, and the ministers opposed it as impolitic and over-violent, Louis XVIII and the princes felt themselves strong enough to defend it. This they did on the grounds that it was a necessary means of checking the plots of which they had, they declared, been the victims: plots that would be revived, unless severe methods of repression were adopted. Generosity of sentiment would be mere gullibility. With the exceptions of Dambray and the Duc de Feltre, who had helped the King to compose the reprehensible proclamation, all the ministers, fortunately, were agreed in firmly opposing the publication of so ill-conceived a manifesto. It was finally decided that a fresh draft should be discussed on the following day; and Beugnot drew it up during the night. This time it was the Comte d'Artois who arose in his wrath against the substance and the terms of the new manifesto, which he regarded as unworthy of a monarch addressing his subjects. Why—it actually referred to the mistakes of the government and the counsels by which it had been led astray! Was it himself who was blamed in this thinly disguised fashion? Talleyrand had the courage to face the prince, and accuse him openly. The Duc de Berry, with his usual violence, broke into the discussion, and in defending his father would doubtless have compromised himself by some indiscreet action if the King had not checked his exhibition of temper. This animated quarrel, however, served the cause of the ministers. When a few words had been modified, and a few paragraphs revised, the new proclamation was signed by the King on the 28th June, 1815, and disseminated wherever the royal authority was recognised. If it left much to be desired it held out definite hopes of a moderate policy, by suppressing the measures that had brought about the fall of the dynasty on the 20th March. The two Chambers, of deputies and of peers, were to be preserved;¹ no one was to be punished except the instigators and originators of Napoleon's return; the owners of national property

¹ The following are the most important passages in this proclamation:—"The King to the French Nation. The gates of my kingdom are opening before me. I hasten to bring back my errant subjects; to palliate the ills I would fain have prevented; to stand for the second time between the French and the allied armies, in the hope that any regard of which I may be the object may redound to the good of my subjects. This is the only part I have been willing to take in the war. I have not allowed any prince of my family to appear in the ranks of the foreigners, and I fettered the courage of such of my servants as were able to rally round me. Now that I am once more on my native soil I am glad to speak confidentially to my subjects. When I first returned to them I found that the minds of the nation had been disturbed and carried away by conflicting passions.

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were not to be molested; the ministers were to be conjointly responsible to the Chambers. These concessions surely were enough to satisfy the majority of the enlightened public, who desired the establishment of a parliamentary government. Moreover, Talleyrand was appointed President of the Ministry, which gave him much satisfaction. As first minister he would be not merely influential but omnipotent, he imagined, when he, too, made his entry into Paris. Soon he would be driving up to his own house, and having all the windows opened in the rooms that had been shut up for months, and breaking the seals that had been placed there by Napoleon's orders. This was the first-fruits of his submission to the King.

During the days that followed, he made common cause with Wellington, and the other distinguished foreigners, and the Comte d'Artois, and the Faubourg Saint-Germain, to secure Fouché's appointment as Minister of Police. He was the man of the hour, said Talleyrand. No man was so well qualified as he to keep order in the streets, and assure safety to the royal family. It may seem strange that Talleyrand, himself a man of ability and as well versed as Fouché in the state of public opinion in Paris, should have desired so formidable a colleague: a man who was as crafty and evasive as himself, and was very likely to put obstacles in the way of his exercising his authority as he wished. For the political ideals of these two men differed greatly. Fouché's active share in the Revolution had given him a permanent tendency to subordinate the royal authority to the will of the nation. The latter should be the sovereign power, to which the King should be obedient.

Wherever I looked I saw nothing but difficulties and obstacles. It was only natural that my government should make mistakes; perhaps it made some. . . . There are times when the purest intentions are not a sufficient guide: they may even lead one astray. Experience alone can teach. It shall not be thrown away. I desire everything that may save the country. . . . I promise, I who have never promised in vain—all Europe knows it—to pardon the French who went astray for all that occurred between the day I left Lille amid so many tears, and the day I entered Cambrai amid so many acclamations.—But the blood of my children has been shed, through a betrayal that is unexampled in the annals of the world. By this betrayal the foreigner has been brought into the heart of France. Every day I hear of some fresh disaster. It is my duty then, for the dignity of my throne, for the good of my people, for the peace of Europe, to exempt from pardon the instigators and originators of this horrible plot. They will be singled out for the vengeance of the law by the two Chambers which I propose to reassemble immediately.—Frenchmen, such are the sentiments that I have brought back to your midst, the sentiments of one whom time has not changed, nor misfortune wearied, nor injustice crushed.—The King, whose fathers reigned over yours for eight centuries, has returned to consecrate his days to your defence and consolation. Given at Cambrai on the 28th June, 1815.

LOUIS."

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He approved of every kind of political liberty, which he regarded as a right of the individual. What he had been twenty years earlier, he still was ; and such was his opposition to Talleyrand's ideal of government that each of the two men, who knew each other thoroughly and had no concealments between them, despised, detested, and respected the other, and admired the evil genius that had placed him in the distinguished position he enjoyed.

Talleyrand, on the other hand, had no convictions. As a *grand seigneur* who had been led astray, and was now in an aristocratic Court peopled by uncompromising old nobles, he desired above all things to make his own position secure ; as secure as it would have been if he had never served Napoleon. He was burdened with such a load of past dishonours for which to win forgiveness, of peculations to hide or live down, of treasons to whitewash, that he wished to have someone at hand who was oppressed by more crushing memories and crimes than his own, and would, by comparison, lighten the weight of his own reputation. If Fouché were one of the King's ministers, if Fouché were received at Court, if Fouché were recognised by all the great nobles, surely he, Talleyrand, would be more welcome. He was a renegade priest : so was Fouché. He had taken part in the Duc d'Enghien's execution : Fouché was a regicide. And he, Talleyrand, had one advantage over the *bourgeois* of Nantes : he had the perfect manners, the courteous language, the smile, the ease of the *grand seigneur*, which won him the goodwill of women. After all, what did it matter to him if Fouché were made a minister ? Why should he be more fastidious than the nobles and ambassadors and princes who were pushing Fouché into the ministry ? It was not he that would be dishonoured by the appointment ; it was not he that would before long be blamed for the disgrace of it ; and it was even a comforting thought to him that the very highest rank was no guarantee against weakness, since the King himself was about to commit this act of egregious cowardice. It was alleged that none but Fouché could restrain the Federates, who were at this moment making a great uproar in Paris. Talleyrand was well aware—knowing Fouché and the means employed by the ex-Jacobin to rouse or soothe the anger of the mob—that at the back of all the agitation and tumult the police were to be found, and that, if it had not been for Fouché, the Federates would have been quiet at the end of a few weeks. There was at this time an irresistibly strong feeling in the man's favour, even among the most determined

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aristocrats. The Bailli de Crussol said to Beugnot: "You see, my dear Beugnot, we of the Faubourg are old folk. We have suffered enough. We must have a guarantee against the return of the Revolution, and that is what no one but Fouché can give us. Once he is Minister of Police we shall sleep comfortably in our beds." Since the desire was universal in the world of Society, Talleyrand had no mind to oppose it. He despatched to the King the most beautiful and intellectual women, such as the Comtesse de Narbonne, who went all the way to Arnouville to lay before Louis XVIII the advantages of appointing Fouché. And while the King was waiting there, to make sure that it would be safe for him to enter Paris, Talleyrand took Fouché to see him—*vice escorted crime*, as Chateaubriand said.

A few pages farther on in his memoirs the illustrious writer adds: "After all, how could anyone imagine that such a man could be of use? He should have been left behind the scenes to reflect over his sad experience: but to commit such an outrage on the Crown and the public as openly to summon such a minister to the government—a man whom Bonaparte at that very moment was abusing for his infamy—was a frank repudiation of liberty and virtue. Is a crown worth so great a sacrifice? It was impossible after this to reject anyone. Who could be excluded when Fouché was accepted?"

From Cambrai Louis XVIII, following the route that Wellington was opening for him, proceeded to Roie, a little town in the department of the Somme. He advanced slowly behind the wagons of the English army, wishing to invest his journey with as much dignity as possible. Majesty moves slowly. Moreover he felt that if he were too close to the foreign armies he would be regarded as their ally, or even as a hostage, and it might be said that without their help he would never have been restored to the throne of France. Alas! he was not surrounded on this journey by peasants, artisans, nor *bourgeois*, but advanced side by side with the English: and except for the cheers of a few enthusiasts and the insincere compliments of the courtiers, there were none but foreigners to welcome Louis XVIII as he entered the gates of the Tuileries, after passing through the ranks of the Prussian grenadiers who were bivouacking in the Carrousel. To patriots like Hyde de Neuville this sight was so painful that the joy of the occasion was quite overpowered. It was in the deepest dejection and distress that they bore their King company—

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the helpless King who had failed to defend his crown, and only recovered it because there was no other prince whom it suited the policy of England to support. As for the monarch who was still merely a King-elect, he made several confidences on this journey which showed that, in spite of his assumed gravity and regal pomposity, his mind was far more preoccupied by the pleasures of the table than by any painful circumstance whatever. While dining at Lihus he described a certain dish of excellent rabbits, perfectly cooked, which he had eaten in his youth. He was in great glee because the innkeeper had promised him the same dish for dinner. A few moments before, he had been quite unmoved by the trouble of a peasant woman whom his carriage had passed on the road. To listen to her tale, and show sympathy, and give alms, would have been a lengthy matter, and would have delayed his dinner. He preferred to shut his eyes; for this glutton's appetite was greater than his generosity. Seated among the ruins of her home, a cottage that was still glowing and smoking from the fire by which it had been wantonly destroyed, was a woman in tears, holding two little children in her arms,—and the King had gone on his way without pausing. He had passed so quickly, said the unhappy woman. It was left for Beugnot and one of his colleagues in the ministry, who were following the King, to take pity on the luckless creature and give her some money.

At Roye Louis XVIII received an emissary from Fouché, a judge named Gaillard, an ex-Oratorian and a friend of the regicide. He brought a letter, written by Fouché in his capacity of president of the provisional government, a letter composed with great skill, being calculated to alarm the King and prepare his mind for important liberal concessions, which would give the intriguer an advantage over his former co-religionists.

"Be very certain," he wrote, "that the French nation in these days sets as great a value on its liberty as on its own life; and will never feel itself free unless it has, over and above its powers, rights that are equally inviolable. Did we not have, under your dynasty, States General that were independent of the sovereign? Sire, you are too wise to await events before making concessions. They would then be harmful to your interests, and might even need to be more extensive. Concessions made now will have the effect of reconciling different parties; they will tend to peace, and will strengthen the authority of the Crown. Concessions made

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later on would only prove its weakness. They would be wrung from you by disorder. The feeling of the public would be as bitter afterwards as before."

The impression made by this letter on the King's mind was revealed to no one. Who can tell?—perhaps the regicide owed to it his appointment to the ministry. If it did not contain a threat it was at least an urgent demand for liberties of which at that moment, it was believed, the concession could only be postponed by Fouché.

From Roye Louis XVIII, who was in a hurry to hear the resounding plaudits of the capital—which were freely exaggerated—and to return to the Tuileries and his Court and his guards, and, in short, to be truly King, proceeded to the Château d'Arnouville, a place belonging to the Machault family, at a distance of three leagues from Paris. This did not separate him from Wellington, who was installed at Gonesse. Wellington still seemed to him to be his safeguard and support. At Arnouville he held his Court; and thence he despatched to Paris his nephew the Duc de Berry, who was to enter the town *incognito*, and bring back his impressions. The prince reported that the central districts were quite quiet, and the boulevards and Champs-Élysées as crowded with fashionable women and idlers as they had ever been. As for the suburbs he had not visited them. He did not know that the people were tearing down the Cambrai proclamation from the walls; nor that the working-men were uttering yells of rage against the generals who had made no resistance, but had admitted the foreigners by a shameful capitulation. At Arnouville, then, there was no more anxiety. The courtiers were beginning to arrive, moreover; the royalists, in search of favours, appeared on the scene with their most charming smiles and their most profound bows. A considerable number of national guards, said the *Débats*, went to pay their court to the Comte d'Artois and the King. De Vitrolles came out of the hiding-place whither he had escaped, when Carnot tried to compass his arrest, and was one of the first to fly to the arms of the princes, who embraced him affectionately. De Vitrolles tells us that there were soon so many courtiers at Arnouville that, in the salons leading to the King's private room, it was impossible to put one foot before the other.¹

¹ One of those who came was M. de Barentin, the father-in-law of the Chancellor. Beugnot says of him in his memoirs: "That good M. Barentin explained to the King as best he could, and consequently not very well, his visit

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What amazed the ardent royalist more than anything else was the apparel of the men who had been in Ghent: of Chancellor Dambray, who wore a little round hat and riding boots; of Chateaubriand, whose Damascene sword—which he had brought back from the East—was attached to his side by a substantial red band worn over his frock-coat. De Vitrolles was invited to dinner. The meal was served in two rooms, with sixteen places at each table. After dinner the King gathered his guests round him, and the conversation turned on subjects of a dispassionate nature, such as the incidents of the life at Ghent, with digressions into literature and the drama. The old King never laid aside his pedantry for long. It is very likely, too, that this aloofness from the events of the moment, and the prevailing subject of thought was deliberate on his part. He intended, perhaps, to prove his strength of mind, by neglecting serious affairs and laying stress on trifles. De Vitrolles records, in this connection, an astounding incident. Etiquette and ceremonies were far more important to this feeble monarch than were all the sorrows of France. One cannot picture Henry IV, nor Louis XIV, discoursing on the erasure of a word while the capital was in the hands of troops who were almost barbarians!¹

On the following day Fouché was to swear fidelity to the King, to whom he was to be presented by Talleyrand. "The ex-Oratorian, otherwise styled H.E. the Duc d'Otrante," wrote de Broglie in his memoirs, "a monster, as disgusting as Barrère, covered with blood, gall, and mire,² performed his latest and, we may be sure, his least treacherous action, in taking the oath between the hands of the son of St. Louis." Fouché being Minister of Police, Talleyrand wished to replace Chancellor

to Bonaparte during the Hundred Days, with a view to the restitution of his goods. He slurred over the subject of the oath. "I did not exactly swear," he said—"je n'ai pas précisément juré." "*J'entends*," answered the King; "*vous avez juré*." At your age one only does things by halves."

¹ De Vitrolles, *Mémoires*, Vol. III., p. 117. While at Arnouville the King begged the Baron de Vitrolles to write to General Dessolles that he was to resume the command of the national guards of the Seine. De Vitrolles says: "When I had finished, and had written: *God hold you in his holy and righteous keeping*, I took the letter and laid it before the King. He read it, and told me the word *righteous* should be reserved for persons with titles, whom the King addressed as *cousin*. To others one should simply say: *God hold you in his holy keeping*. The King, having made this slight correction, signed the letter, and I counter-signed it."

² Pozzo di Borgo, when he saw Talleyrand and Fouché leaving Arnouville, remarked: "How I should love to hear what those lambs are saying!"

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Dambray in the Ministry of Justice by Baron Pasquier ; to keep the portfolio of the Interior for Pozzo di Borgo ; to give Beugnot the Post-Office, which had been taken from Ferrand ; and to make Marshal Gouvion Saint-Cyr Minister of War. The Duc de Feltre, who at present held this post, had ceased to give satisfaction, being useless or incapable. Louis XVIII made no objection. Without a word of protest he permitted the sacrifice of three ministers, who were quite as capable as the men that replaced them. They had followed him to Ghent, risking their comfort and their fortunes for him. It mattered nothing to him. At this moment the admission of Fouché to the ministry was the only important affair. And yet, in spite of his indifference to the opinion of his relations, in spite of the unanimous approval of his advisers, who saw in Fouché the saviour of the Monarchy, it was not without a shudder that he entrusted the police of his kingdom to the ex-Jacobin. He who would fain have been served by none but the greatest nobles, who admitted to his friendship none but the scions of the most ancient houses, would be obliged to receive into his own circle this suspicious character, this insignificant *bourgeois*, the son of a baker, a man steeped in crime and in the blood of the King's own brother, Louis XVI ! His consent, as he said to Talleyrand, was an outrage on the principle of legitimacy. And indeed he never, in the presence of his courtiers, addressed a word to the man whom he consented, as a concession, to call the Duc d'Otrante ; nor would the Duchesse d'Angoulême ever remain in the same salon with Fouché. When she saw him she left the room.

When Beugnot, instructed by Talleyrand, laid before the King the ordinance that reconstituted the Ministry of Police Louis XVIII, after giving it one glance, threw the paper aside and let his pen slip from his fingers. Beugnot adds : "The blood rushed to his face, his eyes grew sombre, and his whole figure collapsed as though he were overcome by some fatal memory. The conversation, which had been so easy and pleasant a moment before, was suddenly interrupted by a melancholy silence, which lasted for several minutes. Then the King said with a profound sigh : 'Come, come—the thing must be done !' He picked up his pen, but before beginning to write he paused again, and uttered these words : 'Ah ! my unhappy brother, if you see me now you have forgiven me already !' As he spoke the tears were streaming from his eyes, so that the paper was wet."

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Chateaubriand, in his memoirs, has recorded his conversation with Louis XVIII after this appointment. Urged by the King, who insisted upon hearing his undisguised opinion, the great writer said that from that moment it was all over with the Monarchy. "I think so too," said Louis, according to Chateaubriand. Lamartine gives another version of the interview. He declares that Chateaubriand's persistent efforts to prevent Fouché's appointment exasperated the King to such a degree that he ordered him to leave the room. Which of them is to be believed?

Talleyrand had secured for the new ministry the services of an imperial official, who, after having been very much devoted to Napoleon, had become hostile to him. This was Pasquier, who, supported by Cambacérès, had been admitted to the Council of State as *Maître des Requêtes*: Pasquier, whom the Emperor had afterwards made Prefect of Police. He was at this time nearly fifty years old. He came of a parliamentary family, and was deeply imbued with the beliefs of the old jurists, who always had more faith in words than in deeds. To talk, but never to act; to examine a question from every point of view, but never to come to a conclusion; to argue and discuss and debate, and pursue the appearance of things while neglecting the reality: such, say his contemporaries, was the nature of the new minister. But he possessed the virtues that were the natural outcome of his faults. He was fluent and quick in repartee, and very cool in argument, which made him a formidable opponent. His temperament, in short, was that of a lawyer: he was faithful to the institutions he served, but felt little enthusiasm for the men who employed him. It will not be waste of time to become more closely acquainted with him, for he succeeded in winning an important position under the Bourbons and the House of Orleans. Cormenin has left us this portrait of him: "Anyone who ever saw him entering a drawing-room—with his tall figure perfectly upright and still supple, his somewhat small but well-poised head, his mobile countenance, which was vivacious rather than impressive, his quick gestures and graceful bearing—and, seating himself beside a lady, lean his head carelessly against the back of his chair, and cross his long legs, swinging one of his well-shod feet with aristocratic ease; or, if he were inclined to take the trouble of making himself agreeable to the whole party, standing before the fireplace and charming his audience with his fluent, attractive speech, his shrewd judicial mind, his felicitous evergreen memory, and its

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store of facts both grave and gay, of racy anecdotes, or touching reminiscences, and mingling, with a rare charm of expression and idea, earnest and tender thoughts, pleasing fancies and serious theories. . .” Yes, indeed, anyone who ever witnessed this entry into a room, these vivacious conversations with women, or these animated monologues before the fireplace, must have seen that nothing pleased Pasquier so much as talking; and to these fine talkers nothing is so repugnant as action.

Pasquier was much the same as others of his type.

IV

The royalists who hastened to Arnouville in such large numbers took with them all the news from Paris; but in Paris no one knew what was taking place on the outskirts of the town, nor where the King was. Yet de Vitrolles, on his return from Arnouville, had assumed the management of the *Moniteur*, insisting that Sauvo, the editor, should continue to fill that post; and between them these two composed the number that appeared on the morning of July 8th, announcing that the King was to arrive that very day at three o'clock, by the Barrière Saint-Denis. This number also contained the names of all the ministers,¹ and announced that General Dessolles was reinstated in the command of the national guards, and M. de Chabrol in the Prefecture of the Seine.

Great was the astonishment. The royalists had been kept quiet by the violence of the Federates. The people, having been parted from the army by the capitulation, had perforce resigned themselves to the triumphal entry of the Prussians. The provisional government was dissolved; the assembly-hall of the deputies was closed. Paris was no longer her own mistress, but belonged to the invaders. Blücher, in the first place, and Baron von Muffling, the Prussian Governor, reigned there by

¹ They were as follows: Minister of Finance, Baron Louis; Minister of War, Marshal Gouvion Saint-Cyr; Minister of Marine, the Comte de Jaucourt; Minister of Justice, Baron Pasquier, who at the same time filled the post of Minister of the Interior, which was being kept for Count Pozzo di Borgo; Postmaster-General, Comte Beugnot; Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. de Talleyrand, Prince de Bénévent; and Minister of Police, M. Fouché, Duc d'Otrante.

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right of conquest. Guns had been placed at the end of the bridges, and the Prussian regiments were bivouacking in the streets till they could be billeted in squads upon the inhabitants. This state of things was worse than a siege. The King's return seemed to hold out hopes to the Parisians of some relief from this reign of the sword. The King was an improvement on this. Such was their private opinion; and the announcement in the *Moniteur* seemed a satisfactory compensation for their sufferings.

There was no very great stir in the streets, however, that morning. The symbol of the Monarchy was the white cockade, yet in nearly every hat the tricolour was to be seen. No one who did not wear the three colours was allowed to enter the gates of Paris, which were guarded by the urban militia. But events took the course they always take in popular demonstrations: the few who are enthusiastic at the beginning invariably infect the rest. Since the King was coming back the King must be welcomed. The commercial quarters, which had the best reasons for remembering the Bourbons, set the example. The shops were closed; the streets were decked with flags; and the people streamed in their best clothes towards the barrier of the Porte Saint-Denis. The Prefect of the Seine, M. de Chabrol, repaired thither to welcome Louis XVIII.

The old monarch set out from Saint-Denis, where he had spent the night after leaving Arnouville. The road to Paris was crowded, as it had been the year before, with carriages of every sort, laden with women and children, and all who wished to see this return that had been so suddenly announced. The sky was cloudy; the heat overpowering. There was no storm, however, and in the evening, when the sky had cleared, the people's demonstrations of joy were full of animation. None the less the enthusiasm was not to be compared to that of the previous year. The King's carriage remained closed; he was surrounded by his gentlemen-in-waiting; for in spite of Fouché's assurances he dreaded the outbreak of some riot from which, perhaps, he would not escape without injury. Other carriages, similar to his own, followed and preceded it, containing the courtiers who had returned from Ghent with the King; so that it was difficult to recognise him, or to know the right moment to cheer. The Comte d'Artois rode on the right of the procession, the Duc de Berry on the left, and the whole group was surrounded by two squads of bodyguards,

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sword in hand. Assuredly this second entry, in spite of every effort to lend it solemnity, was not calculated to recall the entry of Henri IV, when that ancestor to whom Louis XVIII loved to liken himself returned to take possession of his good town of Paris. When Henri was at Saint-Denis he was at the head of the army with which he had vanquished his foreign foes: at Saint-Denis he sacrificed his religious convictions and embraced the Catholic religion to reign over Catholics. Louis XVIII was returning to a town that was occupied by victorious enemies, and drove through suburbs whose inhabitants gave him but a cold welcome. There, where the population was chiefly composed of working men, hatred was mingled with stupefaction: hatred for the princes, who were known to be cowardly and tainted with aristocratic prejudices, and stupefaction at being for the second time saved from the oppressions of conquerors who were almost savage.

At the head of the procession marched two battalions of the national guard of the department of Le Nord, and some detachments of troops of the line, "dressed in clothes made in England," writes Hobhouse in his account of the day. These were followed by the Swiss Guards, the Red Gendarmes, some Footguards, some Horseguards, some Royal Volunteers. In the middle of the procession rode Marshals Marmont, Victor, Oudinot, Macdonald, and Gouvion Saint-Cyr; and Generals Clarke (the Duc de Feltre), Maison, Dessolles, and Villate. The royal carriages were followed by a confused mass of old coaches, diligences, cabriolets, and other vehicles, which had come out in the morning full of sight-seers, and were returning home in the evening, as though from a fair or some village festivity. There were foreigners in this throng, too; English and Prussian soldiers of all ranks, who stared haughtily at the heterogeneous cavalcade.

When the King reached the barrier the prefect, M. de Chabrol, read a discourse which opened with these words: "A hundred days have passed since your Majesty was forced to tear yourself from all you held most dear, and to leave your capital amid the tears and consternation of the public." These were the words of a courtier. There had, as we know, been no tears nor public consternation; but rather a feeling of relief and satisfaction at being citizens again, and not subjects. The King answered: "It was with the liveliest sorrow and emotion that I left Paris. Evidences of the fidelity of my good town of Paris have reached my ears. My

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return moves me deeply. I foresaw the evils that threatened her. I desire to prevent and repair them."

At that moment a deafening sound arose round the King. The crowd sang the air of *Vive Henry IV.*, and shouted: "Give us back our father from Ghent!" And as the tumultuous mob passed on into the heart of Paris, and saw the flags that fluttered from every window, and the white cockades that appeared in every hat, their cheers for the Bourbons became more frequent, more spontaneous, and more heart-felt. The tricoloured flags on all the public buildings were hauled down, and replaced by the white standard. Everywhere the people were shouting and laughing and expressing their approval. "*He* is not afraid," they said, "to come back in full daylight! He is not like the usurper, who came back at nine o'clock in the evening!" Some old nobles, as they marched with the crowd, made themselves conspicuous by their energetic gestures. One of them, who was with the body-guard, said in a loud voice as he crossed the Place Vendôme: "There is a bad smell in this place. It wants a good cleaning." He said this as he was passing under the bronze column that was raised in memory of the imperial victories. An old veteran of the Guard, with a face scored with scars received in battle, heard the words, and gave one long look at the speaker; then, with an air of scorn, turned away the face that bore so many glorious wounds, and fled from the truculent royalist in horror.¹

The King alighted at the Tuileries at six o'clock. The princes accompanied him into the palace, where the Comte d'Artois, several days earlier, had seen to the preparation of his own rooms. Louis XVIII made his way, without a pause, to the balcony that overlooked the gardens. On this side of the palace the crowd that had arrived in his train were thronging the paths, and even the grass, which was still green. Some fair and fashionable ladies had come to add their acclamations to the rest, and as soon as they had relieved their enthusiasm they joined hands with the foreign soldiers who were present, men of every age and condition, and danced wildly round in rings. The delirium was universal. The behaviour of the crowd was as disgraceful and as shameless as on the occasion of the King's first entry into Paris. Men of the gravest temperament were carried away by the excitement of the women, and were heard to say: "Nothing like it has ever been seen! Have we all gone mad with joy?" Bands of twenty or

¹ Hobhouse's Letters.

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thirty people played games together, elbowing and hustling and seizing the arms of absolute strangers, and egging each other on to indulge in these unbridled amusements. As the night went on the crowd became denser and noisier, and this insensate merriment lasted until the morning.

It is hard to understand how the people of birth and breeding who formed the majority of this crowd could so far forget all decency and self-respect. How could they show this indifference, how could they indulge in these antics while the court of the Carrousel was filled with Prussian soldiers, and the little Arc de Triomphe opposite to the Tuileries was turned into a shambles, whither the soldiers went to cut up the slaughtered animals? All our great social crimes have been marked by similiar disorders and follies. The same scenes occurred in Law's time, and in the time of Cagliostro, and in the time of Mesmer. The crowd behaved in exactly the same frenzied way. People fought for Mississippi shares, which brought them ruin; they forgot both rank and dignity in the presence of Mesmer's tub. When surrounded by a delirious mob a man is seized by overpowering agitation, which destroys his will-power. It is as though he were caught in a hurricane: when once he is within its influence he cannot withstand the excitement that assails him, and he dashes into the turmoil of the heaving, agitated, frenzied throng.

How great these lapses of the moral sense were at this time may be seen in Reiset's *Souvenirs*. He says that on the road from Ghent to Paris a certain individual—not a poor vagabond—accosted the King, and asked his permission to assassinate the Emperor. The man was not mad, for the King, according to Reiset, answered: "We are not known yet, Monsieur. But in our family we do not murder people: we are murdered."

Beugnot, too, mentions two very suggestive incidents that occurred at the Tuileries, in the rooms where the courtiers were assembled on the evening of the King's arrival. All the nobles who had been to Ghent were there, and all those who had regarded themselves as exiles since the King's flight, and had never emerged from their own houses in Paris or the provinces. Among them was Fouché, Duc d'Otrante, to whom no one addressed a word. He was looking very gloomy under this contemptuous treatment, when the door opened and the Comte d'Artois was announced. Beugnot adds: "The prince came in with his usual easy bearing, but he was in an extraordinary

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state of agitation. He recognised the Duc d'Otrante, went forward to meet him, and taking his hand pressed it with a gesture full of meaning. 'Monsieur le duc, I am greatly pleased, and greatly satisfied. The entry went off admirably, and we owe it entirely to you.' Meantime the King had sent a message by the usher that he would not receive on account of his fatigue; and forthwith the usher summoned to the King's presence—the Duc d'Otrante! He, and he alone, was privileged to see the sovereign, who was dismissing his associates and friends. These hand-clasps from the Comte d'Artois, and this audience accorded to the regicide who had betrayed everyone he had served, were signs of the times as incomprehensible as the gambols of the ladies of the noblesse with foreign soldiers and strangers. They all resulted from the removal of a great fear: they were born of the great joy of having recovered happiness that seemed to be for ever lost. Excessive emotion, that evening, perverted the moral sense of the two princes. They too were more or less mad.

And indeed they were happy, these Bourbons! They had returned to their accustomed way of life, and to the places of which they had dreamt so long in England; they had recovered the comfort from which they had been so suddenly torn; and their peace of mind was assured at last, by the captivity of Napoleon. It was a gay time in the palace, where dinners and receptions followed one another in quick succession, in honour of the foreign sovereigns and princes, who had swept down upon Paris like a flock of birds upon a cornfield. The only anxiety of the King and his ministers arose from the threats of Blücher, an old veteran whom no persuasions could soften, who had sworn to blow up all the bridges and monuments that bore the name of a Prussian defeat. He began with the Pont d'Iéna, and had it not been for the intervention of the King of Prussia, and even of the Czar, the bridge would have been destroyed.¹ The next attack was upon the museums, whence every nation was determined to recover the pictures and other works of art that France had won on the field of battle. The canvases were cut out of their frames, and packed by the soldiers of each marauding nation; for not a single labourer could be found who was willing to aid in this

¹ On this subject a legend has arisen, which is untrue. It is asserted that the King, on hearing of Blücher's high-handed actions, said "that he would have himself carried to the bridge and blown up with it." The royalists believed this tale and spread it abroad. It was not in Louis XVIII's nature to sacrifice himself for any person or cause whatever.

THE RETURN OF LOUIS XVIII

work of spoliation. And yet there were many who had no work, and no money.¹

By this time the royalists had resumed their intrigues in the ante-rooms of the ministers, with a view to recovering the places they had lost during the Hundred Days. Every one of them did his best to secure some profitable post, and to free himself as far as possible from the obligation of lodging and feeding the foreign soldiers. There was no limit to their appetites. It was impossible to supply them with enough meat, vegetables, or brandy. The complaints of the officers were constant, and in every house the private soldiers beat the servants, while the masters had remarkably little to eat. Everything they possessed was handed over to the insatiable gluttons who were billeted on them. It was impossible for a man to leave home, moreover, while ten of these ogres were installed in his house, or even fifty if his house were large, and he were known to be a partisan of Napoleon.

During these sad days the appearance of Paris was much the same as it had been at the time of the first invasion, save that the faces of the people wore a look of deeper melancholy and apprehension. The streets were crowded with soldiers of every nation; the restaurants and theatres were full of English, Prussian, and Russian officers. Old Blücher walked insolently about the boulevards, and was greeted—with shame be it said!—by many women of fashion. The *Nain Jaune* wrote: "If, in speaking of these disgraceful women who bowed to Blücher, anyone says to you: Madame So-and-so is a royalist, you can answer with perfect certainty: Then she has lately grown pious, or was once *galante*!"² Against all the walls were ladders, with

¹ Dulaure, *Histoire des Cent-Jours*, Vol. III., p. 32. "... Among the barbarous and ignorant deeds which marked that day, a day so fatal to the fine arts, it is enough to mention that the Prussian soldiers, in order to save themselves the trouble of making a case large enough to hold it, found it the simplest plan to saw Raphael's magnificent picture of the Transfiguration, which was painted on wood, into two pieces. . . ."

² As under the Terror, politics played a prominent part in the theatres. In the *Gazette de France* for July 10th, 1815, we read: "As is well known, all the actors are playing in *Tartufe*. It was easy to guess, from the repeated cries of *Bravo, Mademoiselle Bourgoïn!* how the simultaneous hisses and shouts of applause were intended to be apportioned. . . . Thousands of cries of *Vive le roi!* from all parts of the house expressed the wishes of the audience quite clearly. . . . Fleury rose and addressed the audience amid the tumult, in some such words as these: 'Gentlemen, when a man has had the courage to play *L'Ami des Lois* under the Terror, and has endured a year's imprisonment, he cannot be regarded with suspicion. The cry you ask of me—here he laid his hand upon

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sign-painters upon them, busily engaged in washing off the imperial eagles, which had been painted in distemper over the shops or on the windows, and replacing them by the royal lilies, painted in oils. Meantime the state of trade was improving. The stage-coaches and couriers once more left Paris on the usual days. At the Palais Royal the workmen were preparing the rooms of the Duc d'Orléans, who was expected to arrive shortly. All the churches in Paris were crowded with pious folk who wished to hear the *Te Deum* sung in the King's honour. The courtiers, indeed, lost no opportunity of exhibiting their sycophantic spirit. On Henri IV's statue on the Pont Neuf the Latin inscription on the pedestal, which was not considered eulogistic enough, was replaced by these words :

Tout périssait, enfin, lorsque Bourbon parut !

And La Bédoyère was arrested.

By way of epilogue to this second restoration of the Monarchy the *Journal des Débats*, in a fine strain of lyricism, wrote as follows :

"So he is among us—the father and friend of his people, the angel of peace, the pledge of our happiness. We have seen him once more, this King who has been the object of so many regrets, so many prayers. . . In the garden of the Tuileries, into which he came on the evening of his arrival, we heard him utter these words: *So here I am with my people, with my friends!*"

With these hypocritical words was inaugurated the reaction of the *ultras*—the White Terror.

his heart—has never left this spot.'—'It is not you,' was the answer, 'it is Mlle. Mars that must satisfy the public.' . . . On the threats becoming more violent she (Mlle. Mars) rose and said: 'Gentlemen, you wish me to cry *Vive le roi!* Well, I have done so.' This little feminine trick made the men smile. . . ."

APPENDIX I

THE COURT IN 1815.

(Extract from the *Almanach royal*.)

THE KING'S HOUSEHOLD.

Grand Almoner :

De Talleyrand-Périgord, Archbishop of Rheims.

Almoner in Ordinary :

The Abbé de Larochefoucauld.

Confessor :

The Abbé Rocher.

Quarterly Almoners :

The Abbé de Malvin-Montazet.	The Abbé de Bréan.
” ” ” Chabrillan.	” ” ” Bouvens.
” ” ” Pontevès.	” ” ” Couasnon.
” ” ” Chambre.	” ” ” Villeneuve.

Chaplain in Ordinary :

The Abbé Fleuriel.

Quarterly Chaplains :

The Abbé Lefebvre de Palme.	The Abbé Favraud.
” ” Godinot de Fontaines.	” ” Brajenil.
” ” Canonne.	” ” Grimal.
” ” Rauzan.	” ” Perreau.

Master of the Ceremonies :

The Abbé de Sambucy.

Grand Master :

The Prince de Condé. The Duc de Bourbon (in reversion)

First Gentlemen-of-the-Chambers :

The Duc de Richelieu.	The Duc d'Aumont.
The Duc de Duras.	The Duc de Fleury.

Grand Master of the Wardrobe :

The Comte de Blacas d'Aulps.

Masters of the Wardrobe :

The Marquis d'Avary. The Marquis de Boisgelin.

APPENDIX I

Captains of the Bodyguard:

The Duc d'Havr� et de Croy.	The Duc de Luxembourg.
The Duc de Grammont.	Marshal the Prince de Wagram.
The Prince de Poix.	Marshal de Raguse.

Colonel in Command of the Hundred Swiss:

The Duc de Mortemart.

Master of the Horse:

The Marquis de Vernon.

Chief Pantler:

The Comte de Coss -Brissac.

Chief Cupbearer:

The Comte Louis de Saint-Priest, chief carver.

Grand Marshal of the Palaces:

The Marquis de la Suze.

Grand Provost:

The Marquis de Tourzel.

Chief Steward:

The Comte d'Escars.

Steward in Ordinary:

The Marquis de Mondragon.

Colonel in Command of the Guards of the King's Door:

The Comte de Vergennes.

Lieutenant in Command of the Gendarmes of the Guard:

The Comte Etienne de Durfort.

Lieutenant in Command of the Light Horse of the Guard:

The Comte Charles de Damas.

Lieutenant in Command of the 1st Company of the Musketeers of the Guard:

The Comte de Nansouty.

Lieutenant in Command of the 2nd Company of the Musketeers of the Guard:

The Marquis de la Grange.

Lieutenant in Command of the Mounted Grenadiers of the Guard:

The Marquis de la Rochejacquelein.

Grand Master of the Ceremonies:

The Marquis Dreux-Br   .

Masters of the Ceremonies:

The Marquis de Rochemore.

De Saint-F  lix, First Assistant Master of the Ceremonies.

Urbain de Watrouville, Second Assistant Master of the Ceremonies.

Chevalier King of Arms of France:

Bronod de la Haye.

APPENDIX I

Honorary Private Secretaries :

De Froment. De La Barthe.

Readers of the Chamber and Cabinet :

Vigée. Gauthier de Brécy. Michaud.

Private Secretary :

The Abbé Fleuriel.

Commission of the General Bureau for the Administration of the Expenses of the King's Household :

The Comte de Blacas d'Aulps. The Comte de Pradel.

Superintendent of the Treasury of the Civil List :

The Baron de la Bouillerie.

Superintendent of Expenses.

Forestier, Councillor of State.

Superintendent of Buildings :

Baron Mounier.

Superintendent of Forests and Domains :

D'André.

Superintendent of Stores :

Thierry, Baron de Ville d'Avray.

Superintendent of Privy Purse :

De La Ferté.

MONSIEUR'S HOUSEHOLD.

Chief Almoner :

The Abbé Latil.

Almoners :

The Abbé de Sinéty. The Abbe de Chabouis.
 „ „ „ Chatellux. „ „ „ Reilly.

First Gentlemen-of-the-Chambers :

The Duc de Maillé. The Duc de Fitz-James.

Gentlemen of Honour :

The Vicomte de la Tour du Pin, La Charce.	The Vicomte de Sesmaisons.
The Comte de Chastenay.	The Marquis de Vérac.
The Comte de Gain-Montaignac.	The Comte de Chabrillon.
The Vicomte de la Roche-Aymon.	The Comte de Bourbon-Busset
The Vicomte de Gaud.	The Comte Charles de Maillé.
The Comte de Chambord.	The Comte de Bréan.

Chamberlains :

The Comte de Montbel. The Comte de Saint-Sauveur.

APPENDIX I

Masters of the Wardrobe :

The Comte de Tournonnet.

The Comte Edouard Dillon.

Chief Steward :

The Comte de Fougères.

Chief Equerry :

The Comte Armand de Polignac.

Master of the Stables :

The Chevalier Duvernois.

Captains of the Bodyguard.

The Comte François d'Escars.

The Comte de Puysegur.

Major of the Bodyguard :

The Marquis de Tourneuc.

Master of the Hounds :

The Marquis du Hallay.

General Superintendent of the Chase :

The Marquis de Chastenay.

APPENDIX II

ON THE COMTE DE BLACAS. See page 69.

Since Chapter II. was written Ernest Daudet, who has the papers of Louis XVIII and the Comte de Blacas in his possession, has published the third volume of his *Histoire de l'Émigration*, and the letters that passed between the Comte Joseph de Maistre and the Comte de Blacas (published by Plon-Nourrit in one volume of 395 pages : 1908). While the documents contained in these two volumes do not in any way alter my opinion of the character, moral qualities, and political ability of the Comte de Blacas, they throw light on the opening passages of the relations that existed, later on, between the King and the noble *émigré*. Before receiving him at Hartwell, Louis XVIII had already known this friend of d'Avaray for several years, and had turned his devotion to good account by sending him to St. Petersburg as his representative. The Comte de Blacas went thither in that capacity in 1804, and remained there four years ; and it was while he was living in that great capital that chance led him to lodge in the house where Joseph de Maistre was dwelling. Between these two men, who were both devoted to the Bourbons, there grew up an ardent friendship that lasted till the death of the Comte Joseph de Maistre.

At St. Petersburg the Comte de Blacas rendered some very valuable services to Louis XVIII. He had a good deal of tact and very pleasant manners, which made him acceptable in the exclusive drawing rooms where he was received. By this means he learnt the political news that was current in the official world, and transmitted it to his master, to whom it was of the greatest value ; for Louis XVIII counted on Russia first, and then on England, to win him the throne his ancestors had occupied.

Napoleon, however, the ever-victorious, finally conquered the Czar Alexander's determination to avoid him. An interview between the two monarchs took place at Tilsit ; and from that day forward Alexander held aloof from the Bourbon prince, whom he only tolerated in his domains in pity for his misfortunes. He abandoned Louis to his fate, refusing thenceforward to recognise his kingly rank, and consequently would not receive at the Court of St. Petersburg any accredited representative of the King of France. The Comte de Blacas was no longer able to communicate anything whatever from his master to the imperial Chancellor's Office, nor to win the confidences of the ambassadors. He had therefore no longer any useful work to do in St. Petersburg, and as he was poor, and could only

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live by the help of the very meagre subsidies he received from England, he begged to be recalled, and suggested as his successor an old *émigré* officer who lived in Russia—the Comte Parseval de Brion.

Louis XVIII was obliged to accede to this request. He had been living in England for some time. He knew that d'Avaray was about to leave him, to live in a milder climate, and with a view to attaching the Comte de Blacas to himself in a definite capacity he wrote to him as follows :

"It is my desire and intention, my dear Count, in happier days, to have you near me in some capacity that shall be worthy of your name and your devotion to my person. In the meantime I appoint you chief superintendent and comptroller of my household, in conjunction with the Comte de La Chapelle. I know that this is not so much giving you a mark of satisfaction as asking for a fresh proof of devotion ; but I like to receive such proofs from you."

So the Comte de Blacas set out to Hartwell.

After their separation de Maistre and he exchanged letters in which they discussed and criticised the events of European politics ; and in these letters one can easily discern the Comte de Maistre's reasoning capacity and his superiority over his opponent, whom he sometimes likes to laugh at, and even treats as though he were hardly grown-up. In their religious controversy on the Gallican liberties, de Maistre is a hundred times stronger than de Blacas, whom he entangles admirably in his net in a letter dated September, 1812. (See Ernest Daudet's book, p. 192.)

"You will not allow that the Catholic Church is a Monarchy, so here is a list of authors who have denied that proposition during the last three or four centuries : Wycliffe, John Huss, Jerome of Prague, Luther, Calvin, Richer, the Jansenists, and the Comte de Blacas. Bossuet, in his sermon on *Unity*, calls the King and the Pope the *supreme powers*. As a matter of fact the Pope is as much King of the Church as the King is Pope of the State. And your own good sense, my dear count, which is stronger than your prejudices, makes you recognise his position to be that of a chief. But what is a chief who has no chief ? He is a sovereign. We only have to say *chiefreignty* instead of *sovereignty*. *Power vested in a single individual, and exercised over everyone, brings fulness of satisfaction* (Bossuet). That is all we require.

"The texts you quote from the lips of the man who was sitting beside you (biting sarcasm !) are the very ones quoted by Luther and Calvin against the Pope. As soon as one begins to argue against the *supreme power* one finds oneself in bad company. Tell a gentleman whom I have not the honour of knowing, but for whom I have a great regard (more mockery !) since he is in your confidence, that, when he has proved those texts to be useless to Luther and Calvin, I will undertake to prove that they are useless to him. As soon as one has ceased to be in the boat, my dear count, one is in the water ; and this is equally true whether a man goes on paddling about close at hand or floats as a corpse from the Adriatic Sea, say, to the Pacific ; he will have gone farther, no doubt, but he will not be *any more outside*, for that is impossible."

On the whole, after studying this correspondence carefully from beginning to end, I am confirmed in my original opinion of the Comte de Blacas, as

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a man of ordinary understanding in no way superior to the average man of the world ; well suited to a subordinate position ; born to obey, not to command.

He recognised this himself : and in answer to his confession of it de Maistre, in his ruthlessly frank way, wrote to him on the subject of d'Avaray :

"I regret extremely that the air of Madeira has failed, as yet, to cure the worthy Comte d'Avaray. You accuse me of not doing him justice. Is it not you, on the contrary, my dear Count, who fail to do justice to me? Who is there in the whole world who has a greater regard for your friend, as an individual, as a Frenchman, and as a subject? Who is there who can do so much justice as I to his unlimited attachment, his heroic devotion, his steadfast fidelity? But if one is to regard him as a factor in politics it is another matter. I assure you that a man who has never been able, in any country, to approach any public person without alienating him, is not born to be a man of affairs. The genius for affairs is as distinct a gift as the genius for poetry or mathematics. A man is born with it or without it. It was necessary *here*, you tell me. Yes, no doubt, *here*, in this room, or at most in the house where I am writing ; but outside the house I think quite the contrary is the case. Take a glance through universal history and tell me the name of a single favourite, properly so called, who was ever successful in war or politics. It is open to you to abuse yourself as much as you like ; but in this respect you are quite a different person. (The count proved otherwise : de Blacas knew himself.) However, you say : *I am less capable than other men of filling his place.* So much the worse."

He filled d'Avaray's place very well, for the very reason that he was not superior to him.

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